

CURRENT LITERATURE



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A Review of the World

Discussing the Sherman
Law.

IF YOU have views, prepare to voice them now. The conditions of business and the effects of the Sherman anti-trust law are about to be investigated.

The Senate committee on interstate commerce begins a series of hearings this month. While they are trying to analyze the situation and evolve a remedy, the Stanley committee of the lower house will again be holding its sessions and investigating the U. S. Steel Corporation. In the meantime the whole blessed country seems to have organized itself into a committee of the whole for the discussion of the same subject. President Taft, in his tour, has devoted speech after speech to the subject of the Sherman law and the Supreme Court's interpretation. La Follette has been heard. And Woodrow Wilson. Also Attorney-General Wickersham. Bryan has been saying things again. George W. Perkins has joined in the conversation. Cleveland's secretary of state, Richard Olney, has had remarks to make. Senator Bourne's voice has been lifted up. Everybody has explained the situation very clearly, and if we could only listen to one of them at a time there would be a chance for us all to know and to understand. There is one man, however, who has wofully shirked his duty. John Kirby, Jr., President of the National Association of Manufacturers, is that man. He has written a long article (for *American*

Industries) on "The Menace to Business" and has not so much as mentioned the Sherman law!

Wickersham's Consoling
Words.

WITH the "tobacco trust" in the throes of dissolution and reorganization; with the "electric trust" and the "bathtub trust" just condemned by federal courts to the same fate; with the "harvester trust" seeking voluntary dissolution and the "steel trust" reported to be considering the same step; and with the "beef trust" coming to trial this month, Mr. Wickersham steps forward with a few consolatory remarks. Cheer up, he says, in effect, the worst is yet to come. "The trust prosecutions," such are his cruel words, "will continue until the big concerns learn right from wrong and are willing to abide by the law. We cannot prosecute every trust, but we can establish the high lights, show that 'honesty is indeed the best policy,' and the trusts will come within the lines of the law." He even urges the smaller business men who have been injured by a trust to resort to the clause in the law which permits them to collect a three-fold damage, and he promises to keep on with prosecutions until retail business is "completely revolutionized." In another interview—in *The World*—which he did not intend for the public, but which he admits is "substantially correct," Mr. Wickersham asserts that the "towage trust" and the "shipping trust"

cannot escape dissolution; that the "turpentine trust" is as good as disposed of; that there are criminal as well as civil indictments against the "united shoe machinery trust"; and that the "kindling wood trust," the "publishers' trust," the anthracite coal trust" and the Southern Pacific merger are all being proceeded against vigorously. In addition, he and one of his assistants have gone through "Moody's Manual" and picked out "about one hundred" other trusts that "offer prima facie evidence of being combinations of companies that were once competing concerns."

Taft Defends the Supreme Court.

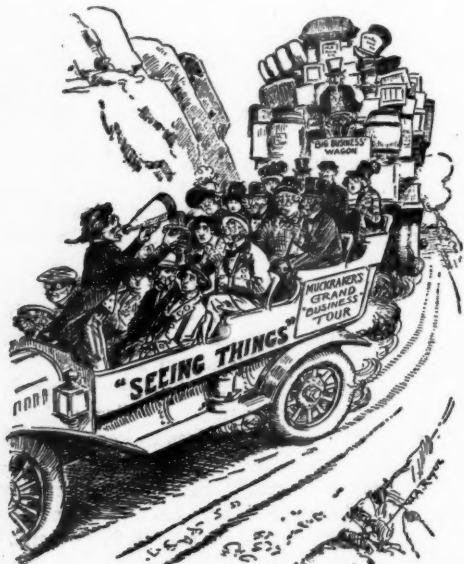
EVEN this is not all of the sad tale. President Taft adds to Mr. Wickersham's consolations his own to the effect that the Sherman law is not to be amended or changed in any way if he can help it. In speeches at Detroit, Waterloo, Iowa, and elsewhere in his trip to the Pacific Coast, Mr. Taft praises the Supreme Court and expresses his satisfaction with the law as now interpreted. He endeavors to put the result of that interpretation into a nutshell. Supreme Court justices, he says, find that "any contract in restraint of trade, made for the purpose of excluding competition, controlling prices, or of maintaining a monopoly, in part or in whole, is contrary to the statute and is subject to injunction and indictment

under this statute in the Federal courts where it affects interstate trade." He challenges Mr. Bryan or any other publicist to tell what particular contract or restraint of trade he would condemn that is not condemned by this decision. "What combinations or arrangements can escape under this interpretation," he asks, "that any sensible man would wish to have condemned?" He denies that the Court has changed the law by introducing the word "reasonable" into it. It has not introduced the word "reasonable." There is a "very broad distinction" between that and what the court has actually done. Its position that the statute must be interpreted "in the light of reason" and must be given "a reasonable construction" is entirely different from inserting the word "reasonable" before the term "restraint of trade." The Court has, however, excepted from the provision of the law cases where the restraint of trade is minor or incidental or indirect, confining the prohibition to "cases where the chief object of the contract or combination is the restraint." In doing this, the Court has saved the statute from leading to ridiculous results, and its courage "ought to make every American proud that we have such a tribunal."

Taft Takes Issue with La Follette.

PRESIDENT TAFT has said: "I am entirely opposed to an amendment of the anti-trust law. It is now a valuable government asset and instrument." The business world needed these two decisions to teach it that we have not passed beyond the possibility of free competition nor reached the time when only "regulated monopoly" is to be the basis of future progress. "We did get along with competition; we can get along with it. We did get along without monopoly; we can get along without it; and the business men of this country must square themselves to that necessity. Either that, or we must proceed to state socialism and vest the government with power to run every business." And, speaking in Iowa, the President added: "The business community now knows or ought to know where it stands." In this last statement he takes direct issue with Senator La Follette's statement made on the floor of the Senate last August. The Senator said:

"As the law now stands, as amended (by the Supreme Court), the Supreme Court may exercise a power over the business interests of this country more despotic than any monarch of the civilized world over his subjects. To one cor-



WON'T GET OUT OF THE WAY

—Rogers in New York Herald

ration it may give its approval that the combinations which it has entered into in restraint of trade are reasonable. To another corporation it may say that the combinations which it has entered into are unreasonable; and in the infinite variety that attends upon all human conduct, the blending and shading of one set of circumstances or conditions into another, there will be no guide for the business world and no rule of law for the courts, no clearly defined line within which anyone may feel confident that the issues have been determined."

New Insurgent Slogan.

SO THERE you are, with two declarations diametrically opposite each other, made by two prominent leaders of the same party. This illustrates the distraction that exists in the whole political and business world at the present time. Richard Olney, who was President Cleveland's secretary of state and is a legal luminary, assails the Supreme Court's decision as vigorously as Senator La Follette does and on the same lines. He accuses the court of taking over and exercising "functions properly belonging to the legislative department," and suggests sarcastically that the court supplement its present position by letting the parties to a projected combination apply to the court in advance for a certificate of reasonableness! Also Congress might solve the tariff problem by a simple declaration that the tariff rates must be "reasonable" and let the country "rejoice in tariff schedules solemnly adjudicated as reasonable by the National Supreme Court." Governor Woodrow Wilson has elicited some biting criticism for saying that the President has been wobbling on the anti-trust law, and he also takes the position that the Supreme Court decision has left the situation very uncertain. He says: "We want to put business on a sound basis, and with the assurance that when we have done it we have not destroyed anything, but have reconstructed. We want definite information as to what the law means and what it provides. We don't know now what the offense is and what the penalty is." Senator Bourne, head of the Republican Progressive League, which has just put La Follette forward for the Republican presidential nomination, takes the same view. What is needed, he says, is "a business yard-stick" that will not fluctuate. It is the function of Congress, not of the Supreme Court or the executive department, to furnish it. The insurgents, in fact, seem to be taking up this cry of the need

for business certainty as one of their slogans in the campaign in behalf of La Follette.

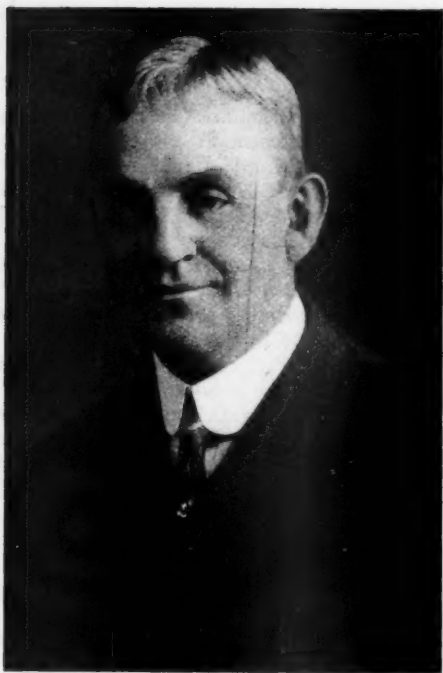
Causes of Business
Uncertainty.

SUCH an attack upon enterprize and achievement as the world has never experienced elsewhere,"—such is the way the *New York Times* describes the movement against big business in the last few years in this country. A decade ago we were "dazzling the world" with our amazing prosperity. Then integration was the order of the day; now the order of the day is disintegration. It thinks that light can now be discerned dimly shining through the trees in the plans for the reorganization of the "tobacco trust" by its division into four entirely distinct companies. If the plan is approved by the court and by the department of justice at Washington, without any great modifications, then the *Times* feels that "the long period of darkness and uncertainty under which the great industrial combinations have been working will be at an end." The same paper calls attention to a statement by Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent British barrister, to the effect that the British courts would have decided our trust cases in a way similar to that taken by our Supreme Court, but would have used fewer words in doing so. *The Times* remarks that the cause of our

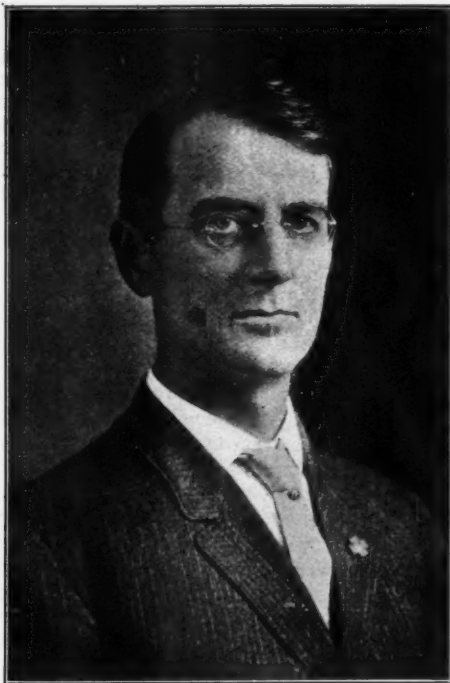


BLAZING AWAY

—Carter in *New York Globe*



Walter Bordwell is the judge of Department 9, in the Superior Court of Los Angeles, before which the McNamara case is now being tried. The defendants vainly tried to shift the case to another county.



Captain John D. Fredericks, prosecuting attorney, is an able lawyer and has had many years' experience as a prosecutor. He will have more by the time the McNamara case is ended.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT FIGURES

present perplexity is due less to the decisions of the Court than to the remarks of the honorable justices "on the side." If the Court had in its earlier opinions confined itself to delivering its decisions the country would not have been terrorized as it has been. There has been, altogether, this editor thinks, "more unnecessary blundering and confusion" about the enforcement of the Sherman law, "than from any other statute ever enacted by Congress."

Get Business Out of Politics.

IN THE meantime, what of the future of business? When President Taft issued his message in January, 1910, he called attention to the necessary consequences that would follow the enforcement of the law. It would "necessarily tend to disturb the confidence of the business community, to dry up the now flowing sources of capital from its places of hoarding and produce a halt in our present prosperity that will cause suffering and strained circumstances among the innocent many for the faults of the guilty few." Since that utterance, there

has been, according to the *New York Sun*, a shrinkage, in the value of twenty stocks only, of nearly \$900,000,000. There are business men crying out about the need of a new Mark Hanna to lead industry out of its present woe, remarks the *Springfield Republican*. It adds:

"This is the opposite of the real business need. The Mark Hannas led business into politics and tied it up in politics to the best of their ability, and now business is reaping the natural consequences. It is in order now to get business out of politics. Get it away from dependence on tariff and monopoly legislation and other special privilege at the hands of government. It is idle to complain of too much politics for business prosperity when business insists on being deep in politics for its own special uses."

The *New York World* thinks Mr. Taft expressed "an almost unanimous public sentiment" when he declared against any amendment to the Sherman law. The *New York Times*, however, on its financial page, states that Mr. Taft has now made himself more hostile than Roosevelt ever was to big financial interests and is so regarded by them.

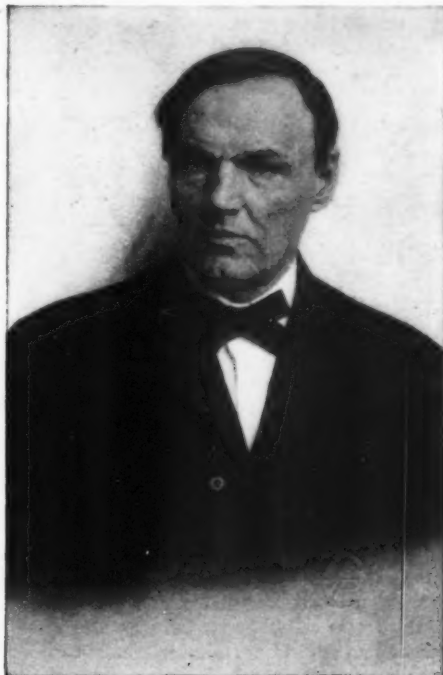
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Joseph Scott is well known in criminal cases on the Pacific coast and is of much social influence especially in Roman Catholic circles. He is one of the lawyers for the defense.



Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, is the chief hope of the defendants. He was the counsel for Debs in the Debs strike case, and it was his skill that kept Moyer and Haywood out of the penitentiary.

IN THE GREAT McNAMARA TRIAL

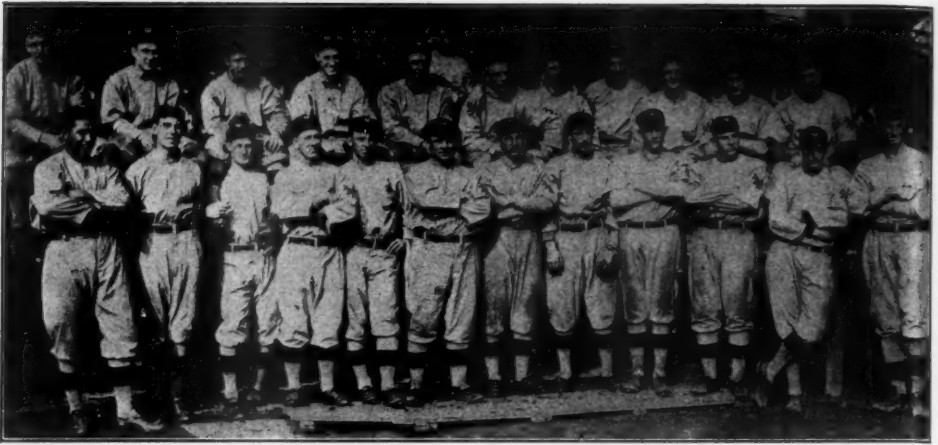


UT in Los Angeles a trial for murder is proceeding that, it is estimated, will cost nearly one million dollars and may take several months to finish. The famous Moyer and Haywood trial in Idaho, that aroused such bitter recriminations, has a close analogy in this McNamara trial in Los Angeles. One of the McNamaras is secretary of the Structural Steel and Iron Workers' Union. The other is his brother. They and six other men are indicted by a grand jury that has been serving for a few days less than a year. All over the country labor unions have been appealed to for funds to conduct the defense. The principal attorney for the defense, Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, who acted in the same capacity for Moyer and Haywood, says this fund, at the opening of the trial on October 11, amounted to \$120,000. William J. Burns, the detective who furnished the evidence on which the indictments were obtained, asserts that to his positive knowledge the fund amounts to over one million dollars. The charge against the de-

fendants is the setting of a bomb that blew up the building of the Los Angeles Times, about a year ago, causing the death of two persons. Linked to this appalling incident is a series of explosions and criminal assaults, numbering ninety or more, running back six years, in which various structures have been injured, and which are charged by the officials of the National Erectors' Association up against the labor unions as the result of a long-drawn labor fight.

Gompers Charges a "Frame-up."

PRECEDING the trial, the arrest and summary removal of John J. McNamara from Indiana, his place of residence, to the jail in Los Angeles, last April, aroused an outcry from labor circles. Mr. Gompers called it a case of kidnapping and asserts that the whole affair is one of manufactured evidence—a "frame-up"—to discredit union labor. Mr. Burns, on the other hand, asserts that the evidence is simply conclusive and that the real defense which the labor officials make in their own minds for these



THERE ARE "GIANTS" IN THESE DAYS ALSO

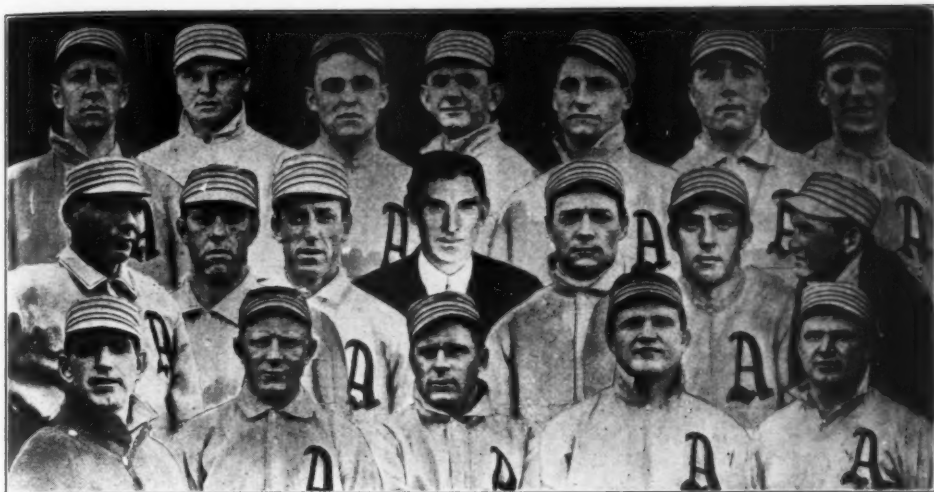
These are they, and they have captured the National League pennant. Top row (from left to right): Marquard (with highest pitching average in the League for 1911), Devore, Doyle, Fletcher, Burns, Hennessey, Wiltse, Ames, Devlin, Mathewson, Wilson, Hartley. Bottom row: Meyers (an Indian), Snodgrass, Murray, Latham, Becker, McGraw (manager), Merkle, Maxwell, Crandall, Paulet, Faust.

acts is their claim that a state of "war" exists between capital and labor and that this war justifies acts of violence fully as much as nations are justified for similar acts in an ordinary war. "Privately," remarks the *Springfield Republican*, "this theory of labor warfare is held perhaps more widely than may be supposed." The owner of the *Los Angeles Times*—General Harrison Gray Otis—is noted for his opposition to labor unions. He is an interesting character, much admired and much hated. C. P. Connolly thus describes him in *Collier's*: "Otis is a fighter, quarrelsome and intolerant, choking with the spleen of his fight long after he has lost or won. He arouses all the dregs of any opposition by his unfair tactics and his vicious stabs. He is not without strong followers and powerful enemies. In a public way, he has given and taken brass-knuckled blows. He has used splendid power with utter irresponsibility. He is vain and pompous. Froth and fume, and love of epaulets and power and titles, are parts of his make-up." This description may or may not be just; but this view of him is not unlikely to figure in the defense to account for the destruction of the *Times* building from motives of revenge on the part of some of the numerous personal enemies the proprietor has made in his strenuous career. One theory of the defense is that the building was demolished by the ignition of escaping gas and not by dynamite. The bombs found near the homes of General Otis and Mr. Zeehandelaar they claim were "planted" there by detectives.

Close of the Baseball Season.



HAT one enthusiastic baseball journalist termed "the greatest sporting event of all time" took place last month when the "Giants" of New York and the "White Elephants" of Philadelphia met for contest on the baseball diamond. This combat was for "the championship of America," if you wish to be stingy and precise in the use of language; but it was for "the championship of the universe" if you are willing to be large and generous in your diction. It came as the climax to a season which the *New York World* calls "the most interesting season in the history of National League baseball," and which President Johnson, of the rival American League, calls the best year his organization has ever known financially. This rousing climax was preceded by a struggle for seats on the part of hundreds of thousands of would-be spectators. "From every city, town, village and hamlet in these United States," said the *New York Evening Sun* on the eve of the contest, "from Mexico, South America, Europe, China, Japan, Australia, Canada, Alaska, and every other portion of the globe, letters and cable despatches have come pouring in to the National Commission and the New York and Philadelphia baseball clubs asking, demanding and imploring reservations for the battles soon to be fought. Enough checks, money orders and drafts have been received by Secretary Gray alone to



IDOLS OF THE QUAKER CITY

The central figure is that of Connie Mack, manager. The other seventeen men constitute the penant-bearers of the American League, namely (top row, beginning at the reader's left): Collins, Strunk, McInnis, Murphy, Derrick, Lord, Krause. Middle row: Bender (a Chippewa Indian), Coombs, Planck, Davis, Martin, Danford. Bottom row: Thomas, Hartsel, Oldring, Livingstone, Lapp. Missing: Baker and Barry.

start a national bank. It seems as if about every fifth human being in the world desired to see the series and believed that he or she at least should be taken care of and given the box directly behind the catcher."

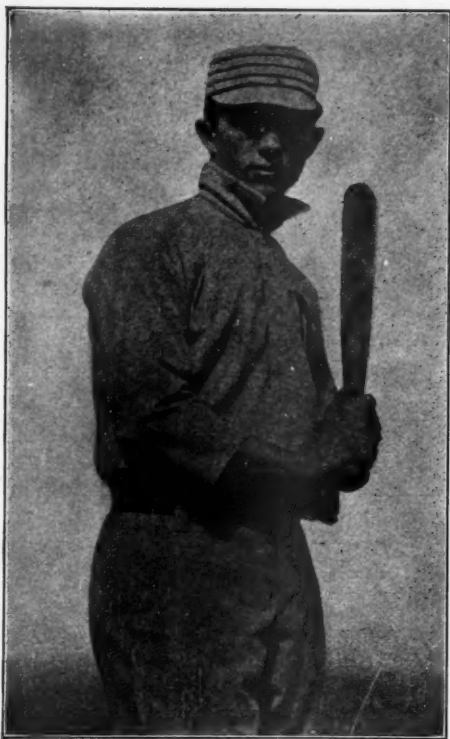
League Contests in the Past.

SIX years ago, when the first series was played under the management of the National Commission between the pennant-winners of the two leagues, the contest was between the same two clubs, under the control of the same two managers—McGraw and Mack. The total attendance (in five games) that year was 91,723 and the receipts were \$68,435. Since then the attendance has been at least doubled and the receipts more than trebled. Out of the seven contests prior to this year, the National League has won the championship four times, the American League three times. The nicknames of the winning clubs may not be elegant, but they are picturesque. The honors have gone twice to the "Cubs," once to the "Giants" and once to the "Pirates," of the National League; and once each to the "Bean-Eaters," the "White Sox" and the "White Elephants" of the American League. If you can't identify the clubs by these nicknames whistle to the nearest newsboy or call up the telephone girl and you can doubtless procure the necessary information. If not, write to President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, Governor

Harmon or Woodrow Wilson. They know. Every large city newspaper now has to keep a baseball editor, and the popular magazines vie with each other in procuring series of articles on the science, the ethics, the economic significance of the game. One author, Hutchins Hapgood, has been taking to the baseball field representatives of various professions and getting their virgin impressions for use as "copy." The sculptor was enthusiastic over the physical beauty apparent in form and motion, but he didn't like the uniforms. He wants the legs and backs to be bare so he can see the play of the muscles. The sociologist was interested in the crowd. "This game," he remarked, "breaks down social distinctions and personal snobbishness. Everybody is good-natured and marvelously irrational. Men become brothers on the spot; talk together as if they had known one another from infancy." The editor was critical and captious. The "Giants" were not "an artistic machine," the only "really interesting" player among them being Mathewson. What the poet, the business man and the woman said are to be recorded later.

Peculiar Baseball Ethics.

ANOTHER magazine writer, Hugh S. Fullerton, hangs some observations of his upon the peculiar ethics of the game. In the *American Magazine* he tells us that "baseball has the strangest



SUCH A VERY DOMESTIC MAN

In the series of baseball games for the world's championship, the third baseman of the Athletics won the second game for his nine by a home run (bringing in Collins), and in the third game, in the last half of the ninth inning, made another home run that virtually settled that game. Now they call him "Good Night" Baker.

code of ethics of any game played by men." A hundred things that would be considered "muckerish" in any other game are counted fair in baseball—almost anything, in fact, that will win games, "except maiming or injuring opponents, playing for a personal record rather than for the team, and 'laying down.'" He goes on to describe some of the tricks adopted in our national game as played by the professionals. "Fixing the grounds" is, we are told, the commonest form of trickery, and is carried to an "amazing" extent. Sometimes a club that happens to have tall overhand pitchers will grade the pitcher's box to an elevation a foot higher than the batter's position, to add to the effectiveness of the pitching. "Doctoring the dirt" in the pitcher's box is "almost universal." The earth may be "doped" with some greasy substance, so that when the visiting pitcher rubs his perspiring hand in it to give him a better grip on the ball his hand becomes greasy, while the home

pitcher has a special spot kept clear for his use or else prepares for the situation by having a pocket in his trousers full of clean dirt! Mechanical devices have also been frequently resorted to for signalling to the batter the kind of ball the pitcher is about to deliver. For instance, the New York American League club had at one time, not long ago, a sign on the fence in the rear of centerfield, on which was an advertisement in which the letter H was very prominent. The middle bar of the letter was made movable, and behind the fence a man with field-glasses caught the signal of the catcher to the pitcher, and by moving the bar gave the signal to the batter.

Tricks of the Baseball Field.

BLOCKING a base-runner is another of the tricks constantly resorted to. It has to be done skilfully, just enough to throw the runner out of his stride, but not enough to warrant the umpire in declaring it a case of intentional interference. Ty Cobb, probably the fastest base-runner in the country, some time ago tried an experiment. He made the circuit of the bases, when no basemen were present, in thirteen and one-fifth seconds, passing each bag close to the inside corner. Then at a subsequent time he made the circuit with each baseman in place acting just as he would in a game. Not one of the basemen did anything that an umpire would call interference, yet before Cobb got around he was actually interfered with five times. Each baseman stood by the inside corner of his bag, compelling Cobb to go on the outside, thus increasing considerably the size of the circle he made. The short-stop contrived to keep in the runner's path just long enough to shorten his stride between second and third, and then, running across the line from third to home as if to back up the catcher, he again made the runner shorten up his stride, yet avoiding actual contact in each case. It took Cobb two and a half additional seconds to make the circuit because of this interference.

* * *
The President's Western Tour.

THE tour of President Taft through "the enemy's country" has been of a frankly defensive character. He has stoutly defended his vetoes of the wool and cotton bills and the farmers' free list bill—"apologia pro veto sua" one bright paragrapher called that speech. He has

defended his tariff commission vigorously. He has unreservedly defended the Supreme Court and its Sherman law decision. He has defended the leasing plan of conservation and done so in the face of a convention that had already adopted resolutions condemning that plan. He has indignantly defended his alma mater and the other great universities of the land against the sweeping charges of gross immorality. He defended reciprocity until the news from Canada came and, as he put it himself, "hit him in the eye." He has defended his treaty of arbitration against the criticism of Mr. Roosevelt and others. He has defended the Sherman law and declared emphatically against any further changes in it. But he has not again defended the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and he has not again deemed it necessary to take up the cudgels in behalf of Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Tawney or any other of the stand-pat leaders. On the contrary he has acknowledged that his party was defeated at the polls last year because it had not, in the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich bill, fulfilled its pledges and he has promised further revi-

zation of the tariff schedules—as far as he can secure it—in the coming session of Congress.

Political Effects of the Tour.

THE tour has also been frankly political. Apparently Mr. Taft has been led, by the evident desires of his audiences, to speak much more on political topics than he intended when he started. The effect of his speeches and of his presence is variously described. If you consult the thick-and-thin defenders of the administration, such, for instance, as the *Baltimore American*, the *Washington Post* and *Leslie's Weekly*, you will find that he has been making "a triumphal tour," and that "his superb reception by the people of the West has never been surpassed by anything of the kind in our history." Other journals nearer the scene of his meetings speak in far less glowing terms of the trip. Yet the net result of it, as seen by observers who appear to be ready to accept the facts just as they are, is favorable to Mr. Taft. Not overwhelmingly favorable, but still favorable. Perhaps the most significant admission of this



CAN'T SEE THE POINT

—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*



THE ROUGH RIDER
—Ketten in New York World

fact comes from the Louisville *Post*, which is one of the most insurgent of all the papers in the middle states. Says the *Post*:

"Judged from every standpoint the present Western tour of President Taft is the most suc-



RUNKERED!
—Murphy in Oregon Journal

cessful that he has made since his elevation to the Presidency and the virility of his speeches and the strong ground upon which he bases most of his arguments affords a pleasing contrast to that dreary swing around the circuit which began at Winona just after the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill."

Every one of his utterances "has been pleasing to the West," said the *Post* when Mr. Taft was nearly half through his trip, except perhaps his defense of the wool bill veto; and even then he made it clear that he means to fight for lower duties. This, adds the same journal, "constitutes a remarkable change of front" from the President's position two years ago on the Payne-Aldrich bill.

The People Waiting to See.

ANOTHER paper of strong insurgent tendencies is the Detroit *News*. It speaks less encouragingly of the results of Mr. Taft's trip, at least in its earlier stages. His reception in the Republican states, according to this authority, has been not hostile, but distinctly cool. In the most insurgent of the states, as in Kansas, a real effort was made to "receive him cheerfully"; but it was not spontaneous and was due more to friendly commiseration than approval, much as we clap a friend on the back when we know he has made a fizzle. Says the *News*:

"Perhaps no President of the United States ever made a progress through the country to the accompaniment of so little commotion and perfunctory applause. The people have gone in moderate numbers to see him—and when he passed they have looked at him—and that is about all there is to it. To see the President of the United States pass through four crowded blocks of people in perfect silence save for the piping shrill huzzas of a couple of hundred school children trained to cheer their chief magistrate—is hardly to get the impression of an enthusiastic reception. Yet that has been the daily story of the Taft progress."

But this event—almost at the beginning of the trip—must be considered, the *News* says, in connection with the fact that Mr. Taft, personally, knows nothing of the art of enthusing a crowd. "There is no more sensationalism in his appearance than there is in the Supreme Court." On the whole, the impression this paper gets is that the people are still in a waiting mood—"waiting to see what he is going to DO when he gets home."

ANOTHER progressive paper in the progressive state of Kansas, the *Topeka Capital*, thinks likewise that if Taft goes back to Washington and wins a tariff battle, that will be the one thing he needs. Causes of the sharpest criticism of Taft, it says, are gradually getting in the background. Ballinger is out. Aldrich is in private life. Cannon is deposed. Taft is not given credit for these events, but they have occurred nevertheless. And there is one other thing in his favor: "He is personally liked. The people respond to his kindly manner, his temperate speech, his impartial method of arguing or advancing his opinions. Everything about the President impresses the people with his sincerity." This same cordiality toward Mr. Taft personally, even where his views are distrusted, is observed by many others. The *Denver Republican* speaks of it, and says that while political leaders have participated in his reception the people themselves have really taken charge and the greetings have been "notably popular in character." The special correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, who accompanied Mr. Taft on the trip, has said much the same thing: "All felt the influence of his genial personality; but," etc. The same correspondent thinks that he has "un-



THE PURLOINED LETTER
—Patrick in Fort Worth Record

doubtedly allayed opposition to his administration," tho it is impossible to say to what extent. The *Boston Herald's* special correspondent very cautiously remarks that the trip "may have strengthened the President somewhat in some states where he has traveled," yet it is "not a pronounced success." His success with Congress on tariff revision will determine



"WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED!"
—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer



WHO SAID INSURGENCY?

—Spokane Spokesman-Review

his general popularity in the West; but already, this very cautious correspondent admits, "all the commercial and industrial forces of this part of the country"—he was in Illinois when he wrote—"are with the President."

Why Taft Vetoes the Wool Bill.

THE President's speeches, as already indicated, covered a wide range of topics. This, some journals more or less friendly to him consider a tactical mistake. "When a President is making speeches every day," says the *New York World*, "he cannot expect a very attentive audience. When the important must take its chances with the unimportant, when the trivial runs in leash with the serious, when petty politics goes side by side with statesmanship, there is not much likelihood that the Presidential wheat will be sifted from the Presidential chaff. Where two speeches might command universal consideration, 200 speeches are smothered in their own verbosity." Probably the most important, in a general way, of all his speeches was the one on the trust decisions, which we treat on preceding pages. The speech at Grand Rapids, on his vetoes of the tariff bills, was perhaps the most important of the speeches in a political way. These three bills—reviving the wool and cotton schedules and putting on the free list many articles purchased by farmers—were, he again charged, passed by a Democratic house "for

political purposes." The wool bill, which finally came to him, he said, was not at all the bill framed by the Ways and Means Committee, after several weeks' deliberation, but was "changed in all its rates" in order to effect a compromise with the Senate bill, which "was never in committee at all"; and the blending was done, as was said by La Follette, "with blacksmith's tools." In view of the enormous value of the industries affected, was it asking too much, the President asked, to delay the bill for ninety days until the tariff commission would be ready to furnish accurate information?

Crudities of the Cotton Bill.

AS FOR the cotton bill, that was, we are told, a Democratic bill entirely and not one for which the insurgent Republicans were responsible. It was made without hearings and it completely changed the method of classifying cottons. It was "adopted avowedly as a free-trade bill," and was passed finally without change except for the addition of several amendments. One of these amendments cut down the metal schedule 30 per cent. Another purported to reduce the chemical schedule 25 per cent., affecting many millions of dollars' worth of exports. This amendment would have produced the greatest confusion. The actual reduction in some cases was from 70 to 100 per cent., and in other cases there was an actual increase of duties from 5 to 100 per cent. Under this amendment alcohol and alcoholic compounds which, when produced in this country, pay an internal revenue tax of \$1.10 per proof gallon and which now, when imported, pay \$2.60 a gallon, would have paid, when imported, but eight to ten cents a gallon. Other parts of this speech the *New York Evening Post* interprets joyfully as "a tacit recantation of much that he said in his unlucky tariff speech at Winona two years ago." In a later speech Mr. Taft defended his tariff board. Of its work on the pulp and news-print paper he says: "I venture to say that never before has a report so complete, so comprehensive and so satisfactory as to the comparative cost of any product in two countries been made. . . . A study of this report will satisfy any candid, impartial observer of the completeness with which it is possible to secure information without the inquisitorial examination under oath, and the greater accuracy that may be had in a quiet, friendly examination of the books than by a necessarily antagonistic cross-examination of

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Impeach the Judges; Don't
Kill the Courts.

MR. TAFT also assailed, in a speech in St. Louis, the recall of judges, but admitted that they should be held more responsible than they now are. The delay in administering justice should bring blushes of shame to American cheeks. Further:

"The courts have not fulfilled the function that they ought to fulfill, but I do not agree that therefore you ought to kill the court, and that is what I think you are doing if you make every tenure of office dependent on an election. Make your Judges responsible. Impeach them. Impeachment of a judge would be a very healthful thing in these times. I have known instances in Congress where there was ground for impeachment that ought to have been carried through, but on inquiry I found that the difficulties between the members of Congress and the Judge had been settled by compromises.

"It is not necessary that we should have an impeachment by the Legislature. If that is a clumsy method, as it is, we can have some other method of investigating the qualifications of Judges, and if they don't fill the measure, to remove them. Have some sort of judicial hearing in which the facts shall be considered."

In Nebraska the President—at a dinner in which he was toasted by Mr. Bryan—defended his new arbitration treaties. The Monroe Doctrine, he observed, according to Professor John Bassett Moore, "the greatest authority in international law," is "a national policy that

would not come within the terms of the treaty." Earl Grey, secretary of foreign affairs for Great Britain, said the same thing on the floor of the House of Commons. As for questions of immigration, they can never get into arbitration. They are a domestic question settled wholly by domestic law and covered by special treaties. "Everybody admits that without a treaty this country has complete power to exclude anybody from its shores that is not a citizen of the United States. We might say that no red-headed man shall come into this country if we wanted to." Later, in a speech in Seattle, the President again took up the same subject, saying: "All the world is looking to us to lead in this great movement for permanent world peace. We have the resources to raise an army large and powerful enough to sweep any other army off the face of the earth. It is the same with our navy. We are not afraid of any other nation. We can lead the world in this peace movement, and we ought not to let anything prevent our taking that course."

* * *

Terrifying Reports of Dam Disasters.



LAST month opened with terrifying reports of another dam disaster in Potter County, Pennsylvania, in which nearly a hundred lives were lost in the town of Austin, and six million dollars' worth of property destroyed. A few days later came the report of another dam's collapse in Wisconsin, in which a town of



THE DAM BROKE,

and Black River Falls, Wisconsin, paid the penalty. Where you see a lake in this picture formerly existed the entire business section of the town.

2,000 inhabitants (Black River Falls) was destroyed, the inhabitants, however, being warned in time to save their lives. Several days later still came a report from Panama to the effect that part of the earth behind the east wall of the lower lock at the great Gatun dam had sunk in one place and risen several feet away, and that this slipping had been going on for a year and had already caused a delay of four months in the construction of the cofferdam across the lower end of the locks. These reports in such quick succession have directed public attention to the importance dams have come to assume, especially with the large use of concrete, in modern times, and the peril in which many communities may exist similar to that which resulted in two thousand deaths at Johnstown in 1889 and a large loss of life near Epinal, France, in 1895.

Great Dams of the United States.

TAKING the single State of New York, for instance, there are in the Adirondack region alone a score of large reservoirs held in check by dams, to secure water power for industrial use. At Delta is a dam 100 feet high—twice as high as the one that wrecked Austin. At Ingham's Mills is a dam 125 feet high. At Hinckley is a dam ninety feet high. If the last-named structure were to collapse a wave half a mile long and more than thirty feet high would sweep down the Mohawk valley from bank to bank. The reservoir at Conglinsville will have an area greater than that of Lake George, and it is estimated, according to a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, that the breaking up of its dam would send a wave forty or fifty feet high down the Hudson River and raise the water line at Albany to the top of the railway station. The Olive Bridge dam, which is to form the Ashokan reservoir, to supply New York City, will rise 210 feet above the rock level and will be twenty-nine feet broad at the top. All these dams are in one comparatively small region. Many states have similar important structures, upon the strength of which depend many thousands of lives and tens of millions of dollars' worth of property. The San Mateo dam, in California, is 150 feet high and 680 feet long. The Roosevelt dam in Arizona is 276 feet high and 700 feet long. The pressure on a dam of this sort is, of course, tremendous. One foot from the surface of the water the pressure exerted is cal-

culated as 62.35 pounds to a square foot. Two feet down, twice that. One hundred feet down, one hundred times that. The Johnstown dam, the Austin dam, the Black River Falls dam, were pigmies compared with some of our dams.

Causes of Collapse.

IT SPEAKS well for the engineering profession that calamities from the collapse of dams are so infrequent when we consider the number and magnitude of such constructions. At Black River Falls the dam itself stood the required strain, but the end does not seem to have been properly protected, and the flood made a channel through the hill there. At Austin, the rock foundation upon which the dam rested was evidently unstable. Tho the dam was anchored eight feet deep, the water undermined it, the foundation slid, the dam broke into seven sections and parts of it were overturned. Whether the blame rests upon the engineer's designs, or the contractor's materials, or the owner's economy of funds, only a careful official report and perhaps a court trial or two will reveal. As for the Panama dam at Gatun, the newspaper reports seem a little "yellow." What is slipping there is the earth. The dam rests upon rock, and that has not slipped. The earth has slipped, according to the report of the official organ of the Canal Commission, because of the rock-filling placed upon it for the purpose of carrying the tracks on which the cableway towers run. The soil was too soft to sustain the weight. That has hindered the operations necessary in constructing the dam and the locks, but has not affected the constructed work itself. President Taft, speaking last month—a year after this slipping of the earth at Gatun began—not only renewed the promise that the canal would be opened by the year 1915, but stated that we need not be at all surprised to find it ready to open in 1913.

Guarding Against Future Disasters.

BUT if there is no good reason to distrust the ability of our engineers or to belittle their wonderful triumphs over nature, there is, the *Engineering News* thinks, reason to distrust the present methods of protection against incompetence or greed in the construction of dams. Speaking of the Austin disaster, it remarks: "It is not our duty to sift and apportion the responsibility for this sad calamity. It is our duty to say that the occurrence is without excuse, and

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SHATTERED INTO SEVEN PIECES

This dam of reinforced concrete, near Austin, Pa., was fifty feet high and anchored eight feet deep in the rock. But the foundation proved treacherous and a catastrophe ensued.

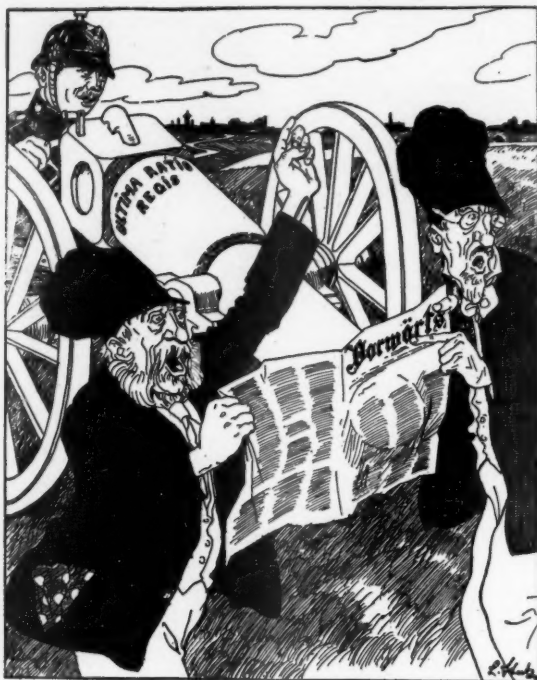
that if the dam had been built with proper precautions and proper regard for safety, the failure would never have occurred." It goes on to remark that Johnstown and Austin and Mill River are far from being the only cases where terrible destruction has been wrought by a dam failure. "Smaller structures fail every little while and the general public hardly notices the item of a few lines in the newspapers that tell of lives lost and homes de-

stroyed." These disasters occur, even when good engineers are employed, for the reason that "those who build these structures buy just as little engineering and buy it just as cheaply as they possibly can." Twenty-two years ago, just after the Johnstown flood, it declared that it was necessary to establish state supervision over dams and dam construction in the interest of the public. Very few states have heeded that warning. Rhode



WHERE THE AUSTIN FLOOD SWEEP

The reader is looking up-stream toward the dam, several m's away. The fringe of buildings was all that was left of Austin, Penn., after the torrent swept down, carrying logs and trees which it used as battering rams.



THE NEWSPAPER BARRIER

"Comrades, without our consent no shot shall be fired on the side of our fatherland."
—Berlin Kladderadatsch

Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Colorado are the only ones that have done so, so far as the *Engineering News* knows.

* * *

Impending Great Struggle
at the Polls in Germany.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is so determined to inject himself into that struggle at the polls throughout Germany which is casting its shadow over his realm as to be a source of anxiety to the Imperial Chancellor. It has been delicately represented to his Majesty that he has lost influence among his subjects of late. No party supported ostentatiously from the Palace at Potsdam can be expected to emerge in parliamentary shape from a struggle which August Bebel, the Socialist leader, pronounced the other day a supreme test of German capacity for freedom. Emperor William would hear no hints in that direction. He assured the exalted officials with whom he discussed the subject that no consideration could insure his reticence in a struggle for which he is keen. His Majesty embarrassed the Imperial Chancellor by the freedom of his language. The

imperial utterance was, to be sure, private and personal—made, it seems, in the course of a regimental banquet. As ill-luck would have it, a guest on this occasion was indiscreet enough to reveal what took place to a correspondent of the *Paris Matin*. A somewhat garbled form of the imperial utterance is in circulation abroad, but enough has transpired to make it evident that William II. may, as we say over here, go on the stump. The contest will be exciting enough, as the *Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, observes, without the addition of so spectacular a feature as an Emperor to aggravate it. The Emperor is understood to regard the general election as a fine opportunity to disabuse the German mind of some delusions respecting himself.

"Specter of Socialism" in
Berlin.

WHAT is called in the German agrarian press "the specter of Social Democracy," laid by the former Imperial Chancellor

Prince von Bülow's "patriotic" Reichstag campaign of five years ago, stalks abroad in the realm of William II. to-day, declares the careful Berlin

correspondent of the *London Mail*. "It has risen, hydra-headed, in all its old-time venom and fury, assertive, impudent and triumphant." By-elections for the Reichstag, general elections for state parliaments and municipal elections in towns and cities are yielding—with here and there a check—a staggering crop of "red" victories. The diet of Saxony, which not so long ago contained but one Socialist, possessed, after a late tremendous political struggle, no less than twenty-five. "The Lancashire of Germany has given the signal for what the nation fears is destined to be an electoral revolution in the guise of a Socialist avalanche." How to avert it becomes this year the paramount issue in German politics. It will not be averted unless Socialist dailies and Socialist leaders in the fatherland are inflated with an altogether false sense of impending victory. That they are so inflated is the constant intimation in the forecasts of such conservative sheets as the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, ever in touch with imperial opinion, and the *Berlin Deutsche Tageszeitung*, which decries the destructive tendencies of "the masses" and the "vagaries of the professional classes."

Political Parties in
Germany.

THE progress of the political campaign in Germany is not ascertainable through elucidations of it in the Berlin press. One looks in vain for any clue to the tactics of the several parties, because the question with each is its combination with one of the others. The national "block" against Socialists and Center appeals to all "bourgeois" political groups. Then there is a "liberal block" which seeks to affect itself against the Center especially. There is likewise a "liberal block" against "ultramontane and Protestant reaction." These "blocks" are suggested in party organs, discussed by the groups most concerned and dissolved in general recrimination. Hence nothing is so difficult just now as the acquisition of a definite idea of the party struggle. The medley is explicable if it be borne in mind that the Reichstag contains no less than a dozen more or less definitely organized parties, calling themselves "the radical confederation," "the economic union," "German reformers," "the people's party" and what not. Even the Poles form officially a distinct body. All these have candidates in the field.

"Blocks" in German
Politics.

AN EFFORT to band conservatives, national liberals and radicals together against the clerical "blacks" and the Socialist "reds," who are represented as the common enemy of enlightened and Protestant Germany, is sneered at in the *Vorwärts* as a stale device of the court. It dismisses the attempt now as transparent. The feature of this situation to commentators outside Germany like the *London News* is that the moderate parties—the so-called middle parties—are continually losing ground, while the extreme parties are steadily growing in influence and in numbers. "The Socialists on the left and the agrarians on the right form the two opposite poles of German political life, and if symptoms be not deceptive these two parties bear in themselves the germ of a complete change in the German parliamentary constellation." Certainly a powerful third party will always remain, concedes this authority, namely the Roman Catholic Center, the only one based entirely upon a religious foundation. At the forthcoming election it is the extreme agrarians who, next to the Socialists, attract the greatest attention. How they will fare is a problem.



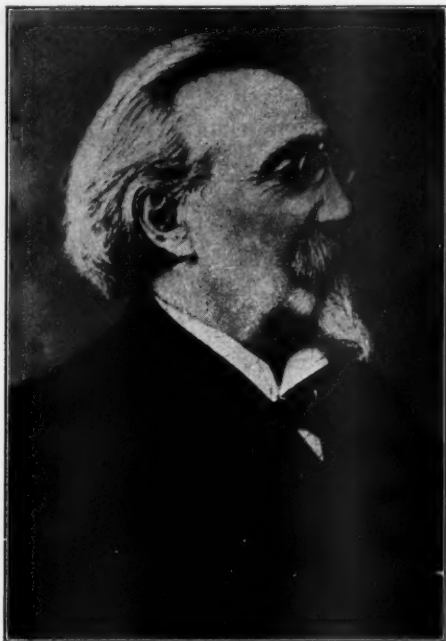
MISUNDERSTOOD

GERMANY: "Nobody loves me—and they all want to trample on me!"

—London Punch

Election Prospects in
Germany.

CLARING anomalies brought about by time in a representation fixed in accordance with the distribution of German population over a generation ago will, the *London Times* predicts, foil the Socialists in deriving advantage from the increase in their adherents. "None will deny that the main interest in the forthcoming electoral struggle centers in the advance of the Socialists, who have increased so enormously in the past thirty years. Herr Bebel alone represented the party in the first Reichstag. At the next election nine Socialists were returned. The number has gone up and down since, but in the face of a "slump" five years ago, Socialism emerged from a fierce campaign with forty-three deputies—a loss of thirteen seats. Since then the Socialists, as noted already, have shown unmistakable



PORTUGAL'S LATEST PRESIDENT

The newly elected Señor Manoel Arriaga holds sway in Lisbon, being, like his predecessor, renowned as a man of letters, a thinker, a professor and a scholar.

growth. Elections in Saxony, Prussia and even Bavaria have favored them. For that reason, explains the *Vorwärts*, the government has refused to enact a redistribution of seats in accordance with population. For all that, predicts the *London Mail*, when in the new Reichstag the Imperial Chancellor looks about him for his old majority it will be gone—"swallowed up in the wave of Socialism."

* * *

King Alfonso Suspends Constitutional Guarantees in Spain.



NLY the urgent representations of Prime Minister Canalejas, accompanied by a threat of resignation, could have brought Alfonso XIII. to the point of signing the decree which recently suspended every constitutional guarantee throughout Spain. That is the view of the *Indépendance Belge*, the great liberal organ of Brussels, which reminds us that his Majesty is by far the most popular personage in his own dominions and that the King is always reluctant to imperil this prestige by arbitrary sway. The crisis, as the foreign dailies de-

scribe it, was certainly acute enough to justify strong measures. Strikers seem to have possessed themselves of means to overawe and intimidate the local authorities in many an important town. Spain appeared for several days to have inaugurated a radical social revolution under the auspices of labor unions. That was the impression of the dynastic Madrid *Epoca*. For the past three years the dominions of King Alfonso have, indeed, been the theater of more or less sanguinary labor wars. These conflicts, beginning as manifestations of discontent with economic conditions, usually grow complicated through the intervention of advanced republican and Socialistic elements. Barcelona and Madrid are the usual headquarters of the agitators whose names tend to figure in alarmist despatches. The ardent republican Pablo Iglesias, the somewhat anarchistic but philosophical Lerroux (suspected of sympathy with the ideas of the late Francisco Ferrer) and the communistic Melquiades Alvarez invariably spring into fresh fame each time the Iberian peninsula is reported restless. The disturbance precipitated such chaos of late that all the familiar constitutional rights had to lapse.

Canalejas Labors with Spain's Capitalists in Vain.

PROLETARIAN Spain, and especially that fraction of it which works for wages, had been looking forward to the reassembly of the Cortes when the constitution was summarily eliminated. The agitators felt certain that a law seriously modifying the status of the capitalist would be enacted by the radically disposed. The consummation thus devoutly wished had been predicted in the Madrid *Heraldo*. The forces of discontent reckoned without the manufacturers and mine owners of Vizcaya. They had lost heavily by the strike in its initial stages. The prefect of Bilbao undertook to effect a compromise. He was met by a firm refusal of the capitalists to accept a proposed solution of the industrial war. The prefect thereupon telegraphed to Prime Minister Canalejas that the capitalists were an obstinate lot upon whom official pressure should rest heavily. Official pressure was accordingly exerted. Prime Minister Canalejas told the manufacturers and mine owners that patriotism must modify their attitude. Spain was in the throes of a Moroccan crisis. The Vatican had to be faced. Dynastic intrigue was rife. But the capitalists would not heed these admonitions.

A Threat of Revolution
in Spain.

BARCELONA had become some weeks ago a center of revolutionary propaganda from which the gospel of Socialism and anarchy was spreading throughout Spain. In one important town the city hall had been burnt to the ground. In another the largest convent was in a state of siege. Railroad tracks were torn up, bridges were dynamited and public buildings were fired. The anarchy threatened to spread from the northern and eastern provinces to the capital itself. The capitalists, implored to yield what they could, answered that any cessions then would be a starting point for fresh exactions in the immediate future. The leaders of the agitation thereupon threatened to proclaim a general strike throughout the entire kingdom. That forced the hand of the Prime Minister. The general strike was nipped in the bud, for the movement of troops was upon an overwhelming scale. It was even necessary for a time to leave the frontier in the direction of Portugal almost denuded of troops, a circumstance said in dynastic Madrid papers to explain the temporary success which the enemies of the newly established republic won some weeks since.

Monarchical Spain and
Republican Portugal.

CARE has been taken by Premier Canalejas to observe the strictest neutrality in the sudden peril that seemed for a time to have overwhelmed the republic set up at Lisbon. Every report circulated last month to the effect that Spain is seeking the success of the movement to restore monarchy in Portugal is branded by the Madrid *Epoca* as "infamous." The election of Senhor Manoel Arriaga to the presidency of the new republic is even said to be highly satisfactory to King Alfonso, who is understood to feel profound esteem for the character and abilities of this distinguished Portuguese educator. His Majesty was likewise the first European sovereign to sign a proclamation recognizing the existence of a republic in the land so recently ruled by Don Manoel. Nevertheless, if Madrid impressions be correct, the royalist reaction at Lisbon will assume a sanguinary form in less than a year. It is with that contingency in view that Spanish garrisons along the frontier will henceforth be maintained at full strength. No Portuguese junta will be tolerated at Madrid, but the neutrality of Spain is suspected of benevolence.

Portugal as the Paradise
of the Pedant.

REPUBLICAN Portugal is thought in Europe to suffer from the predominance in her councils of men whose careers have been literary and philosophical rather than military and administrative. The first President was a student and thinker. The newly chosen President is famed for his philosophical and pedagogical attainments. Even the new Prime Minister at Lisbon, Senhor João Chagas, is an eminent man of letters. The minister of finance is a brilliant mathematician and college professor and the minister of foreign affairs held for years a chair in a medical school. Republican Portugal, sneers the Madrid *Epoca*, is a paradise of the pedant. The strength of character and the high capacity of the Prime Minister are, however, conceded by all. Senhor Chagas contributed immensely by his articles in Portuguese papers to the fall of the monarchy. His anticlerical policy is criticized in the Paris press of the moderate sort as fanatical. The duration of the republic is not, in the opinion of the London *Post*, likely to be prolonged. The efforts at a restoration proved last month, however, that the neutrality of Spain is real.

Will the Portuguese
Republic Last?

WHATEVER may be said against the provisional government of republican Portugal, concedes the London *Post*, it has succeeded in doing what it was not expected to do. "It has managed to survive more than a few months. It succeeded in living out its full time, in presiding over the drawing up of the constitution and in handing over the control of affairs to a regular republican ministry." But the task which the new government inherits seems full of perils. Upon it devolves the work of giving effect to all the undertakings and promises of its predecessors. "The spirit in which the makers of the revolution managed the business of administration must add very largely to the troubles of the republic. They persecuted the royalists vindictively and showed themselves exceedingly intolerant of any independent criticism." The fact that the republicans are divided seems ominous to this commentator. Moderates are ranged against extremists, Prime Minister Chagas leading the former. The leader of the extremists is Senhor Costa, "a demagog of the most violent type," according to the British daily, altho to the Paris *Action* he is "another Brutus."

Descent of the Italian Navy
Upon the Coast of Tripoli.



EXACTLY a fortnight after the official declaration in Rome that a state of war exists between the King of Italy and the Ottoman Sultan, Germany's announcement of an armistice ended the first phase of the greatest European sensation since the attack of the Japanese fleet upon Port Arthur. The armistice may prove, to be sure, as nominal as the war it may or may not have influenced. The events of the fourteen days during which the strictly censored despatches from the Mediterranean were made to read like shorthand notes of a raid on a cockpit, include the descent of an Italian battleship squadron on the Tripolitan coast, a protest to the powers in the name of the Sultan, and a flight into the interior of northern Africa by the surviving tribesmen who stayed during the bombardments that followed the blockade. At last accounts the Young Turks in Constantinople, perceiving their incapacity to wage a war exclusively naval, had reconciled themselves to the loss of the last Ottoman vilayet in northern Africa. It may be, as the *London Spectator* hints, that the Moslems, in a desperate resolve to bring the European balance crashing to the ground, will organize an invasion of Greece. There are many fears that Greece may infuriate the Turks by making good her claim to Crete. The danger lies, say others, in the hinterland of Tripoli, whence fanatics will spread their "holy war" of Islam beyond Africa to Asia and the Balkans. The censorship remaining everywhere rigid, the first few weeks of the war enshroud it in mists through which Germany looms vaguely between victorious Italy and a frenzied world of Islam. Germany, insists the *London Outlook*—an opposition organ which, like the British press generally, dislikes the "war"—has herself to thank in a measure for Italy's actions, since it is Germany's "pegging out claims" in Morocco that caused Italy to abandon her "attitude of observation" at Tripoli. The Berlin diplomatic world, however, makes no concealment of its disapproval of the Italian descent upon Africa.

Italy Explains Her Act.



WHATEVER the government of Italy has achieved against Tripoli was not undertaken, explains the ministerial *Tribuna* of Rome, as compensation for the Moroccan arrangement. It is accidental that matters should come to a head now.

For years past Italy has shown forbearance in enduring Turkish affronts. She could stand no more. Systematic Turkish opposition to every honest endeavor towards pacific Italian expansion and development in Tripoli brought on the war. "Without a radical change in Turkish policy, of which there is no sign, determined action on the part of Italy would have been inevitable in the near future, and the Morocco negotiations have only somewhat expedited events. It is again to be emphasized that Italy is not looking for compensation for Morocco. The suggestion that Italy is seeking a rectification of the Tripolitan frontier, either on the Egyptian or the French side, is preposterous." No other power, it is further alleged in this official utterance, would have endured so long or so patiently the policy of pin-pricks and systematic violations of treaties which Italy has borne for seven years at the hands of Turkey. "Now Italy intends to settle the question once for all. She is satisfied that this is in the long run the true way to remain on good terms with the Sultan." The Italian people are convinced that unless the crisis be solved now a "tremendous conflagration" must ensue in the future.

Turkey Denies the
Italian Charges



TURKEY at once officially protested against the assertion that Italy has received treatment in Tripoli or elsewhere less favorable than that accorded other powers. "If Italy," as the inspired statement runs, "will set forth with precision her claims and the difficulties she has encountered, Turkey will examine these with a view to a reasonable and equitable solution. It has never either now or in the past been the wish of Turkey to show any bad faith in her dealings with Italy. All the rumors to the contrary have been spread by interested parties." As to Italy's being hindered in Tripoli, that, insists the Ottoman cabinet, is absurd. Europe, it must be confessed, sets no store by these assertions. The Turks, according to the weight of foreign newspaper evidence, have for years persistently mistreated Italian subjects in Tripoli. "Turkish officials," says the *London Times*, "are past masters of the petty arts of exasperation and we ourselves have had experience of this fact at the mouths of the Tigris and Euphrates." In Tripoli, indeed, Italians have been plundered, shot, imprisoned without cause and subjected to every outrage. Even young girls have been dragged by force from their parents' homes.



THE "TURKEY TROT" IN TRIPOLI

—Thomas in Detroit News.

Foreign Policy of Italy.

UNTIL the advent of the Young Turks to power, to follow a careful study of the subject in the *London Post*, the foreign policy of modern Italy might have been summed up in one word—Austria. Now, however, the Consulta is preoccupied with the proceedings of two foreign states, Austria and Turkey. Around these two countries the discussion of foreign affairs in the Italian parliament and press revolves. It is by its treatment of Italian relations with them that the ministry is chiefly judged.

"Since 1882 Italy has been a member of the Triple Alliance, a league renewed in 1887, in 1891, and in 1902, and due to expire, unless it be once more renewed, in May, 1914. Originally founded as a safeguard against France and Russia, the Triple Alliance has long ceased to subserve the purpose for which it was created. Largely thanks to the efforts of Signor Luzzatti, most Francophil of living Italian statesmen, commercial relations, after eleven years of interruption, were renewed between 'the two Latin sisters' in 1899, while the long residence of M. Barrère as French Ambassador in Rome has contributed during the last twelve years to the improvement of their mutual friendship. No Italian strategist now dreams of building fresh fortifications, as they were so lavishly built in Crispi's time, on the French frontier: it is against

Austria, and Austria alone, that all the recent defence works have been planned. It is usual—such is the illogical position into which Italian foreign policy has drifted—to find a pro-Austrian speech by a minister for foreign affairs followed by a demand from his colleague, the minister of marine, for a further sum of money for the fortification of Venice or for the increase of the fleet in the Adriatic. There is, of course, no logic in practical politics, and the *Triplicisti*, as the supporters of the Triple Alliance are called, reply, when taxed with this inconsistency, that they support the *Triplice* solely because without it the Austrian military party would make war upon Italy. In other words, the partnership resembles those political arrangements by which a Prime Minister offers a portfolio to an unsympathetic statesman, simply in order to prevent him from joining the Opposition. Austria is, in fact, the Winston Churchill of the Italian Government. Few Italians love Austria; but most of them prefer to have her as a colleague rather than as an enemy."

Young Turkey, an Italian
"Nightmare."

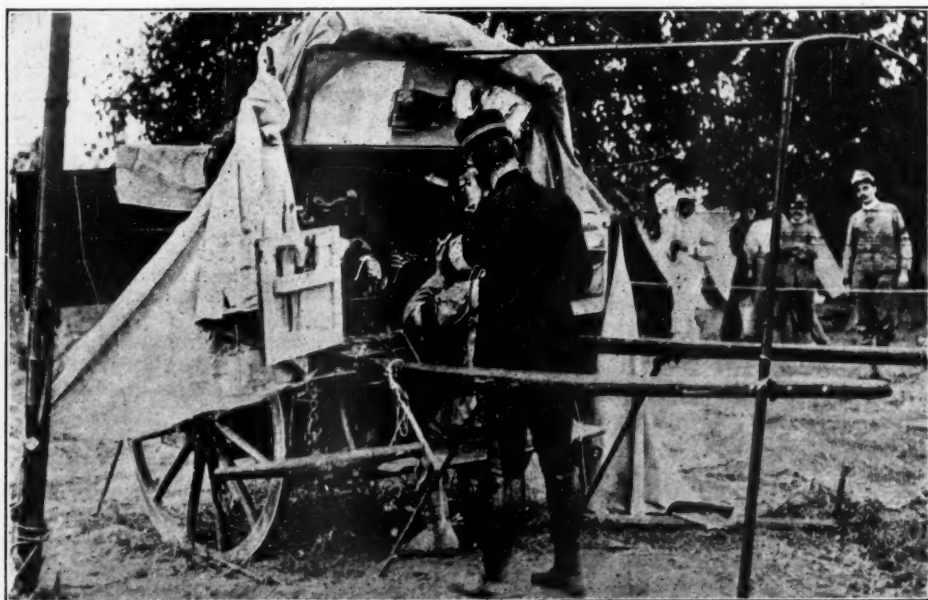
MEANWHILE, to pursue the subject still from this British point of view, the fear of what Austria may do, not only on the Italian frontier, but even still more in the Balkans, has become "a nightmare of Italian foreign policy," just as Germany seems the "nightmare" of British naval

policy, Rome, however, had to forget Vienna for a season. Young Turkey had of late given great umbrage and considerable trouble to the Italian government. "A series of incidents, each unimportant in itself, but constituting in the aggregate a sequence of obviously premeditated pin-pricks," had offended the national pride and injured the material interests of Italy. Under the rule of former Prime Minister Luzzatti, "a Jew and therefore naturally a Turcophil," as the London paper thinks, serious attempts were made last year to improve commercial relations between the two countries. The sole result was the fiasco of the Young Turkish tour in Italy, when a number of Salonica Jews, agents of Austrian firms, had a very pleasant month's tour in Italy at the latter nation's expense. There followed the refusal of the Turkish government to allow the Italians permission to excavate in Tripoli, while the subsequent application of the United States for leave to send an archaeological mission thither was granted. The true history of this last affair has never been published in full, but one or two Italians of eminence accuse the German Emperor of having exerted his tremendous influence in Constantinople favorably to America while remaining neutral in the Italian case. But this is nothing more than rumor.

The Sultan's Heir Goes to Rome—in Vain.



OTHER incidents with Turkey accumulated in the weeks immediately preceding hostilities, the rasped feelings of the Italians not being soothed by the "compensatory" visit to Rome of the heir to the throne of Turkey. The young nationalist party, which has lately arisen in Italy, and which calls aloud for a more fruitful and more vigorous foreign policy, has made much of the cavalier treatment which a nation of 36,000,000 inhabitants has received at the hands of the Young Turks. It is considered probable—to keep to the despatches of the Roman correspondent of the *London Post*, a reliable journalist in close touch with the Quirinal—that ere long the Marquis di San Giuliano will retire "for reasons of health" from the post of foreign minister. The Marquis was once ambassador in London and he has written much and brilliantly for the *Giornale d'Italia*, being a Sicilian nobleman of wide culture, but with a feeling for Turkey that is slightly too benevolent for the factions which have captured control of the Giolitti cabinet in Rome. The Marquis did what he could to avoid a war. His conciliatory diplomacy has been the one hope of the peace party in the eternal city.



A MARCONIGRAM FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

The Italian army was able to keep in constant touch with the general staff in Rome, Marconi having placed his entire equipment at the service of his native land without charging a lira for the favor.

How Young Turkey Lately
Regarded Italy.

YOUNG TURKEY, ever since its advent to supreme power in Constantinople, has been under no hallucinations respecting the foreign policy of Italy. Young Turkey has trained a great army in preparation for Tripoli. She had just set about the purchase of a fleet. "The Young Turk is nothing if not a Chauvinist, and he has vented his Chauvinistic feelings at the expense of Italy." Crispi, this authority insists, would have sent the fine Italian fleet to Smyrna last year if recent events had occurred in his day. Even the more cautious Signor Tittoni, when he was foreign minister in Rome, threatened to send it to Mitylene. What is the use, say the Italian nationalists through their organs in the press of Rome—and even the *Tribuna* seems to have felt their influence of late—what is the use of having an expensive and finely equipped navy if we must always pursue a policy of domestic concentration? That brilliant organ of the Young Turks in Constantinople, the *Tanin*, has been oracular and minatory on the Italian theme on many occasions. There prevailed, in truth, a state of diplomatic war long before the inauguration of the naval operations, which have just swept the Mediterranean of Turkish ships.

Tripoli Assumes a New
Importance.

SINCE the old Sultan had been deposed, the Tripoli question became pressing at Constantinople owing to repeated complaints from the Arab sheiks. These Arab sheiks, explains the London *Telegraph*, represent tribes scattered about North Africa and are always men of high religious standing. "The result is that they are always well received at the palace and a Sultan of Turkey must pay some attention to their arguments." What the Arab sheiks wanted done regarding Tripoli is not clear, but they seemed to be working in connection with the Pan-Islamic movement. Many European dailies interpret the activity of the sheiks as proof of a coalition of Arab tribes to use Pan-Islamism as a force that will foment discord among European powers interested in North Africa. "If this be true, it is plain," our contemporary thinks, "that the Sultan would at once be brought into enmity with the powers and must in the long run get the worst of it. In the second place, once the Arab state was founded, its first work would be to seize Mecca and the Hedjaz and the Yemen provinces, in which it would be supported by the rebellious tribes." The adventure is thought too risky by the Young Turks.



THE COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL GRANTING AN AUDIENCE

Mahmoud V. is thought to be in some danger of losing his throne in consequence of the outbreak of war with Italy. He seems to be somewhat feeble and to lack energy.



ONE OF THE FAMED SENOUSSI

The scene is on the edge of the desert behind the coast of Tripoli. The figure is an Arab sheik whose habiliments denote his descent from the prophet. The Senoussi brotherhood, to which he belongs, dwells in a chain of monasteries in northern Africa and is supposed to be agitating a jehad or holy war against the invader from Europe.

Arab Sheiks Say a Word
to the Sultan.

THIS Arab party, referred to as likely to provoke trouble for Italy in Tripoli, seems to have no connection with the famed Senoussi. The latter form a sort of religious brotherhood scattered through the North African deserts, keeping themselves apart from others and regarding the Young Turks as a species of heretics. The chief of the Senoussi, says the London *Telegraph*, will never receive the envoys from the Sultan in Constantinople, always moving off into the desert when they arrive. The Arab sheiks assume a friendlier tone. Just before the war they implored the Sultan to occupy the hinterland of Tripoli, "not with a view to new conquest, but because that hinterland was unoccupied and might be seized by the forces of a European state." The advice was not quite neglected, but just how many regiments were spared from Europe is not known. In any case the importance attached to Tripoli by the Young Turks is so great, according to their organ in Constantinople, the *Tanin*, that they would expend the last cartridge they possess to retain it. Over twenty thousand troops were poured into Tripoli two months ago, it adds—a statement quite incredible to Europe.

Aspirations of the
Young Turks.

GRANTED that Tripoli be held by the power which has just declared war on the Sultan, the ultimate object of the Young Turks will be its recovery. Well-informed dailies abroad have little doubt of that. "It is a party of patriots," says the London *Times* of the Young Turks, "who are bent on saving the empire and on restoring the complete independence that it long ago forfeited. They mean, if it be humanly possible, to save every inch of territory and to place their country on a level with the great powers." That accounts for the unceasing devotion with which the new rulers at Constantinople have labored to perfect the army. These military reforms are already so far advanced that the well-informed André Cheradame can give an excellent account of them in *The Quarterly Review*. The ideal, he says, is an army sufficiently strong to oppose the combined forces of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Russia, and at the same time to keep order at home. The Young Turks aim at being prepared for operations on all frontiers simultaneously. With that view they contemplate the establishment of the Turkish army on a war footing of not less than 1,500,000 combatants.

Strength of the Turkish Army.

APRECISE statement of the strength of the Turkish army just now is not easy, concedes André Cheradame, the latest authority to study the subject.

"If we add to the normal effectiveness of the forty-three divisions the independent troops attached to the army corps, the garrisons and the various military bodies of every description, we may reckon that the number of Turkish soldiers at the present moment with the colors must exceed 300,000 men." Military reorganization by competent commanders has been accompanied by extensive purchases of war material which, since the recent revolution, have absorbed most of Turkey's available resources. "The Turks are consequently at the present moment well equipped with uniforms, rifles and guns." They are amply supplied with ammunition, 250 rounds apiece being provided for their heavy naval guns, and 300 rounds apiece for their guns of medium caliber. The field artillery and infantry are also abundantly furnished. The Turkish army is, then, "in a position to face the gravest issues." Recent army maneuvers revealed defects in tactical handling, but the troops were sound and their morale excellent.

Inefficiency of the Turkish Navy.

AS A naval power, Turkey confronted her foe last month, all experts agree, in a condition beneath contempt. For many years past, the Turkish navy, says the naval expert of the *London Telegraph*, has been a byword of inefficiency. This is partly because no funds have been available for its due maintenance, partly because of the moneys set aside for the maintenance of the fleet considerable sums have been diverted from the legitimate purpose, and partly because here has been no incentive to reform. Turkey maintains her army in a high state of efficiency. The Turks love fighting. But they have no affection for the sea. Moreover, there has always been the feeling that in an emergency, so highly has their "integrity" been valued by Europe, she will have some other nation's ships of war to fight her battles. In any case, since the treaty of Paris, the Dardanelles have been closed to ships of war. Thus Turkey has gone on year after year, the fleet sinking lower and lower, until the revolution that drove Abdul Hamid from Constantinople. An entirely new naval policy was adopted. Ships and guns were bought abroad. The



THE LEADER OF THE ITALIAN ATTACK ON PREVEZA

The Duke of the Abruzzi turned the guns of his battle-ships against the Turkish ships in the harbor and sunk them. The onslaught on Preveza was due to the fact of its availability in case the Turks cared to attack Italian transports bound to Tripoli.

results were soon to have been available. But war came and found Turkey still inept at sea.

Tripoli as the Touchstone of Italy.

THAT the Tripolitan question had become a touchstone whereby Italy tests the friendship or enmity of other powers was long ago asserted in the *London Times*. Judging from what took place in the chamber of deputies at Rome when Tripoli was under discussion, Italy had tried French friendship not so long ago and found it true metal. "Nobody in Europe," to quote a characteristic utterance of the *Temps*, organ of the foreign office in Paris, "is unaware of the aims of Italy in Tripoli. We are sufficiently well off in northern Africa not to desire to extend ourselves at least on the east." Moreover, it is not for France, the Paris organ said, to be zealous for the integrity of the Ottoman empire. A kind of semi-official protector of the Sultan—meaning Emperor William—has for some years, according to the

French paper again, appeared in international affairs. "He is an ally of Italy. He has not been and he never will be an ally of ours. We shall not play his game against Italy any more than we have chosen to do against England, for Italy is our sister by blood and has not a single interest irreconcilable with ours." The Tripoli question is thus, this daily think, an affair between Italy and the Sultan or his friends. "As for us, we have neither fear nor hesitation in taking note of Italy's ambitions or in admitting them, and we take no umbrage at the thought of some day having Italians for neighbors in Africa." This seemingly inspired utterance in so influential a Paris paper caused some stir in Europe at the time. It has never seemingly been repudiated as an expression of diplomatic policy.

Italy Bores the Powers.

AFTER the French occupation of Tunis, says a competent authority in the *London Times*, Italy manifested a good deal of anxiety—always fancying that one day or other France meant to follow up her Turco-African captures by the seizure of the Tripolitaine, which for Italy would have been tantamount to an aggression. "Not a month went by without the Italian ambassador in Paris being obliged to present observations at the Quai d'Orsay, now as to an arbitrary incursion into some Tripolitan oasis, now as to some demonstration against a tribe of that region, or now as to the confiscation of goods transported by caravan, the pretext being illicit incursion on territory that was either French or under French protection." In a word, for long years, not to enter needlessly into details, Italy's complaints against France were incessant, and France always replied evasively or by making light of the whole affair or even by direct denials. When Italy entered the Austro-German alliance, she entertained a conviction that her new allies would support her in her demands and prevent France from acting with the freedom which then characterized her attitude to Italy. Nothing of the sort occurred. Neither Germany nor Austria ever showed any disposition to support Italy in these matters—not even when later on Italy complained of the fortification of Bizerta by which she might regard herself as menaced by France. The Turks at that time complained—as Italy was pointedly told—that the spoliation of their empire was agreed upon long ago between the powers making up the concert of Europe.

The War as a Disaster to Germany.

IMPRESSIONS in Europe that the sudden outbreak of hostilities between Italy and Turkey implies a disaster to German international policy are, in the words of the *London Post*, "universal and profound." Berlin seems to see the hand of Britain in the dilemma. The idea is shared by the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The foreign office seems rather cautious in expressing its views, the ordinary organs of the Wilhelmstrasse, such as the *Kölnische Zeitung*, seldom going beyond a lament that Italy proved so impatient. The unofficial or semi-official dailies do not directly reprove the Roman government. A general and sanguinary conflict between Italy and Turkey is foretold by the *Tägliche Rundschau*. The one hope, it believes, is the possibility that Germany can play the part of "honest broker." In Berlin organs generally the suggestion is made that England will take advantage of the crisis to make all Young Turks distrust Germany as a power that faces both ways. Constantinople will be told that while Germany has all along played the part of Turkey's best friend, she turns out as the ally of the nation that is trying to wrest Tripoli from the Sultan.

Mediation as it Concerns the Turk.

SINCE the beginning of hostilities, as one officially authorized account of the month's events from Constantinople runs, the Ottoman government has on three successive occasions approached the great powers with a view to mediation. For such mediation Turkey insists she would have been grateful. "The powers, however, have been unable to act in the manner desired." What other form mediation can take it is difficult for the chancelleries to see. "If it should be offered in order to find a formula to satisfy Turkey after an Italian occupation of Tripoli, such mediation would, in the first place, be unnecessary, as—if Turkey were prepared to recognize the presence of the Italians in Tripoli—she could settle the terms without the assistance of other powers. In the second place, mediation could not be accepted, as no Turkish government could possibly agree to any formula which had as its basis any cession of territory." That would be a direct violation of the precepts of the Koran, as interpreted by the ablest commentators of Islam. Egypt itself, altho really British, still remains nominally Turkish, paying nominal tribute.



THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT IN SESSION AT CONSTANTINOPLE

This body reassembled a week or more ago and at once developed that strong opposition to the policy of the Young Turks which is so encouraging just now to the Italians.

American Views of the
Tripoli Affair.

IN AMERICA the Tripoli affair has aroused the mild interest of a spectator who is but indirectly involved. Public opinion, as voiced by the press, is, as far as it goes, decidedly critical of Italy's course. There are one or two exceptions. The *New York American* stands almost alone in its applause of Italy's policy, which, it says, is designed simply "to put an end to brutality, to protect justice and her own people." Italy has been not only patient, we are told, but ignobly patient. Says the *American*: "Italy is the instrument of justice and of judgment against the high-piled iniquities of the Turk. The hour has struck for the exit of this barbaric people from the continent of Christian civilization. The accumulated protest of Europe and America is behind the guns of Abruzzi's Mediterranean fleet. The heart of the great Catholic Church in Europe and in America and the heart of the Roman Pontiff is answered by the heart throb of every Protestant church in Christendom in the demand for the final banishment of this remorseless butcher of Christian people—just because they are Christian people." The *Philadelphia Ledger* is also of opinion that there

will be scant sympathy in this country "for the Turks as such." The universal sentiment of Christendom, it is persuaded, concerning the Ottoman rulers, is "one of abhorrence and unqualified condemnation"; but the *Ledger* is far from justifying Italy's course, nevertheless. Her present aggression is, it thinks, "utterly without other justification than that of might," tho it is probable that Tripoli will be the gainer, in the long run, for the substitution of Latin for Turkish rule.

Historic Precedents for Italy.

THE Italian seizure of Tripoli is rightly termed "naked pillage" and "frank brigandage," the *New York Journal of Commerce* thinks; but it is difficult to differentiate it from the proceedings of other European powers in North Africa. The *New York Times* goes a step further. It is difficult to differentiate it from our own policy in the case of Panama. Germany's seizure of the Schleswig-Holstein territory, and, more recently, of the Kiau-Chau territory; Great Britain's course with the Boers and with Egypt; the proceedings of France in the case of Morocco and the Congo territory, and the method by which we acquired the Canal zone



ISN'T THE SERVICE AWFUL

—May in *Detroit Journal*.

leave none of these nations in a position to say harsh things about Italy. She is blamed for her hasty action; but that, says *The Times*, is the chief and perhaps the only merit of the course she has pursued. If it were to be done, it was well it should be done quickly, for thus has bloodshed been avoided. "Anybody," the same paper adds, "can see that the procedures of Italy in Tripoli follow a host of historic precedents, and that they are merely the working out of destiny. The dying nations must yield as the living nations press forward, just as savage tribes in all history have been forced back or annihilated by the advance of civilization." The *Chicago News* and many other American dailies sympathize with the view that Italy is following the precedents established by many other nations. No first-class nation, the *News* believes, is now in a position to protest. While "altruists like President Taft" are urging universal arbitration, "the old hunger for territory is tearing at the vitals of various overpopulated countries." This sort of policy can not, however, go on without plunging the nations into terrible wars. "With the stand-and-deliver system in full operation and universally accepted as an authorized way of extending a nation's boundaries, justice is elbowed off the scene. Nothing, then, remains to civilization but super-dreadnoughts and big battalions."

THE effect of the Tripoli incident upon the fate of international arbitration and the Hague tribunal is, perhaps, the one feature that arouses the keenest feeling in this country. Italy and Turkey were two of the nations to sign the "convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes" adopted by the Hague Conference in 1899 and extended in 1907. Article II of that convention reads as follows:

"In case of serious disagreement or dispute, before an appeal to arms, the contracting powers agree to have recourse, as far as circumstances allow, to the good offices or mediation of one or more friendly powers."

Oscar S. Straus, prominent in the arbitration movement in this country and formerly American ambassador to Turkey, calls attention to this convention in a letter to Secretary Knox urging this nation to volunteer mediation, and he declares that Italy's "precipitate" action cannot but have "the most serious results as a precedent for similar aggressions by other powers." The whole Hague program, Mr. Straus thinks, will be affected by this incident if the other powers fail to protest. "Can the nations of the world afford," he asks, "to let one power cast to the winds and give an unmistakable imputation of hypocrisy to all these solemn international peace agreements?" He does not

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deny that Italy may have serious grievances, but there are none that she might not safely have left to be adjusted by the Hague tribunal. And Mr. Straus puts in a plea for Turkey in the following words: "Two years ago Turkey overthrew absolutism by deposing the tyrannical Sultan. She organized a constitutional government with a Parliament. Every one admits that this new régime is a great improvement over preexisting conditions and that it contains substantial hope for the future. The present action of Italy cannot fail to weaken this new régime, if not overthrow it. The result of overthrowing the present régime in Turkey will probably be the throwing back of Turkey into a state of anarchy."

Arbitration Movement in Peril.

THIS same question of the effect of Italy's action upon the future of the Hague tribunal came up at the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, held in Paris a few days after the Tripoli war began. In spite of the protests of the Italian members of the Unions resolutions were almost unanimously adopted expressing strong regret "that so small regard has been shown for the guiding principles of peace and justice of The Hague conferences, and that the recent declaration of war by Italy has been so precipitate that even opportunity for an understanding has been rendered impossible, or intervention according to Articles 3 to 48 of The Hague Convention of October 18, 1907." Two representatives of the United States—Senator Burton and Congressman Bartholdt—participated in this action. Another American representative of the arbitration movement, Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, secretary of the World's Peace Foundation, who was in Europe at the time of the opening of hostilities, denounced Italy's course as one of "brigandage" and called upon peace societies everywhere to bestir themselves or be declared bankrupt. He said, as reported in the cable dispatches:

"If the parties to The Hague convention are silent while thus insulted and ignored, then those conventions are a farce. If the peace party in Italy itself and in the world is dumb at such a juncture, then it might as well not exist. If Governments are compromised, pusillanimous and incompetent, then the people must speak out. Every peace and arbitration society in every nation of the world should instantly organize public meetings in solemn protest against this last and worst exhibition of bullying and greed in the international field, and appeal to their respective governments to demonstrate that The Hague

conventions are vital realities. If peace societies do not do this then they are insolvent and useless."

Several American journals profess, however, to see some possible gain for arbitration in Italy's course. The Chicago *Evening Post*, for instance, thinks the affair "may be made a clinical proof of the ridiculous uselessness of war." The New York *Press* takes a similar view, regarding the bombardment of Tripoli as a sort of opera bouffe. The New York *Tribune* feels that the affair is "an impressive demonstration" that President Taft's course in regard to arbitration is well worth while to secure for us exemption from the hostile entanglements in which European nations have involved themselves.

Intrigues of the Forbidden City at Peking.



YUAN-SHI-KAI, most illustrious of the Chinese statesmen whose careers are identified with modern ideas, was informed by the Prince Regent lately of his impending return to power. This news, transmitted by cable to western dailies, was hailed abroad as evidence that the power of the reactionary Empress Dowager had at last collapsed. The impression was confirmed by a despatch in the Paris *Figaro* to the effect that the corrupt and old-fashioned Prince Ching was to vacate his post as Prime Minister. As adviser to the throne, moreover, the disgraced Pu Lun was to emerge from his obscurity and exert the sway to which his high character and shining abilities entitle him. To this effect ran various Peking despatches until some three weeks ago, when it appeared that the shaken authority of the indomitable Empress Dowager had in some mysterious fashion been restored to its pristine vigor. The spread of the revolt in the interior provinces had not been checked. At last accounts the revolutionaries were still holding considerable stretches of country along the great river. They had finally organized an effective fighting force. Yuan-Shi-Kai may even yet be recalled from an inglorious retirement. His brilliant right-hand man, Tang-Shao-Yi, seems involved in the disgrace hanging over his efficient chief. Prince Ching seems still to control every avenue to official preferment. The Prince Regent vacillates as usual. Meanwhile, the revolution has been given a definitely anti-Manchu character. It smolders but can not be stamped out.



YUAN-SHI-KAI'S INFANTRY AT MANEUVERS

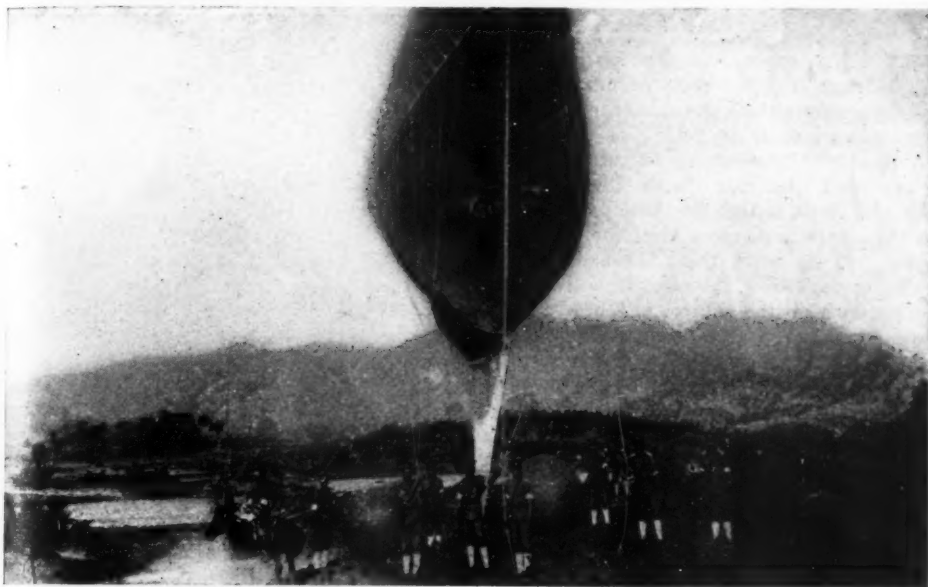
These men have been trained entirely in China under the eye of the great viceroy, and German experts pronounce them equal to many trained signalmen in European armies. They belong, however, to a picked body and are by no means representative of Chinese troops generally.

Course of the Chinese Revolution.

THAT long and sanguinary struggle between the central authority in Peking and the people of Sze-Chuan province, of which the world hears now and again, affords to the *London Post* the one available clue to the dramatic series of events in China. The censorship is everywhere so thoro that details of the civil war—since it seems to be nothing less—reach the outside world in disjointed and unintelligible fragments. The struggle, however, provides a test of the power of the Prince Regent and the Empress Dowager to govern, thinks the British daily. The fighting began over a railway concession. The original form was that of the boycott. Military operations were inaugurated by Peking. The people retaliated by marching against the forces of the central government. The enemies of the dynasty exploited the feeling that resulted. Little by little an episode local in its bearings became national in its scope. Every precaution has been taken to prevent knowledge of the actual state of the struggle in the interior from reaching the outside world, but the suspicion prevails that the central government is in something like panic. Otherwise Yuan-Shi-Kai would not have been consulted.

Pu Lun—the One Dynastic Progressive.

PU LUN, the one progressive member of the Chinese dynastic family, was hastily summoned from his modest yemen to the Empress Dowager's presence when the imperial forces were routed. This intelligence, transmitted by cable to French dailies, led to new rumors of a progressive ministry. The forceful woman who seems to rule within the forbidden city turned out to be anxious on the subject of a possible intervention of the European powers. This would be brought about if the revolution assumed a familiar Boxer aspect. Pu Lun has more influence with the diplomatic corps than is possessed by any of his kinsmen. His receptivity to modern thought, his knowledge of western men and western measures, his perfect honesty and his steadfast opposition to palace cliques entitle him to far more attention as a factor in China's future, says the *Paris Temps*, than he has yet received. Summoned into her majesty's presence, Pu Lun, it appears, was asked whether the powers contemplated intervention of any kind in view of the anti-foreign sentiment developed by the spread of native revolt. Pu Lun is alleged to have warned the Empress Dowager that anti-foreign feeling is vehement.



THE NEW MILITARISM IN CHINA'S ARMY

One division of Yuan-Shi-Kai's famous force has been equipped with an aeronautical corps that seems to be as capable as a German airship company. Wireless telegraphy between the car in the air and a station on the ground is provided for.

Possibility of a Massacre of
Foreign Devils in China.

SHOULD the various revolts in China bring on a massacre of foreigners—as they are very likely to do—the situation would, predicts the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, become extremely serious. That view is shared by the *London Post*. There never was a time, it says, when China welcomed the intrusion of the Occident upon her immemorial reserve. She does not welcome it now. “There never was a time when China did not resent the presence of her foreign invaders and did not seek by massacres and risings to oust them from her soil, to restrict their manifold and disturbing activities and to assert her authority over them. That attitude, those ambitions, are still operative. All that is really new, our contemporary thinks, is that an instinctive and traditional antagonism appears now to be taking on a sharper edge and to be pursuing its object more methodically, with greater zeal and with hitherto unused weapons both of offence and defence. “The aim remains what it always was, but the methods of attaining it are being altered, multiplied and strengthened.” That is the serious fact. China has hitherto failed in her fight with the foreign foe solely through deficient means.

Likelihood that the Manchu Will
at Last Go from Peking.

FATRED of the foreigner throughout China is envenomed, according to the *Paris Matin*, by the native suspicion that the detested Manchu dynasty is upheld by him. Chinese seem to derive some idea that the Manchu would long since have been expelled from the throne but for the attitude of the foreign devils who make up the diplomatic corps. The growing weakness of the dynasty lodged within the forbidden city serves to accentuate feeling against the foreigner. “The Emperor on his throne,” writes the well-informed Mr. J. O. P. Bland in the *London National Review*, “the iron-capped princes behind him and all the ancient pomp and circumstance of Manchu power are in reality no more than a fortuitous survival, the lingering shadow of a substance long since departed. There remains in them nothing tangible, given the man and the hour and the whole fantastic puppetshow must disappear headlong.” The consequences of the granting of constitutional government to the Chinese people, this writer predicts, must be the elimination of the Manchu and “the corrupt mandarin gang of the metropolitan administration.” These things are inevitable sooner or later.

How Americans are Mis-
led Regarding China.

ONE source of western misconceptions regarding the state of official China grows out of the numerous pompous missions from Peking to the foreign governments. These embassies and envoys to Europe and America "with high-sounding titles and large suites" are simply "expensive and quite useless pleasure trips for those concerned." They work the additional mischief of wholly misleading the mind of both Europe and America on the subject of Chinese progress. They are part of that elaborate masquerade behind which official ignorance slumbers in high place. The Prince Regent realizes that his dynasty wallows in a slough of inefficiency and corruption, but he lacks the force and initiative essential to cope with the dilemma. The present Empress Dowager is unlike the one who preceded her. The Princess Yehonala does not regard Yuan-Shi-Kai as the strongest and sanest man about her. She will not encourage the progressive Cantonese, whose rebellion was lately subdued in a sanguinary fashion. Southern China views with growing panic the fruits of Manchu incapacity which threaten a dismemberment of the Empire in the interest of Japan or of Russia.

Chinese Dread of Japanese
Intervention.

NATIVE China is obsessed by a dread of Japanese intervention. That is why the antidynastic movement can be held in temporary check, according to the well-informed authority who writes in *The National Review*. "But even with that fear before their eyes, and the sure knowledge of the country's helplessness, the Chinese can not continue indefinitely to tolerate the vicious and humiliating régime of the Manchus, with its eunuchs, pension lists and arrogant assumption of an authority which has long since ceased to exist." The increasing cohesion of the nationalist movement and the opportunities it now enjoys for expressing its aspirations through provincial assemblies are features as significant as the obvious helplessness of the Regent and Prince Pu Lun. "For some time past it has been apparent that the élite of Chinese patriotism and political energy (especially the Cantonese) is profoundly disgusted with the muddle-and-drift methods of the so-called rulers and with the notorious corruption and women-led factions of the court." Herein lies the answer to the



A BRILLIANT PLAYER OF CHINA'S GAME OF
BLUFF

His Highness Prince Tsui Hsui is brother to the Prince Regent and uncle to the Emperor of China. This gentleman was lately in this country as a member of one of those many missions to foreign powers which are mere pleasure trips for all concerned and give the western world a wrong idea of what is going on in the eighteen provinces.

riddle of Peking. The shadow of what is to come thus outlines itself:

"With the passing of Manchuria as part of China, the Manchus must also pass as the rulers of the truncated Empire. Of a truth they have 'exhausted the mandate of Heaven' and the long patience of the Chinese people, who, as has been well said, require in the long run some satisfactory proof of inherent moral qualities in their rulers. In the tea-houses of the capital to-day men talk openly of an ancient prophecy which foretells that the Ta Ching dynasty will come to its end in the 'Keng Shen' year, that is to say, in 1920; while, in the provinces, the anti-dynastic movement, both intellectual and political, gathers force with every new proof of the Government's incapacity and humiliation."

Persons in the Foreground

THE WIZARDRY OF GEORGE H. EARLE, JR.



WHENEVER a man used to know more about the secrets of nature than his neighbors knew and could accomplish things by methods they didn't understand, they thought he was in league with the devil and denounced him as a wizard. There is something of the same uncanny skill visible in the financial career of many a man. We account for his unvarying success by saying that "everything he touches turns into money." George H. Earle, Jr., the candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, whom Penrose succeeded in capturing for the regular Republican organization at a time of great need, seems to be that kind of a man. He is a sort of financial wizard. He takes a great financial institution that has gone to smash, looks at it a minute or two, wiggles his hands over it a little while, says presto once or twice, and lo, it straightway begins to declare dividends. Fourteen times he has taken hold of wrecked enterprises in Philadelphia and worked this sort of a miracle upon them. Of course, if you are going to cross-examine us, we will have to admit that he takes more than a minute or two and does something else than say presto. All the same he is a wizard, and now he is receiving his punishment. Penrose has lassoed him and dragged him into Philadelphia politics. They may even make a mayor of him.

There is no telling, indeed, how far they may go with Earle in a political way. He is only fifty-five. He has wealth. He has a fine pedigree, reaching back to the Mayflower and taking in, on its way back, Israel Putnam and Anthony Wayne and James Otis. He combines legal and financial ability. He has a striking personality. And he dislikes speech-making. If that isn't a winning political hand, then we don't know one. And—oh, yes,—he was in Roosevelt's class at Harvard.

They gave him up as a victim of tuberculosis when he had completed his second year at Harvard. But he went into the Adirondacks and took the open-air treatment and

cheated the undertakers. He did more; he invested some money in part of a wilderness up there and then said presto to the wilderness. It immediately began to develop into a paradise for out-door lovers, with millionaires rushing from all directions to buy parts of it. Then he went back to Philadelphia to practise law, for the Philadelphia bar wouldn't feel like a bar without one of the Earles as a member. He found that his family had a lot of stock in a warehouse company. They had paid \$50 a share for it and it had become worth about \$5.00. He suggested that he be made president and he was. He cut out a lot of deadwood and then bought a lot of dock property and said presto to it. They said he was crazy; but lo and behold, two big railroad companies suddenly discovered at the same time that they wanted that property for a water terminal. When the warehouse company sold out it got a price that sent its stock to par.

Earle kept on at his law long enough to become, according to a writer in *Munsey's*, "one of the three or four best lawyers in Philadelphia." He was passionately fond of the law, too. But you can find fairly good lawyers anywhere, whereas financial wizards—real wizards—are scarce as hen's teeth. Having found out that Earle was a real wizard, they left him little time to practise law. They made a doctor out of him perforce—a financial doctor. The Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company got sick and sent for him. So did the Finance Company of Philadelphia. So did the Tradesmen's Bank. So did the Market Street National. He passed his hands over them, muttered incantations, and to-day they are all flourishing like the bay tree,—or perhaps we should say the bay-state tree. He was consulting physician when the Reading Railroad was sick. Then he figured in two sensational cases that gave him a national reputation. One was the smash of the Chestnut Street National Bank and the Chestnut Street Trust Company. They were both filled up with I O U's of the Phila-



THE DOCTOR OF SICK FINANCE

George Howard Earle, Jr., candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, after rescuing a dozen enterprises, says: "I believe in making money, but I never did believe in letting money make me."

delphia *Record* and of Singerley, its proprietor. Earle, as receiver, was not allowed to protect these loans with the bank's money, so he proceeded to use his own money to secure control of the *Record*, ran it for four years at

a big profit, sold it then for millions, redeemed all its paper and paid his bank's creditors one hundred cents on the dollar with interest!

The other sensational case was the Real Estate Trust Company. Its president, Hipple, shot himself one day in his bath-room. The Trust Company was found to be in unsuspected trouble because of its heavy backing of Adolph Segal and his sugar mills. Earle was called to the rescue. He found practically nothing left but the bank's good-will. He called on the directors for two and a half millions. They gave it. They couldn't help it. He was a wizard. Then he sold four millions of preferred stock to the depositors. They bought it and even paid a small premium for it. They couldn't help it either. Wizards can do anything. The trust company's doors were reopened in sixty days and on the first day over a million dollars was received in new deposits! Then he resigned as receiver and was made president. In this capacity he brought the great Sugar Trust to time, and made it disgorge several millions.

Earle is now fifty-five, tall, angular, a little stoop-shouldered, heavy of frame and feature. John Kimberley Mumford, writing in *Munsey's*, says of him: "He sits humped over a little table in a gloomy little room in the big building in Broad Street which he saved for the Real Estate Trust Company. There are no frills about him. Anybody can go inside to see him. No lackeys frown outside the door. In the hot weather he peels down to suspenders, and his democracy pervades the whole establishment." He is a constant reader and yet is passionately fond of out-door sports—golf, for instance, and cricket and motor-ing. He has one of the best coin collections in the country. He has seven children—one newspaper man thinks he counted ten. At Bryn Mawr he owns a beautiful country place.

THE GROOMING OF LA FOLLETTE



IX more months will bring us to the time of the national conventions. They promise to be interesting. They may be intensely dramatic. And it is safe to say that when the drama at the Republican convention begins, no other man will figure in it with such dramatic success as that which will be achieved by Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin. Taft may carry off the political honors, but Senator

La Follette is more than likely to carry off the dramatic honors—whether he is present in person or not. Taft has a poor sense of dramatic values. He doesn't appear to sense their importance in a political career. La Follette, on the contrary, is a veritable Belasco when it comes to staging a scene and coaching the players. We do not say this invidiously, not at all. It is an immensely important asset for any leader of men. Gladstone and Disraeli and Chamberlain possessed

it. So did Pitt. So did Gambetta. So did Napoleon. So did Bismarck. And, on this side the sea, it is sufficient to point to Roosevelt and Bryan among living political leaders, and to Blaine and Conkling, Lincoln and Douglas, Clay and Calhoun and Webster among the dead statesmen. Real dramatic power implies not insincerity but sincerity. Without sincerity, a man becomes merely theatrical, and to be merely theatrical in politics is to be merely a joke. La Follette is no joke. He has real dramatic power because he possesses undoubted convictions underneath his histrionic instincts. He is going to make a strong bid for the presidential nomination next year, and—to leave the drama for a moment and go to the race-track for a metaphor—his friends are now skilfully and assiduously grooming him for the great contest.

The most interesting part of this grooming process is the effort to present Mr. La Follette as a great conservative and constructive leader. That was the burden of Senator Bourne's plea for La Follette's nomination a number of weeks ago. The cue which he followed has been followed by many others. All the magazines and newspapers that have strong "progressive" tendencies have taken up the same line of argument. There is good team-work visible, especially in the magazines. Richard Lloyd Jones in *Collier's*, O. K. Davis in *Hampton's*, Blythe and Needham and Herbert Quick in rapid succession in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Fred Howe in the *National Post*, and, longer ago, Lincoln Steffens in *Everybody's* and Charles Edward Russell in *Human Life*, and various other "uplift" writers and magazines have been sounding the same note more and more insistently. La Follette is still, in their pages, "Fighting Bob," the uncompromizing foe of the "interests"; but the constructive side of his career is emphasized more and he is presented as a builder first and a fighter from necessity rather than choice.

This change of emphasis is made especially clear in William Bayard Hale's article in a recent number of *The World's Work*. Mr. Hale's main purpose is to present La Follette as "a sober student and a constructive thinker." He is still the fighter, we are told, "a veritable Pan Michael amid the press." You cannot think of him "without thinking of battle, of splintering lances and banners and tossing plumes"; you cannot listen to his voice "without hearing the clash of battle-ax and halberd on morion and shield." He is still dramatic,

Mr. Hale also concedes: "In modern days only Conkling in his pride and Ingalls with his serpent's tongue have been worth the notice of any who like history made with a consciousness of its own importance. La Follette is completely satisfying. He does nothing in a commonplace way; he is constitutionally incapable of it. La Follette is a pageant all by himself. If he were not a politician he would be an actor and he would always play heavy drama." But that he is insincere is "not a bit" true. And that he is shallow and superficial is equally far from the mark, according to this writer.

On this point Hale goes into particulars. La Follette's first speech in the Senate, on the Hepburn railroad rate bill of 1906, was, we are assured, "the best informed, the most thoughtful deliverance that up to that time had been made on the complex and puzzling subject of railroads and their relations to modern life." In his ten years' fighting in Wisconsin, before he went to Washington, La Follette achieved "about as hard a job as has ever been done in American politics." In the face of the keenest and most powerful opposition, he had enacted a direct primary law, a corrupt-practices law, an anti-lobby law, a public utilities law, a civil service law, a tax law, "all thoroly digested, practical, equitable." This was pioneer work, too, and La Follette had not only to be a constructive architect and an indomitable fighter, but he had also to arouse, mould and instruct a body of public sentiment that would hold the ground won and press on to new fields of victory. He did this also and so successfully that, even with him absent in Washington, Wisconsin has maintained its place in the van of the "progressive" States. The initiative and referendum plan has been established there this year. "The truth is," says Mr. Hale, summing up La Follette's career, "that he is one of our deepest, most painstaking and most cautious students, a man who speaks only after months, even years, of investigation, and not then unless he has arrived at a constructive conclusion."

Samuel G. Blythe, the very insurgent Washington correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post*, also bears down pretty strong on La Follette's railway rate speech—when many Senators walked out of the chamber and when La Follette predicted that the time was soon coming when most of them would walk out to stay. This speech, says Blythe, was "the most important and definite and conclusive pro-

nouncement on the subject made up to that time, or yet made probably." Here is what Blythe has to say of the Senator's industry and care in preparation for his tasks:

"Added to his courage and his persistence is his industry. It has been years since the Senate has known so great a worker as La Follette. He does prodigies of labor each day. He knows what he is talking about. He never goes into a subject without investigating it from every side. His arguments are based upon exact knowledge. When he took up the railroad question—years ago, in Wisconsin—he went into it in every phase. His speech on railroad rates, in which he argued for the physical valuation of railroads as the only basis on which an adequate solution of the problem could be reached, is in reality a textbook on the subject. It is the fruit of years of work, of years of that unceasing labor to which he gives up his days and nights. When he spoke against the Aldrich currency bill the first part of his speech, which later developed into an eighteen-hour attempt to kill the bill by filibuster, showed an accurate, widespread, comprehensive knowledge of finance that astounded everybody, including Aldrich, the supposed master of that intricate subject. His discussion of the complicated cotton schedule in the tariff debates marked him as a master of wage language. And it is so with everything he takes up. He always knows his subject."

We get the same strain in Herbert Quick's pean on "Governor Bob" in the same periodical:

"The whole gigantic La Follette episode in Wisconsin has been a search for the fact—the pursuit of truth. Full of turmoil as it has been, with much in it that is sort of wild and ferocious, on the whole it has been the sanest, safest, best-thought-out and most completely defensible *tour de force* in statecraft of which I know. Back of it are thoroly high ideals. . . . When one talks with the managers of Wisconsin's public utility corporations he often notes a sort of shamefacedness of attitude like that of one conscious of having made a fool of himself. La Folletteism is triumphant. It is wreaking its will on the defenseless state of Wisconsin. Most of the awful things, to prevent which our best people have for so long been willing to shed their gore, their store and their roar, have been enacted into law; and the rest are in process of enactment—and no honest interest hurt! It is awfully embarrassing."

We are reminded by the same writer that La Follette, when a Congressman, served with McKinley on the ways and means committee which made the McKinley tariff. McKinley, after he became President, offered to La Follette the post of Comptroller of the

Currency, which indicated that La Follette was at that time considered safe and sane on federal issues. Mr. Hale, by the way, asserts that on the tariff question La Follette still remains unchanged: "On the one question of the tariff he has made no advance." Mr. Quick views the Wisconsin State government under the La Follette régime as "almost ideal." Under its bank-inspection law not a dollar has been lost by a depositor in a State bank. Its insurance department ranks with the departments in Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York in thoroughness. Under the central system of accounts public officers are as thoroly checked up as bankers are. Factory conditions are among the best in the nation. The bureau of forestry was one of the first to place itself on a careful scientific basis. The direct primary and ballot laws are probably the best to be found in any State. One reason for this "almost ideal" government, Mr. Quick tells us, is the close relation which La Follette has at all times maintained with the University of Wisconsin, the experts of which have been his close advisers. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* adds a word on this point. He says that wherever either in Washington or Boston or Cambridge you find a former University of Wisconsin man you will find La Follette discussed admiringly—much as Bostonians discuss a Harvard luminary who has gone into public life. This same correspondent admits that in general, in Boston and the East, La Follette is considered "a fool agitator and a hot-air artist"; but, we are assured, "he isn't; he's all right; he's sound; his is not the record of a charlatan, an impractical idealist, a machine politician, nor—sad to relate—of the ordinary run of United States Senators." That record is, on the contrary, "one of lasting and constructive statesmanship."

And so the grooming of La Follette goes on. There has been no man, since Roosevelt was at the top of his career, who has such an enthusiastic following among the magazine writers as La Follette has. In private conversation they are as enthusiastic as with their pens, and they resent criticism of their idol almost as much as his Wisconsin constituents do. A large part of this feeling seems to be that of loving him for the enemies he has made. Among his senatorial associates, however, it is said that he is still regarded as a very uncomfortable sort of man. "Many of the senators," says the special correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "are afraid



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THE PAN MICHAEL OF AMERICAN POLITICS

That is what William Bayard Hale calls Robert M. La Follette. If you have read "With Fire and Sword" you will remember that Pan Michael, the hero, was small. So is La Follette. He was also an indomitable fighter. So is La Follette. But the Senator's friends are now emphasizing another side of his career. He is, they say, a great constructive and truly conserving state-man.

of him and that is the root of their dislike for him." Here is this correspondent's analysis of his character:

"No public man who has been under observation in Washington in recent years has been noted in whose breast there burn so fiercely the fires of ambition and self-aggrandizement. He has a tremendous driving power. He works himself relentlessly, and he seeks insistently a seat at the head of the table. If he is to be interested in a movement, he must lead it. There is in his make-up nothing of the follower. If he has any talent or genius or capacity for compromise, he has never let it become known publicly as one of his attributes. So far as he has shown himself in the Senate, he is essentially an irreconcilable. He is a trouble-maker who can make trouble. He has shown a detestation of plans and program in which he had no share in making. He has a terrifying propensity for 'going through' with what he undertakes. He has apparently an inexhaustible capacity for upsetting arrangements which do not meet with his approval."

Another rather critical estimate of La Follette's character—by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, Milwaukee correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*—represents him as like Napoleon in being "perfectly willing to sacrifice individual supporters and sacrifice them utterly if they do not give him just the quality of support that he thinks he needs from them." Wisconsin, we are told, is full of men who have been his friends and are now his enemies. "There would seem to be not half a dozen men prominent in Republican politics in this State whom La Follette has not crossed in some way. . . . He is selfish and often arrogant. Probably he has these characteristics in common with nine-tenths of the successful politicians who have ever lived; but he carries them further than the ordinary politician does. He is more aggressive in his egotism than either Cummins or Beveridge. He is without the usual tact of the Iowa senator or the soft-soap of the eloquent Indianan. He wants his own way, and will have it. He will not withdraw an inch from any position he has occupied." But there is not one of his enemies in Wisconsin, so the same writer asserts, who is willing to say that he is dishonest or insincere.

In the introduction to his wonderfully interesting "Autobiography," begun in the October number of the *American Magazine*, Mr. La Follette reveals what he considers to be the main issue for which he has been and is fighting. It is to secure "a more representative government." He writes:

"We have long rested comfortably in this country upon the assumption that because our form of government was democratic, it was therefore automatically producing democratic results. Now, there is nothing mysteriously potent about the forms and names of democratic institutions that should make them self-operative. Tyranny and oppression are just as possible under democratic forms as under any other. We are slow to realize that democracy is a life; and involves continual struggle. It is only as those of every generation who love democracy resist with all their might the encroachments of its enemies that the ideals of representative government can even be nearly approximated. The essence of the Progressive movement, as I see it, lies in its struggle to uphold the fundamental principles of representative government. It expresses the hopes and desires of millions of common men and women who are willing to fight for their ideals, to take defeat if necessary, and still go on fighting."

In the first instalment of the "Autobiography," the Senator pays warm tributes to two very diverse characters. One is the Rev. Dr. John Bascom, ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, who died several weeks ago, shortly after the appearance of this tribute. "His addresses to the students on Sunday afternoons, together with his work in the class-room, were," says Mr. La Follette, "among the most important influences in my early life," and "his occasional letters and his writings are still a source of inspiration to me." The other man, to whom even stronger tribute is paid, was Robert G. Ingersoll. "The impression he made upon me," says La Follette of the first time he heard Ingersoll, in a political speech, "was indelible." After that he got Ingersoll's books and never missed an opportunity to hear him. He goes on speaking of Ingersoll in a way that seems surprisingly free and strong when the feeling of most evangelical Christians in regard to Ingersoll are considered. "Ingersoll," says the Senator, "had a tremendous influence upon me, as indeed he had upon many young men of that time. It was not that he changed my beliefs, but that he liberated my mind. Freedom was what he preached: he wanted the shackles off everywhere. He wanted men to think boldly about all things: he demanded intellectual and moral courage. He wanted men to follow wherever truth might lead them. He took a powerful hold upon my imagination: he was a rare, bold, heroic figure." Already the foes of La Follette are playing up this passage, and it is likely to figure prominently in future discussions of the Senator's availability as a candidate.

MR. BORDEN OF CANADA: THE INCARNATION OF THE AVERAGE AND ORDINARY

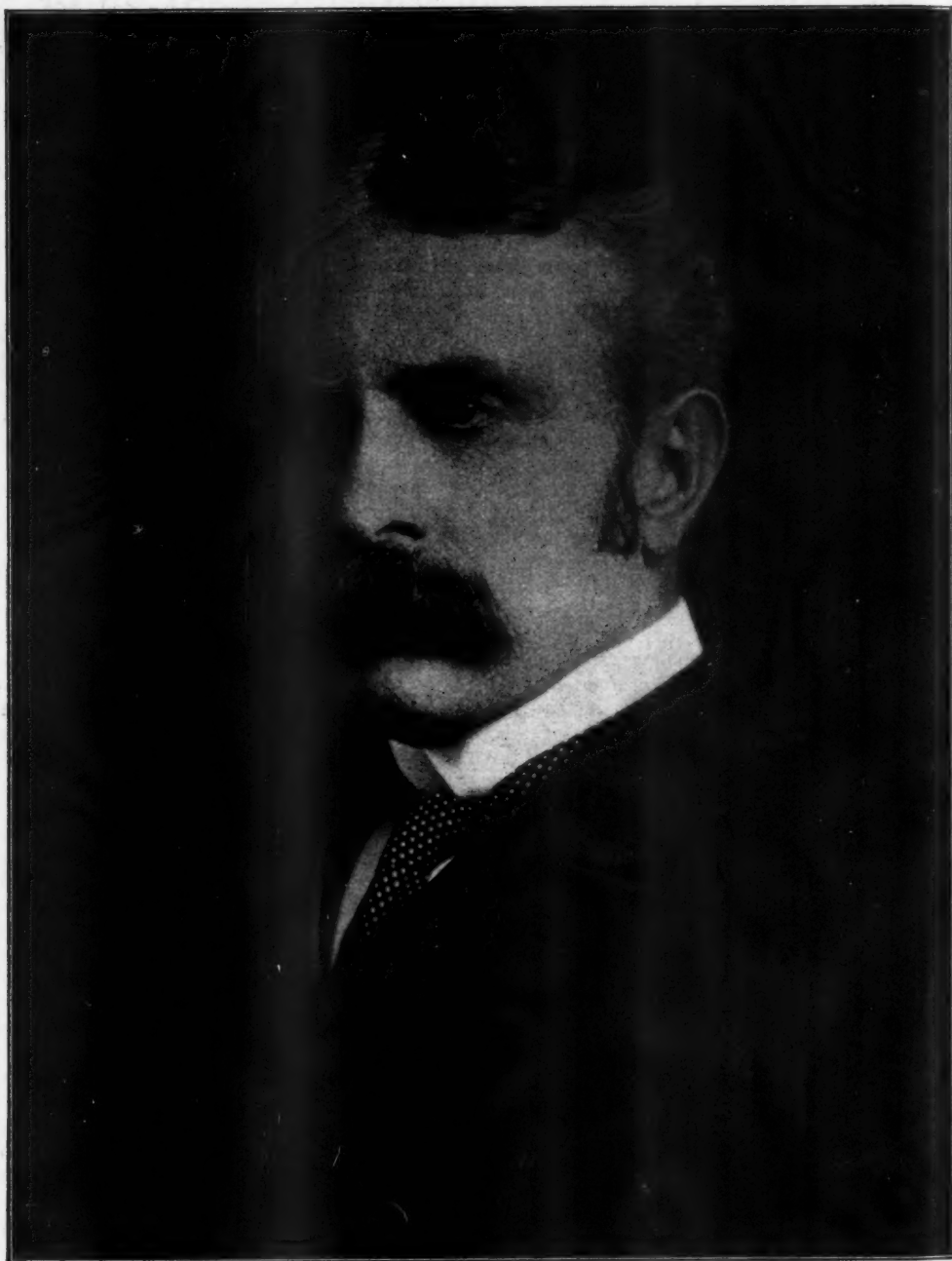
ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, the Nova Scotia lawyer who assumes the post of Canadian Premier before the Duke of Connaught assumes that of Canadian Governor-General, has long been noted for his lack of "personality." He can not be eloquent. He lacks magnetism. He is not witty. Neither has he temperament nor much of any learning beyond the somewhat arid lore of the practicing advocate. Students of the personality of the man who foiled the reciprocity scheme of the imposing President Taft and the brilliant Sir Wilfrid Laurier agree that the new Prime Minister of the Dominion incarnates the average and the ordinary in human character. Beginning luckily in Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, as the child of British colonists, young Borden went quietly enough through school and college, read law and began to practice. He married, settled down and was chosen to the provincial assembly without attracting any particular attention. There was that in his manner and appearance to invite obscurity. Yet one valuable gift is his—Mr. Borden inspires instant and complete confidence in any human being who looks at him. This, if we may accept the verdict of the Canadian press, is the solitary personal asset of the man, an asset based, however, upon absolute honesty.

Several years have passed since first the *London Post* noted how strongly Robert Laird Borden had entrenched himself in the leadership of the conservative party throughout the Dominion. Not that he had imposed himself upon his followers. They have been won over—slowly, but surely—by the force of qualities in themselves neither brilliant nor attractive. Mr. Borden is conspicuously destitute of those shining traits for which Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems indebted to a Gallic origin. Every quality of Borden's is British. For that very reason, as the *London organ* says, his growth in popularity has been as slow as his growth in fame. People begin by wondering how so very simple and humdrum a character can be the leader of anybody or of anything. His tact and his insight alike desert him when he has to deal with themes and persons removed from the commonplace and the practical. His mind may not be a desert, but it has been happily compared by

one of his opponents to the extremely flat surface of a table upon which one would place bread and butter and beef instead of flowers and flutes.

There is a striking resemblance between President Taft and Mr. Borden in the matter of temper. Both are lawyers who have brought the legal method and the legal spirit into politics. The judicial temperament, remarks the *London Times*, finds an ideal expression in these two. Sobriety of statement is not more characteristic of Mr. Taft's public manner than it is of Mr. Borden's, the analogy losing nothing from the deliberate, argumentative style in which the Dominion statesman loves to phrase his ideas. Mr. Borden could not make a flamboyant speech. In truth, his deficiency as an orator is one explanation, according to many students of his career, of the extremely slow rise from obscurity to renown which would have driven any other leader to desperation. Mr. Borden simply plodded and he has the plodder's love of quiet work. Humor seems to have been denied him—using the word in the fine Meredithian sense. He is so matter-of-fact as to render subjects exciting in themselves, like war and a Canadian navy, prosaic. He makes a speech, complains the *Toronto Globe*, as if it were an argument in court.

"He will never be loved by his party," we read in the *London Post*, "as the brilliant and irresistible Sir John Macdonald was loved. He will never be able to display the tremendous driving force of Sir Charles Tupper." His strength lies entirely in his personal integrity and in the impression of safety and solidity which he makes upon his country. There is so little of the complex in Mr. Borden that, as the *Montreal Herald* says, "a child could understand him no matter what he talked about." As a spectacle, he is acknowledged by his warmest partisans to be disappointing. No one would give a second look at him in a crowd. His gray hair inclines to a bushiness which careful combing does not subdue and he has the additional misfortune to seem to the *Toronto Globe* and its liberal contemporaries a little worn and faded by many years of struggle to attain office. He dresses with simplicity in the decent black of the advocate. A plain gold watch reposes in his waistcoat pocket, a chain depending inconspicuously and comprizing his only vis-



THE AVERAGE MAN WHO OUTCLASSED THE POLITICAL GENIUS IN THE GREAT CANADIAN STRUGGLE

In attaining the goal of many years' toil in practical obscurity and defeat, the post of Prime Minister of Canada, Robert Laird Borden is held by his admirers to prove that in the long run brilliance must succumb to industry, and genius to the plain man who strives for the right.

ible jewelry. In parliament and on court days Mr. Borden affects a frock coat and high collars with plain neckties of the sort known technically as four-in-hands. On the street he paces with remarkable swiftness. His complexion is distinctly pale. Some years ago Mr. Borden suffered from a run-down state of health that alarmed his friends. He has entirely recovered from that indisposition. His keen and steely eyes are bright and clear. Only the growing whiteness of the hair reveals how nearly Mr. Borden has reached sixty.

Mr. Borden had sat in the Dominion parliament for only one term when, a number of years ago, he was chosen leader of the conservative party. It was well known at that time, we read in the *Montreal Witness*, that he accepted the honor with reluctance. He is not wealthy. He was comparatively unknown outside his native Nova Scotia. His practice at the bar was lucrative, for no lawyer in the entire Dominion has a firmer grasp of the principles underlying the practice of the law in Canada. He has been retained in more than one case of national importance. His briefs are models of lucidity in argument and citation, nor are his talents at the service of great corporations. Mr. Borden has fought some of the largest special and vested interests. As a lawyer he is terse, cold, calculating, but convincing. His success at the bar is attributed to an unremitting industry. He leaves no verification to subordinates. Decisions, statutes and decrees bearing upon a point at issue are gone through by Mr. Borden with the plodding care so characteristic of him until he has his case at his finger's end and can talk to the court upon its least detail.

The practice built up by Mr. Borden in his slow fashion was large and even lucrative for one accustomed to Nova Scotia, but most of it had to be sacrificed when in his first term as a legislator he was made chief of his party. This forced upon him acceptance of a public salary as leader of the parliamentary opposition. He could not have lived upon his private means. The heated discussion which ensued in many partisan organs of Canadian opinion at the time brought out the honesty which is the basis of Mr. Borden's character. He freely conceded how grave were the misgivings with which he had accepted the financial arrangement made for him. More than once was he disposed to declare its impracticability and to move for its termination.



THE WIFE OF CANADA'S NEW PREMIER

Mrs. Robert Laird Borden was a Miss Laura Bond and is a member of the distinguished Bond family of Halifax. Her social gifts will add lustre to the court of the Duke of Connaught when he assumes the post of Governor-General at Ottawa.

Moreover, as the *London Post* says, the organs of the Canadian government, which proposed the arrangement, were not generous in their treatment of Mr. Borden. They suggested that he was the paid servant of the cabinet then in office and debarred from criticizing ministers by his acceptance of the special indemnity which parliament had provided for the opposition leader.

It was in the fury of the fray over this topic that the wonderful patience of Mr. Borden won him the admiration of his countrymen. He has the contagious calm of the strong man. Will-power is the force behind the success attained by Borden. He might have taken Chicago's motto for his own.

THE FAMOUS FINANCIER WHOM THE CZAR HAS MADE PRIME MINISTER



ASSASSINATION, which extinguished the late Stolypin, has afforded the Czar's new Premier, Vladimir Nikolaievitch Kokofftseff, the most splendid opportunity of a career already very long and until recently very obscure. The name of Kokofftseff has hitherto been familiar only to men of great affairs with access to the secret sources of Russian power. The investigations of some scientists while of the most importance are of a nature incomprehensible to the multitude. That is why a van't Hoff or a Mendeleiff remains obscure, so far as the great public is concerned, tho his greatness be apparent to the expert. In precisely the same way, explains the *Paris Temps*, has the wonderful Kokofftseff lived a long life of usefulness and of greatness to find his name meaningless to the million. His genius for finance is no secret to the banking world of London and Paris. His administrative capacity has been tested severely in many a panic. He has emerged without loss of prestige from political storms that ruined his teacher, the famed Count Witte. Kokofftseff has in one detail departed from the methods of his master. He courted obscurity. Witte loved to give interviews to the newspapers. Kokofftseff had a dread of reporters. Witte believed in loud publicity. Kokofftseff sought seclusion. Witte was banished in disgrace. Kokofftseff has reached the highest post the Czar can give.

Vladimir Nikolaievitch Kokofftseff is a man of genius whom the world might readily mistake for a mediocrity, says Dr. E. J. Dillon. "That is usually the case with great financiers, and if we estimate his achievements by the hugeness of the transactions he has carried out, he is one of the greatest." Kokofftseff it was who negotiated the biggest loan ever financed by the Russian government, and that, too, in circumstances that must have daunted an Alexander Hamilton or a Colbert. Kokofftseff was serene altho he had to raise money when all the conditions of the market were adverse to the last degree. "The revolution was in full swing. The strikes had not yet ended. In the Baltic provinces, in Poland, in the Caucasus and elsewhere, terrorism was rampant." He did not lose his easy poise when securities of all kinds fell everywhere. There were runs on the savings banks. Con-

fidence in Russia's future was gone. Ministers themselves despaired—all but Kokofftseff. One of his colleagues sold all his Russian bonds in that black hour.

When he had raised money for his country in the face of a financial storm so severe, the name of Kokofftseff began for the first time, says Dr. E. J. Dillon in the *London Telegraph*, to be writ large in the financial chronicles of the day. Kokofftseff remained quiet, secretive and disinterested, yet scrupulously careful in religious practice, shunning the crowd with an almost morbid dread of publicity and living with Spartan frugality upon a fortune quite large.

His early career was begun in the ministry of justice. The Russian penal code, explains Doctor Dillon, had long been in need of reform. Some of its antiquated clauses had come down from the time when cruelty was as natural as excess in eating and drinking, and young Kokofftseff took an active and beneficial part in humanizing the spirit of the code. It cost him much in the way of forfeited promotion before he brought its provisions into closer harmony with the modern sentiments of philanthropy regarding convicts. He won golden opinions not merely because of his knowledge of the subject—in which he was an expert—but also by reason of his remarkable gift of couching the most abstract statements in clear language. He did not treat penal reform as if it were a science into which only the initiated could penetrate.

Another remarkable gift of Kokofftseff's—possessed by few of his countrymen in official life—is a power of working all day and half the night without a break. During the revolution he led an almost sleepless existence, eating and dressing in his office. In the past seven years his longest vacation has lasted two weeks. It seems odd to some observers that two men so unlike as Stolypin and Kokofftseff could be associated intimately without a trace of jealousy. Stolypin himself, as the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* explains, was so strong that he could afford to give credit to others for all they did, yet it was thought that he entertained a somewhat excessive estimate of Kokofftseff's powers. Time is now to test that.

Over thirty years have passed since first Kokofftseff, then a youth of twenty-six, was sent through Europe to study prison systems.



THE LATEST RUSSIAN STATESMAN TO REACH THE RANK OF PREMIER

Vladimir Nikolaievitch Kokofftseff has long been famed as one of the great financiers of the world. He is a pupil of Count Witte and devoted rather to the Czar than to the Russian people, and his elevation to the post of Prime Minister places him in considerable personal peril.

He was a rising young bureaucrat, distinguished for tact in achieving reforms without disgracing or offending the officials whose methods he ameliorated. The Czar Alexander II. became fired with enthusiasm somewhat like that of Kokofftseff. When he came back to Russia after visits to innumerable houses of detention, Kokofftseff had a long talk with Alexander II. The autocrat was charmed. "Empty all the prisons to-morrow, if you wish." Thus the Czar to the lad of twenty-six. Kokofftseff did not go quite so far. He robbed the discipline of its retaliative aspect. He allowed reading and writing in cells. He suppressed floggings. He investigated complaints. He set himself to remove from the Russian official name the stigma attaching to it owing to the tales circulated by escaped prisoners. Refugees insisted that Kokofftseff was a monster of falsehood as well as of cruelty, that his "reforms" were a mockery. But the weight of evidence vindicates his perfect good faith.

Kokofftseff displayed in the course of a chance conversation he once had with Count Witte so remarkable a head for figures that he was transferred to the department of finance forthwith. He was loath to leave his work among the prisons. Witte, then all-powerful in the councils of the Czar, assured Kokofftseff that Russia was doomed to bankruptcy unless the peasant could be persuaded to use more iron. "He uses wood where iron would be better. Between us we can teach him." That was the substance of a talk which decided the destiny of Kokofftseff. He is of the type out of which an ideal right-hand man is made. He can serve as a lieutenant with unyielding fidelity and a willing obscuration of his own personality. Count Witte was at once struck by the talent Kokofftseff displayed, not only for figures, but for administration, for getting at the heart of an official mystery and for getting work done. His information was always precise. His resource was always inexhaustible. His measures were always prompt. No emergency caught him unawares or left him helpless. He had ideas and he had industry, but more than all else he had a knowledge of men and of methods.

To be Russian to the core and yet modern—this was the wonderful combination in Kokofftseff which, thinks Doctor Dillon, renders him one of the wonders of bureaucracy. Count Witte had long resolved to transform the manufacture of vodka into a state monopoly. The effort had been made here and

there, only to collapse in shameful speculations or even more shameful intemperance and impecuniosity. Kokofftseff had placed in his hands the execution of a scheme which experience and time seemed to be in a combination to discredit. He brilliantly realized every hope. The sale and distribution of the beverage under government auspices was arranged as if, to quote the words of the Vienna daily already named, Kokofftseff had been born and cradled in a hogshead of whiskey. There were no losses. The poor had their liquor at a price much less than an illicit distillery could purvey it for, and drunkenness—we still follow the Vienna daily—was within the reach of any mujik who found it his only ecstasy!

Trade, commerce, industry became pawns in a game which Kokofftseff was always playing for Russia and always playing well. He remained obscure from a press agent's point of view, but immensely important to capitalists extending the field of their operations to the realm of the Czar. Men who came to St. Petersburg to build a steel mill or operate a manufacturing plant learned to their surprise that Kokofftseff knew everything. He received these adventurers quietly but cordially. His keen vision discerned the capable and detected the incompetent. His earnest shake of the hand, his low, but enthusiastic tone, his promise of aid in time of difficulty inspired many an American or Briton or German with a sense of having at least one powerful friend at court. Kokofftseff was no deceiver on this head. He had a readiness to come to the rescue of the hard pressed which made him a species of angel to those capitalists to whom times of financial stress brought gray hairs. The Russo-Japanese war was expected to shatter the financial system of Witte and Kokofftseff to shreds. It only demonstrated its marvelous vitality. Defeats, strikes, disorders, runs on banks—nothing shook the credit of the Russian state or the cool attitude of the Russian finance minister. It was then that Kokofftseff opened the series of delicate conversations in Paris which, after various vicissitudes, ended in the placing of the immense loan. "Russia could not have sent a negotiator better equipped for the arduous task than Kokofftseff," said Premier Rouvier to Doctor Dillon. "I admired his way of approaching a subject which was, to put it mildly, delicate." The Jews had set their face against any Russian loan, and Kokofftseff had to deal with Jews.

Finance and Industry

HOW EUROPE FOSTERS INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS



WITH the existence of one hundred American trusts in jeopardy, with our stock market quotations shrinking temporarily almost to panic prices as a result of the activity, actual or feared, of the Department of Justice at Washington, with the lawyers of our greatest industrial combinations professing to be in quandary as to how to observe the Sherman Act without the destruction of property, "big business" turns with longing eyes to the situation in Europe. England, France, Germany, we learn, far from waging war against trusts, are actually encouraging monopoly. The inference urged by the defenders of the trusts is that we should go and do likewise, the first step in such a course being obviously to repeal the Sherman law.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Act, as Franklin Escher reminds us in *Harper's Weekly*, was passed in 1890, almost a decade before the period of combination began in which the formation of the United States Steel Corporation and other great concerns has developed the present industrial system. The "trust" at that time meant something radically different from what it means now. Those responsible for the great combinations subsequently formed were by no means unmindful of the provisions of the Sherman Act; but neither by our government nor by the large business interests was the law then considered prohibitive of industrial consolidation *per se*.

A specific difficulty which is presented by the Sherman law to those now called on to readjust their industrial organizations is pointed out by Holland in the *Wall Street Journal*. Altho inferentially cooperation seems forbidden by the Sherman law, he says, it will be impossible to dissolve the American Tobacco Company (except by a receiver) unless there is substantially complete cooperation between the holders of the securities of this company. "They must in cooperation turn over their securities to trustees or to a

managing committee, and in doing so they create a true trust."

In the midst of these perplexities the American financiers are likely to read the description of the European attitude given by Gilbert Holland Montague in *The Atlantic Monthly* with something of the sensation of the peri waiting outside the gates of Paradise. A foreigner, says Mr. Montague, cannot fail to wonder, with Seth Low, "that a people who have constituted the greatest republic in history by the combination of many States should, even for a moment, deny its own commercial agencies the opportunity of giving better service by proceeding along the same lines." The British attitude toward trusts, we are told, has never been hostile. The divergence of the policies of the United States and England is fundamental. Prior to the early eighties neither country had passed any laws on the subject, and by the unwritten law of the courts of both countries restraints of trade which were general or unreasonable were invalid.

"In the United States this doctrine was subsequently pushed to the extreme, and enacted by Congress and by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states into drastic statutes, prohibiting not merely unreasonable restraints of trade, but also every kind of restraint of trade, large or small, particular or general, whether by combination or otherwise. In England, a diametrically opposite course was pursued. No new laws were enacted or even agitated, and the unwritten law of the courts was actually relaxed, in deference to the economic changes of the time. In 1894, four years after Congress enacted the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, while American legislatures were passing anti-trust laws with enormous penalties, the House of Lords, sitting as the highest court of Great Britain, escaped the incongruities which have embarrassed law and business in the United States, and announced the new and broadened view which ever since has harmonized English law with English business. The occasion of this pronouncement by the House of Lords was an action to test the validity of the contract by which Nordenfellt, the famous manufacturer of guns and ammunition, sold his entire plant,

patents, business and good-will, to the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. The transaction was alleged to be in restraint of trade, and therefore void. The House of Lords held that it was valid, and Lord Morris stated the new doctrine as follows:

"The weight of authority up to the present time is with the proposition that general restraints of trade are necessarily void. It appears, however, to me, that the time for a new departure has arrived, and that it should be now authoritatively decided that there should be no difference in the legal considerations which would invalidate an agreement whether in general or partial restraint of trading. These considerations, I consider, are whether the restraint is reasonable and is not against the public interest. In olden times all restraints of trading were considered *prima facie* void. An exception was introduced when the agreement to restrain from trading was only from trading in a particular place and upon reasonable consideration, leaving still invalid agreements to restrain from trading at all. Such a general restraint was in the then state of things considered to be of no benefit even to the covenantor himself; but we have now reached a period when it may be said that science and invention have almost annihilated both time and space. Consequently there should no longer exist any cast-iron rule making void any agreement not to carry on a trade anywhere. The generality of time or space must always be a most important factor in the consideration of reasonableness, though not *per se* a decisive test."

"Thus was removed, decisively and forever, from the British industrial world, the cloud that has been gathering ominously over the American industrial world."

In Germany also, according to a report by Consul-General Robert P. Skinner, of Hamburg, combinations of capital such as are forbidden under the Sherman law in this country are perfectly legal. There is no German law which either authorizes or forbids the creation of trusts. The law, we are told, merely guarantees to the individual the right to engage in trade, but does not withhold from him the right to combine with any or all of his competitors. The accepted theory seems to be that in granting to trade and commerce the very extensive privilege referred to, the general interests of the public at large are protected by the resulting prosperity of such interests, even tho the immediate effect may be to enhance the cost of the commodity controlled. In Germany, so Albert Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line, observes, syndicates are protected by several laws, and therefore it may happen easily that the American government would

require of a syndicate a process of dissolution which would, according to the German law, itself be punishable. The majority of German businessmen and economists, the Consul-General goes on to say, are not opposed to such syndicates, and the creation of monopolies in which the State itself sometimes participates in combination with private producers is lawful if the creators commit no injurious act,—a limitation so difficult to define and comprehend that practically the only difficulties with which the ordinary cartels come into contact are difficulties arising between the members themselves.

"The courts have frequently recognized the perfect right of producers to control their product in a monopolistic organization as a right somewhat akin to the right to make use of a highway, and only subject to correction of abuses of power. The profound difference between the German and the American conception of sound business conditions is best explained, perhaps, by the racial difference between the two people—the German with strong collectivist tendencies which manifest themselves in society, in government, and in trade, and the American with a deeply rooted individualism, which remains even when he engages in a collectivist enterprise. Thus it happens that the capitalistic classes of Germany, altho opposing socialism in their public life, nevertheless drift in the direction indicated by their natural tendencies in their business life, and in so doing they have the tacit approval of the avowed socialistic classes, who perceive in the steady accumulation of the producing powers in a few hands a movement tending logically and inevitably toward the eventual realization of their dogma—that is, the State in supreme control.

"The very forms of commercial organization most common in Germany and America correspond to the temperamental qualities of the two peoples. In Germany the commercial trust, or cartel, is usually a federation in which each member retains its commercial identity while abandoning its freedom of action to the federation for a contractual period of three or five or ten years or perhaps longer, but expecting eventually to get it back, and then perhaps make another contract if the results of the first have been satisfactory. A German cartel is, as a rule, open to all those who submit to its provisions, and the control of the members is confined to the limits traced in the federal pact. In the typical American trust, instead of this association of units with influence usually rated according to productive capacity, we observe generally the permanent ownership of a large part of the enterprise by a small group of persons in which there is ordinarily some dominating personal element.

"The basic notion of the German organizer has been to control production definitely, leaving it to the resourcefulness of the individual producers in the cartel to make more or less profit out of the proportion of the production allotted to them; the basic notion of the American organizer has been, usually, to create a perfected and consolidated instrument, success following naturally as a result of its well-balanced and skillfully organized proportions. German cartel organization has contemplated that all its constituent firms should remain in business; American commercial centralization usually has meant that the weaker, or, for any reason, undesirable elements should go out of business, suggesting that the strong native individualism of our people rises to the surface even when an effort tending toward pure collectivism is attempted."

There are three hundred and eighty-five national cartels in the German Empire. Twelve thousand establishments are members of syndicates.

In France, according to William C. Cornwall, editor of *The Bache Review*, similar conditions prevail. No attempt is made to deprive small companies of their individual existence, but all are bound to uphold standard prices.

"Before these combinations or 'groupements' (to use the foreign expression) were organized, trade was warring internally, house against house, with profits correspondingly reduced, and wages fluctuating. Now the large manufacturing concerns, textile, etc., are harmonized under the groupe plan, and all are prospering happily. Wages also are more regular and more remunerative. Prices are adjusted upon a basis dependent upon supply and production. There is no attempt to extort great profits, but an equitable and just profit is charged, and these prices are changed to suit the varying conditions of business. Each group has an *inspector* whose business it is to visit the various companies to ascertain if the agreements are being complied with. Any infringement is visited with a heavy penalty. All this is legal and is done openly. Further than this, within the last two years German manufacturers in the same line of business have joined with their former French competitors and have become parts of the French 'groupements,' so that stability of prices is further maintained not only throughout Germany and France respectively, but in whatever foreign countries the goods are sold. A proceeding like this in America would be looked upon with holy horror, and the perpetrators would be in danger of punishment.

"In America great economic problems are worked out with utter disregard of the experiences of other nations and we only finally arrive after years of destructive political experiments."

In European countries, notably Germany and England, so an editorial writer in *Financial America* observes, governmental officials consult as a matter of course with the captains of industry and financiers on important economic and fiscal affairs of the nation. How different the situation here:

"When a representative business man appears before a Washington committee, it is invariably in response to a subpoena and very seldom through his personal initiative. When he does appear, his examination is conducted with every appearance of hostility in the great majority of cases, and the committee appear more in the rôle of 'Grand Inquisitors,' determined to confuse and confute the witness, than as real searchers for truth or as open-minded statesmen seeking enlightenment. Our sensational and irresponsible press lends additional color to this 'grilling' process, to the advantage of the committee and embarrassment of the witness; so it is possible to extenuate, on this ground, the disinclination of business to come forward and state its case. To be entirely fair, however, this is only a partial excuse. Business, in the days of high tariffs and other favored legislation, was guilty of practices that earned for it the deep suspicion of the people."

Repeal of the Sherman law, while advocated as a desideratum by the defenders of the American "trusts," is put forth with but faint glimmerings of hope. Instead there seems to be a growing disposition to view favorably the suggestions of President Taft, recently reiterated, for a federal incorporation act. "I believe," said the President several weeks ago, "that a statute might be drawn to furnish the protection which would induce companies engaged chiefly in interstate trade to take on federal incorporation, and that by the supervision which might be maintained by an executive bureau of the government over their transactions it would be possible to prevent future violations of the anti-trust law by those companies on the one hand and to secure to them a freedom from constant fear of prosecution on the other. But this statute would in no way be an amendment of the anti-trust law, which has now reached a period in its history when it is really accomplishing the purpose of its framers and is enforcing a reform in the business methods of this country which will be as useful as it is widespread." Which would seem to indicate that the proposed federal incorporation bill drafted by the administration nearly two years ago and presented to Congress for its consideration is likely to be revived and seriously discussed in the near future.

HARNESSING SUN-RAYS FOR PUMPING WATER

THE problem as to what the world shall do when the supply of coal is exhausted seems to be partially solved by Frank Shuman, pioneer of the first solar power plant. The inventor's account of his experiments, in the *Scientific American*, sounds like a tale from the Arabian Nights. To chain the rays of the sun, to imprison them like imps in a bottle, waiting obediently for the master's bidding, this is what Mr. Shuman has actually accomplished. His power plant, cunningly constructed, has already, he claims, demonstrated its commercial feasibility. Ten per cent. of earth's land surface, we are assured, will eventually depend upon sun power for all mechanical operations. Giving inexhaustible power always obtainable, and utilizing the nitrogen in the air for fertilizer in the form of nitrates and such compounds as calcium cyanide, the human race will be enabled to draw directly on the source of all life for power and sustenance.

The direct utilization of nature's forces has for centuries been attempted with indifferent success. To a limited extent these forces have been employed since the dawn of civilization in the windmill and various types of water-driven motors, but solar energy has refused to be harnessed. Physicists of France, Germany and America have occupied themselves with this problem. These experimenters, we are told, based their efforts either upon the use of lenses or mirrors to concentrate the sun's rays upon a small surface, or upon the heating of fluids of a low boiling point, with subsequent power generation from the vapor under pressure. Vapor was usually created at high pressure and utilized in ordinary engines, but owing to the high temperatures involved the losses by conduction and con-

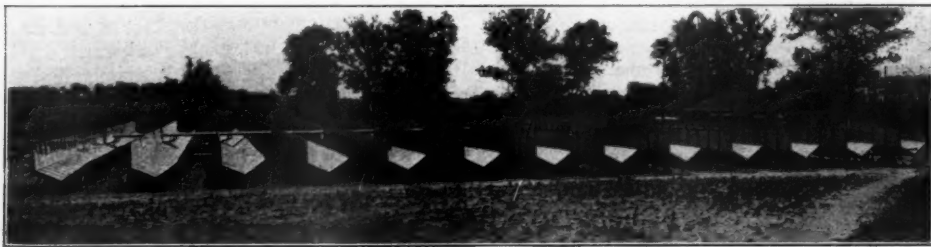
vection were so great that the power produced was of no commercial value. Where lenses and mirrors were employed, the cost of the lenses and of the apparatus necessary to present them continuously toward the sun rendered them impracticable. Where fluids of a low boiling point, such as ether and liquid ammonia, were used, the results were of little value, Mr. Shuman explains, on account of the inherent inadequateness of these fluids as heat generators. He says:

"A sun-power plant, in order to be practicable, must possess, first, high efficiency; low cost of installation and maintenance; well-marked length of service; and should not require specially trained mechanics for its operation.

"In order to be efficient, it is not necessary that the plant generate continuously, inasmuch as the great value of such a plant lies in its use as an irrigation apparatus; it is only necessary that the plant run about eight hours daily. It must, however, consist of units which may be assembled to produce a power plant of any required size, the larger the plant the greater the efficiency. It is entirely practicable to produce a sun-power plant in this manner up to 10,000 horse-power and over. An ideal plant must be subject to little accident; hence it must lie near the ground in order not to be affected by storms and winds. Each unit must be repairable without stopping the operation; construction must be simple and easily understood by the ordinary steam engineer; and wear and tear must be reduced to a minimum.

"The first cost of a sun-power plant to be practical, and of commercial value, must be sufficiently low so that the interest on the investment does not make it unprofitable. This is the rock on which, thus far, all sun-power propositions were wrecked."

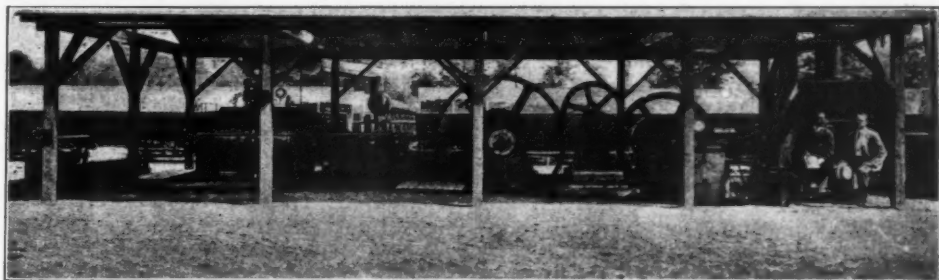
The Shuman plant is twice as expensive as the ordinary steam-power plant of the same size; but the fact that after installation no fuel is required, promises enormous profits.



From the *Scientific American*

MAKING THE SUN DO HIS WORK

This is a picture of Mr. Shuman's plant by which he converts solar energy into power.



From the *Scientific American*

HUGE WHEELS TURNED BY SUN RAYS

This is the front view of the engine, the auxiliary and the water pump propelled by solar energy through Mr. Shuman's ingenious invention.

Theoretically, one thousand degrees Fahrenheit can be obtained by eliminating radiation, convection, etc. Commercially, 350 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit is the limit obtainable. The first Shuman generator is described as a wooden box covered by two layers of glass. Between these was a small air space. The box itself contained a miniature ether boiler. This apparatus was exposed to the sun's rays, the ether distilled, and the amount of heat which might be absorbed was determined. A small toy engine was successfully run with this original apparatus. After several other experiments on a larger scale, the present generator was evolved:

"The sun-power plant in its present development consists of the absorber, a low-pressure steam engine, condenser, and auxiliaries.

"The absorber, in a general way, is composed of a series of units, each containing a flat metal honeycomb water vessel rectangular in shape, and resembling closely a large waffle. This vessel is inclosed in a flat wooden box covered with two layers of glass having a one-inch air-space between them, and having the under surface of the box insulated against heat loss downward by a two-inch layer of regreanulated cork and two layers of water-proof cardboard.

"The boxes are mounted on supports which elevate them some thirty inches above the ground, and which permit them to be inclined perpendicular to the sun at the meridian. These adjustments of the inclination need be made only about once in three weeks.

"Plane mirrors of cheap construction are mounted on two sides of the boxes in order that more rays of the sun may be absorbed and reflected upon the surface of the water vessel. This latter is connected at one end to a feed pipe from the water supply, and at the other end to a steam pipe. The steam pipes from the various units are connected together and empty into a main eight inches in diameter in the present plant, which conveys the steam to the engine.

The power of this first plant is used for pumping water by means of a reciprocating steam pump of the ordinary type. Whenever the sun has shone during the past six weeks this plant has pumped water successfully. Its capacity, in temperate latitudes, is three thousand gallons of water per minute lifted to a height of thirty-three feet. From tests made in Philadelphia in August, 1911, it was found that from the absorber of twenty-six banks of units, each containing twenty-two single units and having a light absorptive area of 10,296 square feet (with an actual area of 5,148 square feet), there could be developed during eight hours 4,825 pounds of steam.

Where, Mr. Shuman admits, great natural water powers exist, sun-power cannot compete; but sun-power generators will, he thinks, displace all other forms of mechanical power over an immense area of the earth. In northern countries the loss of heat owing to humidity and smoke is enormous, in hot countries, where the sun shines throughout the year, where land is cheap and fuel is very expensive, its usefulness will be multiplied threefold. Sun-power will prove very valuable in irrigating tropical countries. There is room for at least half a million horse-power in such tropical regions as the nitrate district of Chile, in the borax region in Death Valley, in Egypt, eastern India and Australia. One hundred thousand fellaheen pump water by means of the shadoof method during the dry season in Egypt. A single sun engine, such as is now erected in Tacony, will, Mr. Shuman insists, do the work of about a thousand of these laborers. "Throughout Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and southern California there is room for any amount of power for irrigating purposes alone. These States show an average of 90 per cent. of sunlight, and the cost of fuel is practically prohibitive."

UNCLE SAM AS A RAILROAD MAGNATE



HE average American thinks little of Uncle Sam as a business man. We prefer as a rule to believe in the efficiency of private enterprize; yet down in Panama Uncle Sam has shown remarkable ability as a railroad magnate. The United States, in building the Panama Canal, is not only operating two railroads, but is running in connection with these a steamship line, two hotels, a department store and a food supply business. This first large test of direct Government activity in industry and commerce seems particularly timely in view of the suggestions that the Government solve the Alaskan tangle by building and operating a railroad of its own. Our experiences in Panama, remarks Mr. Albert Edwards in *Success* are demonstrating that the spirit of American enterprize is bigger than "individual initiative"—that epoch-marking things can be accomplished, even when individual activity fails. "The facts of the case force us to revise our old judgment. 'Collective Activity'—this new force which we are developing with such amazing success in the tropics, which we Americans have carried further than any other nation—is worth considering as the means of solving our problems at home."

The Panama Canal is a Government job. It is dug by Government employees, bossed by Government engineers. Not one employee, from Colonel Goethals down to the Barbadian negro boys who carry water, hopes for private profit in this—the most colossal enterprize of the twentieth century. The first heterodox fact which impresses itself upon the visitor from home, remarks Mr. Edwards, is the sight of the high-power locomotive with "U. S." stencilled on the cab.

"There are two Railroads in the Canal Zone owned and operated by the Government: the Isthmian Canal Commission system, used exclusively for construction purposes, and the Panama Railroad, which, beside helping in the Canal work, does a large and profitable commercial business. Compared with other tropical railroads the P. R. R. is a model of efficiency and economy in every department. There is no system at home so thoroly equipped with safety appliances. The accident rate both for employees and passengers sets a standard which none of our privately owned roads have ever approached. The two systems together operate about 3,000 miles of track in the Zone, and carry

more traffic per mile than any railroad in the States except a few terminal systems like that of the Chicago stock-yards.

"The annual report to the stockholders of the Panama Railroad Company—it is technically a private corporation so that it can conduct a commercial business—for the year ending June 30, 1910, shows a 'gross earning' of \$6,100,788.83. Extensive relocation work is in progress, but the operating expenses were only \$4,358,425.92. The company also operates a direct line of steamers between Colon and New York. They make the run between these ports in a day less than the competing lines and in the year ending June 30, 1910, they earned over \$150,000 net."

The people in authority, Mr. Edwards goes on to say, have told us that a public-owned railroad would surely fail; it would be eaten up by corruption administered on the "spoils system," and become the headquarters for general inefficiency. Our experiment in Panama seems to prove the fallacy of this argument. Long before the visitor from home gets accustomed to riding on the Government railroad he is disturbed by a host of facts even more surprizing. Government ownership of railroads has been suggested before, but if you visit the isthmus you will eat at a Government table. Not content with managing the transportation, not satisfied with being a landlord, the Isthmian Canal Commission, we are told, has become a restaurant and hotel keeper. The following extract from the annual report of the Isthmian Canal Commission gives a full account of the "Subsistence Department":

"Fifteen hotels are operated for white Americans, where good wholesome meals are furnished for thirty cents each. Eighteen mess-halls are operated for Europeans, where a day's board is furnished for forty cents. The stewards and cooks at these messes are usually Europeans and a meal peculiar to the taste of the men boarding there is served. There are in operation twenty-three kitchens for West Indian laborers, where a day's board is furnished for thirty cents. The number of meals served during the month of June, 1907, is as follows: Hotels, 197,419; messes, 286,155; kitchens, 456,765,—or nearly a million meals for the month. The subsistence operations are merely self-supporting; it is not the purpose to make a profit."

Since then the labor force has been increased about 50%—to 35,000. It is an eloquent tribute to the Government's cuisine that 3,375 of the 4,800 European laborers—who are free to eat where they will—prefer the public

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By courtesy of *Success Magazine*

UNCLE SAM'S OWN RAILROAD

The first heterodox fact which impresses itself in Panama upon the visitor from home is the sight of a high-power locomotive with "U. S." stenciled on the cab.

mess-halls to private enterprizes. There are three clubs run by unmarried white men in opposition to the commission hotels, but Mr. Edwards assures us, in spite of the large income from the "bar," these private messes are more expensive and very little better than the Government meals. No private contractor feeds his people as well as the Isthmian Canal Commission. The Government is more liberal than the private contractors can afford to be in its relation with employees.

When our Government first undertook the immense job it was decided to give "individual initiative" the fullest possible scope. Yet Mr. Wallace and Mr. Stevens, both great engineers, gave up the task as hopeless, to be succeeded by Colonel Goethals, of West Point, a Government employee. When Colonel Goethals took hold of his new job, contracts had been advertized according to tradition, but the few bids which had come in were insanely exorbitant or utterly irresponsible.

"The dilemma was plain—either give up the Canal or try to dig it without 'individual initiative.'"

"The Canal was a political necessity. So we were launched on the harebrain experiment of doing the biggest construction job in history (they are moving enough material down there in one month to build three of the biggest Egyptian

pyramids) without the incentive of private profits. And lo! It is succeeding.

"The idea that the only way to get the best work out of a man is to give him a money interest in the profits of the concern is certainly the very nubbin of our theory of business. It is disproved every day on the Canal Zone."

The commissary system of the Isthmus of Panama is run in connection with the railroad. Back in 1894, while the railroad was still in private hands, its high officials planned a simple cooperative undertaking. The native merchants of Panama charged exorbitant prices and had very limited assortments. By pooling the buying power of twenty odd families, it was possible to save money and get the kind of groceries wanted. The local merchants organized in opposition, but the idea was too good to be killed. The system grew and prospered and when, ten years later, we took control of the Zone, the little scheme of buying groceries had grown into a thriving general store. In buying the Panama Railroad, Mr. Edwards continues, our Government also acquired this healthy young cooperative movement.

"The Commissary, first launched by the heads of departments of the Panama Railroad to supply their immediate families with groceries from the States, has never stopped growing. Besides



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

BOSSING THE BIG JOB FOR UNCLE SAM

Colonel Goethals, an employee of the United States Government, succeeds where private enterprises failed.

its buying and selling activities, it runs a large ice factory with a daily by-product of 200 gallons of ice cream. It has a bakery, which puts out every day about 15,000 loaves of bread and 400 pounds of cake. During the month of June, 1908, the model laundry plant of the Commissary handled 194,855 pieces. The printing establishment sends out over 2,000,000 pieces a month. Its delivery system handles close to 2,500 packages of ice and cold-storage foods a day.

"It is indeed a modern department store. One of the Commissary announcements contains such diverse articles as: sugared almonds, white linen duck; ladies' patent leather shoes, 'brier' pipes, baseball gloves, teething rings for babies. The Canal employees make about ninety per cent. of all their purchases through the Commissary.

"In one respect the Commissary is not like a 'modern department store.' It does not sell shoddy cloth nor adulterated food."

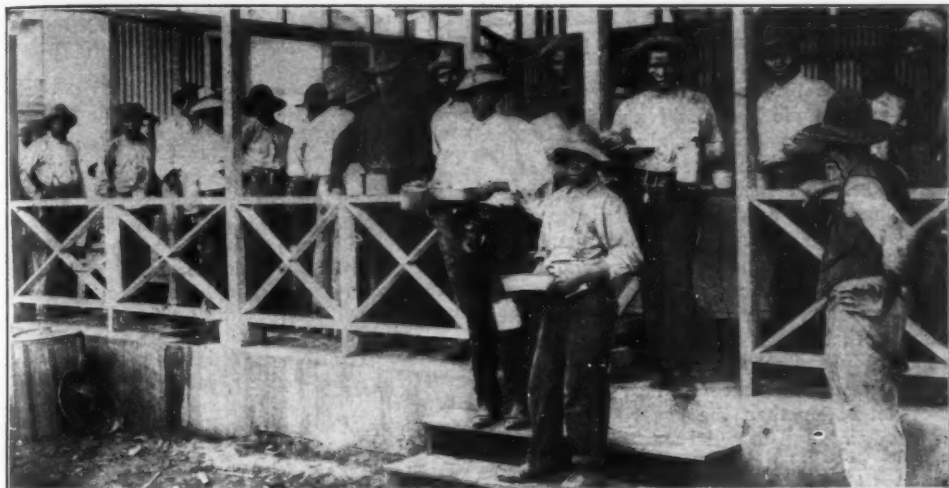
Colonel Goethals, according to an article by Rodger W. Babson, in the *New York Times*, holds its opinion that Uncle Sam must

take a firm hold on the transportation business connected with the Panama Canal in order to save himself from serious losses. The Canal, Mr. Babson informs us, will cost about \$325,000,000 to build, which, added to \$40,000,000 paid for the French interests and \$10,000,000 paid to the republic of Panama, makes a total of \$375,000,000. The interest on this at 3 per cent. would be \$11,250,000 per year. Properly to operate the Canal will require about 1,000 men, and their average wages per month may be \$70, or \$840,000 per year. Provision can be made for virtually one-half of the Americans now at work on the Canal. The Government will consequently have a net fixed charge of about \$12,000,000 per year, without allowing for a sinking fund of approximately \$13,000,000. The shorter distance alone, remarks Colonel Goethals, as quoted by Mr. Babson, with an even equal toll rate, is not enough to influence Germany or any other power to route her Orient trade via Panama.

"We must offer, besides perfect service through the canal itself, and at a rate beyond competition, service heretofore denied deep-sea shipping everywhere except at terminal ports. We must be able to take charge of a ship from the moment she enters the canal, and by the time she has reached open water on the other side have made her, to all intents and purposes, a new ship if she needs that much fixing.

"If we keep in operation our machine shops, if we build and run coaling stations at both ends of the canal, if we have huge laundries with a day and night force, if we have on hand materials of every kind a ship can need, from food-stuffs to engine parts, if, in a word, the United States will do what it never has yet done, exactly what individuals and corporations will do if we don't—that is, establish a business management on the Canal Zone—then we can get that \$375,000,000 back.

"If such a plant is equipped, we can offer irresistible advantages to the shippers of the world. Sure of a constant, one-price coal supply, ship-owners could cut their bunker capacity in two, with a consequent increase in cargo-carrying capacity. Oil-burning ships could similarly increase their cargo-carrying capacity. The space devoted to the ship's laundry could be cleared for freight. Only one-half the present food supply need be carried. Shippers would know that repairs, however difficult, could be made in many instances while the ship was in transit through the canal. All this I have urged done—not by a private corporation with the usual preferential rate system—but by the United States. Supposing it is a new rôle for Uncle Sam. It is feasible, it is beyond doubt profitable, and it is in keeping with the spirit in which the canal is being dug.



By courtesy of *Success Magazine*

BOARDERS OF UNCLE SAM

These laborers are fed in mess-halls owned and run by the United States Government.

"If we don't run the business end of the canal, it will be administered by huge private interests, which will effectually block our attempts to make the water-way a one-price institution. For the commercial possibilities are such as to tempt trust magnates quite as strongly as newly discovered gold-fields draw wild-eyed prospectors. There is a fortune to be made by the concern that gets and holds the upper hand in the matter of coaling stations on the zone. I want that 'concern' to be the United States."

If Colonel Goethal's plan is accepted, Mr. Babson goes on to say, it should be possible to keep the net cost of maintenance down to

\$1,000,000 per month. He hopes, however, the Government will not enter the shipping business without attempting to make a profit. If Uncle Sam should determine to run railroads and steamship lines without profit, he would, in Mr. Babson's opinion, menace the great transcontinental railroad through causing the necessity of reducing all rates from the Pacific to the inland cities. Before this time comes, he observes, it is to be hoped that the Interstate Commerce Commission "will assume a fairer position toward our greatest industry, railroading, and thus avoid what would otherwise be a catastrophe."

FREEING THE WOMAN FROM HOUSEHOLD DRUDGERY



CIVILIZATION needs slaves. Human slavery is degrading. On the enslavement of the machine, therefore, the future of the race depends. Woman from time immemorial has been the drudge of the world. She is still struggling for relief from her burden. It seems not unlikely that she will owe her emancipation not to suffrage, but to the use of machinery in the service of domestic science. Individual progress, insists Albert S. Wyman in *Good Housekeeping*, tends toward freeing women from unnecessary drudgery in their household work, thus giving them time and reserve strength for self-education, for the upbringing

of children, for social duties and recreation.

Compared with the comforts of modern households, the fabled palaces of ancient kings were mere hovels. The last few years especially have witnessed the introduction of numerous revolutionary labor-saving devices. Taking a bird's-eye view of the situation, Mr. Wyman pays attention, among other things, to the marketing of denatured alcohol and alcoholic appliances; the invention of the vacuum cleaner, an industry not yet out of its swaddling clothes, altho a most lusty infant; the timely impetus given the use of washing-machines by the perfection of the water motor and the electric motor varieties with

motor-wringer attachments; the dustless dust-cloth, sweeping compounds and allied products.

Side by side with these major forward movements has proceeded the modernization of long-used staple household utensils. The coffee percolator, which had almost gone out of use, has been reintroduced in a newer and better guise. An Institute of Good House-keeping has been established for the testing of new household inventions. No manufacturer, as the writer points out, can hope to displace hand labor in the American home with his machines until he has produced an apparatus that does the housework better, more cheaply and more easily than it can be done by hand. A machine may beat eggs and cream better than the housewife can do it by hand, but fail to sell because the housewife sees at a glance the appliance will be hard to clean after using.

One important innovation added in recent years is the stove with glass doors through which the housewife may watch her bread or roast without lowering the temperature of the oven by frequently opening the door. The demand for bread and cake-mixers has been well supplied. There are several new self-basting roasters. We have seen saucepans divided into compartments so that the economical housewife can prepare several vegetables at the same time. The chief boon to womanhood, however, seems to be the fireless cooker. Those introduced a few years ago, we are told, were primitive affairs, but nowadays one may bake pies, cake and bread, roast meats, and do practically everything that can be done with an ordinary coal or gas range. Fireless cookers, Mr. Wyman assures us, are now being built in apartment houses.

"The latest model is a compact cooker constructed of planished steel, and equipped with an electric heating appliance, which is attached to the bottom. With it may be purchased an automatic clock that shuts off the electric current in ten or twenty minutes, or in an hour or more as the housewife desires. The covers are of metal, hinged in a substantial manner, with a stop to prevent them from falling back, and are clamped with a patent fastening which locks them securely. In addition they are so constructed that as soon as steam arises within the cooker it is deflected downward around the fitting edge and condenses, thereby forming a water seal which makes the cooker air-tight. This condensation stops materially the conductivity of the heat through the metal. This cooker, like all the best types, employs aluminum utensils, and the heat-retaining chambers are lined with aluminite—a planished copper or lead-

coated open-hearth plate which, if wiped dry and occasionally oiled, will not rust, but will last for years.

"Fireless cookers, lacking the electric heating device in the bottom, should be equipped with radiators, designed to be heated simultaneously with the food. These radiators should be heated hot enough to scorch a cloth. One is placed in the bottom of the cooking compartment and one over the kettle containing the food. The top radiator is the same diameter as the aluminum kettle cover, and is interchangeable with it. A rack or pastry holder, in addition to the aluminum kettles, goes with the best fireless cookers.

"Once housewives learn what a time, labor and fuel saver this appliance is, no home in the land—even the poorest—will be without one. The sooner the American housewife adopts it universally, the sooner will she see that this device is *the greatest labor, time and fuel saving household invention of modern times.*"

The logical companion of the fireless stove is the iceless refrigerator. Ice is dispensed with entirely:

"An Arizona miner patented last June a refrigerator, the cooling process in which is obtained by evaporation of water. It is said that by a proper arrangement of drafts and the slowest possible movement of water over which the outside air can be carried, a very satisfactory degree of refrigeration is maintained, equaling in effect that obtained in a standard refrigerator, bountifully supplied with ice. The new refrigerator was designed primarily for introduction into the arid regions of the West where ice, in many cases, cannot be had. If all that is claimed for this iceless refrigerator is realized, a long-sought goal has been attained.

"In California and other southern states, where ice is scarce, the iceless refrigerator more frequently appears in the guise of a kitchen dumb-waiter, the shaft of which sinks deep into the bowels of the earth, where the temperature is normally low.

"A new temperature-proof bottle has recently been introduced large enough to hold a chicken, or a luncheon."

There may come a time, the writer goes on to say, when dishwashing will be eliminated by the invention of plates cheap enough to permit their destruction after each meal. Almost every day sees the invention of a new vacuum cleaner. With the adjustable wall brush the vacuum cleaner cleans walls, ceilings and picture frames. Specially constructed drapery tools attack curtains and hangings. A new electric spanker is one of the household comforts to which we are indebted to modern science. We are, in short, on the threshold of the housewife's millennium.

Science and Discovery

THE INFERIORITY OF THE GENIUS TO THE AVERAGE PERSON



NO FACT, in the light of modern psychiatry, stands out more clearly than the inferiority of genius. The man of true genius, that is to say, is less well endowed, from the mental and physical standpoints, than is the ordinary person. Failure to perceive this fact is due to the "dazzling gift" of the genius in some one direction. This "dazzling gift," upon analysis, will be found to consist of some aptitude trifling in itself, yet so unusual as to place its possessor in a selected and numerically small class. What we call the insanity of genius is but a characteristic of the neurotic temperament—a temperament still so little understood that most persons do not credit its existence. A person with the artistic temperament will possess the characteristics of that temperament and must not be judged from the standpoint of the characteristics of the lymphatic temperament. So one endowed with the neurotic temperament—the temperament of genius—will display the characteristics of that temperament. This neurotic temperament is as truly a temperament as any other, whether sanguine, bilious or what not. Those with neurotic temperaments, while people of genius, are, on the whole, inferior to those with other temperaments.

Thus may be summed up a careful investigation into temperaments by Doctor Robert Jones, the famed lecturer on mental diseases at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London. He regards genius as a manifestation of Nature's purpose to eliminate the unfit. The genius is from the biological and evolutionary standpoint "unfit." He is sterile in the Mendelian sense—never transmitting his peculiar characteristic to his offspring. Nature, this scientist reminds us, hates the genius, just as she hates all variations from the normal when those variations go to an extreme. When Nature would eliminate a type in the human family, she endows it with genius. Genius

thus is, in Darwinian phraseology, an unfavorable variation, disqualifying the organism in a biological sense. But we must think of genius as the neurotic temperament.

"What about the many clever people who are often so scintillatingly brilliant that they can be best described as geniuses, but who are, nevertheless, so uncertain in their mental reaction that we are bound to call them capricious, fickle, explosive and unreliable; persons whose friends are unable to predict what they will do next, who cannot be depended upon for kindness, devotion, or love even to their own relations and dependents, whose own natures know no standard of consideration, and who are described as wanting or lacking in mental poise. That such persons exist is without doubt, and some may be known among our own acquaintances. Take the well-known family trees which demonstrate insanity, epilepsy, suicidal tendencies, anti-social conditions and bodily abnormalities, such as night-blindness, Huntington's chorea, muscular dystrophies, hæmophilia, or diabetes.

"How are we to classify these people who suffer from such nervous diseases as are unknown among barbarous or even among half-civilized people—those, for instance, who are hysterical or eccentric, who are peculiar, or 'cranky'; those who suffer from somnambulism or sleeplessness, from unreasonable irritability, from obsessions or nervous exhaustion, who may even be epileptic, yet are often extremely capable and often very talented and distinguished, but who nevertheless are abnormally susceptible to impressions, who suffer from functional neuroses of various kinds, who have neuralgias and headaches, who are dyspeptic owing to delicate digestions or premature decay of the teeth, who suffer from neurasthenias, and who are unduly sensitive to alcoholic stimulants, and who may even be moral degenerates, altho possessing marked mental superiority in many directions? That such conditions exist compatible with high intellectual ability is seen from the history of many of our great men. Nature rarely begets a genius, but she does not often create imbeciles or idiots, she dislikes extremes of all kinds, and her tendency is towards the average or normal type both in mental and physical conformation.

"Many persons described as possessing genius in certain specified lines are, as J. Nisbet has shown, of this class. They are often predisposed to states of extreme irritability, and they suffer from intense emotional disturbances resulting in severe nerve storms or outbursts of motor violence which can only be described as that of subacute mania. The rapidity of their mental processes and the intensity of their conative tendencies when aroused know no control and such are often out of all proportion to the amount of the stimulus.

"Into what class other than the nervous or the neurotic are we to enter such persons? In this analysis we are bound to give much consideration to the maxim that 'like begets like,' yet in several instances there has possibly been a segregation of some unit characters, altho admittedly not on Mendelian lines. Shakespeare, the greatest poetic genius the world has ever seen, stands alone. He appears to have had no family history of ability, and little is personally known of him, which shows that mental characters, altho distinguishable, are often unanalysable. The genealogy of the poet Cowper will illustrate my point. There was mental unsoundness on both sides of his ancestors, who were also distinguished for fame, as he was the grandson of a Justice and the great nephew of a Lord Chancellor. He suffered from religious hallucinations and had the strongest suicidal tendency, having to be cared for in an asylum for a period of over a year, yet he wrote 'John Gilpin' when suffering from intense melancholia."

The poet Shelley had a neurotic ancestry or rather an insane one. His grandfather suffered from melancholia and was a miser, but wealthy. Shelley's father showed similar tendencies. His mother was violent and domineering, but of lonely and solitary habits. At Eton he was called the mad Shelley. The day before he was drowned he saw visions. In his picture his eyes are large and animated and wild, his voice was said to be high, weak and discordant and he was described as shy, solitary, anti-social and the subject of ecstatic visions. The characteristics of Shelley's neurotic temperament form a synthesis of the hereditary traits.

Charles and Mary Lamb, again, had this convergent heredity of nervous instability. Their mother died of dementia and paralysis. The son Charles died at sixty from what he himself described as "the cursed drinking." He was only five feet in height. He stammered. He suffered always from sick headaches. At twenty he had to be placed in an asylum. His sister Mary stabbed her mother to the heart. Almost a parallel to Charles and Mary Lamb are Wordsworth and his

sister Dorothy. Dorothy, like Mary, was a neurotic in temperament. Like Mary she was poetical and in close sympathy with her brother's pursuits. Dorothy Wordsworth was described by De Quincey as having eyes wild and staring, a creature of fiery impulse.

"The Coleridge family had a strongly marked insane history. The father of Samuel Taylor Coleridge was eccentric and absent-minded, and his mother is stated to have been uneducated and simple. He himself ran away from college, he quarreled with his brother as a boy, and left home, being absent all night without apparent reason. Later in life he left his wife and children and went off to Malta. At the age of 30 he was broken down, and he died a wreck at 62. His son Hartley drank himself to death and died demented at 52. Southey came of an insane stock on his mother's side, who herself had paralysis in infancy. He had a maternal uncle described as 'idiotic.' His paternal uncle left his estate to a footman rather than to his sister who lived with him and who was dependent upon him. Carlyle described him as the 'excitablest man' he ever met, and he died from dementia. His wife became insane, and also some of their children. He was described as having the most vehement pair of hazel eyes. The Sheridan family is notorious for neuropathic and psychopathic ancestry. The mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, was paralyzed, and died demented at 42. His maternal grandfather also sank into dementia, and a maternal uncle was described as 'absent-minded.' He married twice, marrying the second wife a few weeks after the death of his first, and winning her, it is said, with copies of the love letters sent to his first wife. He died in debt and *déclassé* through drink. Only one son left issue, and he married into a healthy stock, of which famous issue has resulted.

"Sir Walter Scott's family was permeated with nerve disorder. His father died from organic dementia, and his mother was aphasic and died from post-hemiplegic dementia. The maternal uncle also became demented. He himself had two sons who died childless, and two daughters, one of whom died from brain fever and the other, Mrs. Lockhart, from phthisis. His ambition to found a family 'sleeps with him.' Burns's father had an 'ungovernable irascibility' and he himself was the victim of drunkenness and died at 37. One thing he loved since the age of 15, and that was 'woman.' He used to say his frame was blasted with a deep incurable melancholia which poisoned his existence.

"Pope was deformed, rickety and susceptible. A picture of him proposing to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is in the National Gallery. Keats is described as neuropathic to the tips of his fingers. He had an ungovernable temper and was dwarfish, being only 5 feet high. He had a passionate admiration for 'Fanny Brawne,' and

Shelley said his alternation of despondent gloom and emotional passion was exactly like insanity. He had no trace of eminence in his ancestry, and his temperament and genius are probably a good illustration of a spontaneous variation. Byron's mother was most unbalanced, and his maternal grandfather suffered from melancholia and committed suicide. Another relative committed suicide with poison. Byron succeeded his grand-uncle, the 'mad and wicked' Lord Byron. His father, the 'mad Jack Byron,' died from suicide whilst insane. Byron's father ran away with the Marchioness of Carmarthen, an heiress, whom he married and killed by cruelty, and treated his second wife, Miss Gordon, the same. A converging heredity of this kind in the ancestors fills our asylums. Byron was correctly described by his most intimate friends as 'too mad, bad and dangerous to know.' His daughter Ada married Lord Lovelace, and her son, the Viscount Ockham, served as a common seaman and worked at Millwall as a ship's carpenter. Byron was tortured by hallucinations, he drank, and died an epileptic at 36."

Doctor Jones next traces the inheritance and mental reaction of eminent musicians. He sees the same penalty paid by genius—the neurotic temperament—the same ravages of psychosis and neurosis, using these terms in their pathological sense. There is in the

musician class of genius the trait so observable in the poetical cast of genius. That is, altho we can produce a breed of Arab horses and a strain of Plymouth Rock poultry, it has not been possible to produce a musical breed of human beings in the true sense or a poetical breed of human beings in the true sense or a breed of painters or a breed of sculptors. This proves the unfitness of genius to survive in a world requiring many adaptations, the incapacity of genius to transmit its shining characteristic. Nothing could be less scientific, therefore, than the notion that through "eugenics" it will yet be possible to breed a race of men and women of genius. No less inaccurate is the idea that were a race of geniuses to evolve they would be supermen. The inferiority of the genius to the average person proves that no genius foreshadows "superman." If every living man and woman had genius, the human race would in no long time be extinct, deprived of capacity to survive. The bearing of this upon the philosophy of Nietzsche is obvious. Nietzsche thought that by a process of self-conquest a race of superior beings would be evolved. The logical consequence of his practices would be the peopling of the world with lunatics.

A TEST OF UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION



N experiment upon the influence of suggestion in its undetected effects (so far as the individual most concerned undergoes them) is related in *The Psychological Review* by Dr. Daniel Staret.

Handwriting was the means employed in the test. More than a hundred persons were investigated by the following method. Each person was provided with a set of five sheets, on the first of which was written the instruction: "We desire records of your handwriting. Will you accordingly write out the words and sentences presented on the pages given you. Kindly do this without further questioning or reflection." The second sheet contained a short paragraph of typewritten material, the subject's written copy of which provided an illustration of his (or her) normal handwriting. The third sheet was of vertical, the fourth of slanting, script; the fifth contained unusually large script, all taken from American "copy-books," and

written out by the subjects of the experiment.

The measurements of the slope of the subjects' handwriting were subsequently made by means of a scale of variously inclined lines drawn on transparent paper, which was superimposed on the handwriting; three letters, *l*, *f*, *p*, were selected for measurement. The size of the letters was determined by measuring their horizontal width, the lengths of entire words being measured and divided by the number of letters. All the subjects who were investigated appeared to be (unconsciously) susceptible to this form of imitation, women showing a greater tendency towards imitation than men, and those persons who showed a large amount of change in slope also showed a large increase in the size of the letters. The more "vertical" writers were, of course, influenced more by the sloping than by the vertical copy; the opposite relation obtained with the more "slanting" writers.

THE PROBLEM OF FLIGHT THAT UNDERLIES ALL AVIATION TRAGEDIES



STABILITY is the pressing problem of human flight to-day. Such is the gist of that mass of comment upon recent aviation tragedies which fills the technical press. Indeed, the whole literature of aviation tends more and more of late to center around the question of stability. Human flight itself, as Claude Grahame-White observes in his new book,* is an accomplished fact and a success. Stability in flight is not assured. It is a question which quite eclipses in importance the problem of starting and alighting, and it is elucidated in a study† from the pen of that distinguished British expert, Mr. T. O. Hubbard, editor of *The Aeronautical Journal* (London). When it is said, he explains, that an aeroplane is stable it means that it has the power of preserving the natural level in flight—that is to say, its equilibrium. If from any cause this level is upset either by a sudden gust or in turning, the aeroplane should be capable of regaining the natural level with a minimum of oscillation.

This detail is behind every tragedy that has shocked the world of aviation during the present year. Aeroplanes have betrayed their instability in two ways, first in the longitudinal dimension and secondly in the lateral dimension.

Instability in the longitudinal or fore-and-aft dimension corresponds to the pitching and tossing of a ship and occurs when an aeroplane in ordinary conditions of flight (in a steady wind or a calm) shows a tendency to rear up or to dive down. Instability in the lateral or from side-to-side dimension corresponds to the rolling of a ship and occurs

when an aeroplane in ordinary conditions of flight shows a tendency to turn over sideways. In high, gusty winds the aeroplane will, of course, be seen to roll and pitch and dive under the varying pressure of the wind; but if it were stable it would not carry these movements to the extent of overturning and by returning regularly to its normal level would fulfill the condition of stability.

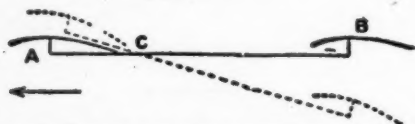
The loss of equilibrium in flight is due to the constant changes in the center of pressure:

"In an ordinary plane or curved surface the center of gravity is situated in the geometrical center of the surface; not so when we come to deal with a weighted or load-carrying plane. For in the latter case—in practice—the weight carried is not situated at or near the center of the surface, but well in front of it. The reason for this is simple. If we suppose the air to be a perfect fluid, flowing quite evenly at a uniform rate, and an aeroplane is propelled through it in a straight line, the aeroplane will be stable if the center of gravity coincides with the center of pressure. And, since we have seen that the center of pressure lies somewhere near the forward edge, the center of gravity will also be placed in approximately the same position, and the aeroplane will be stable—it will neither pitch nor roll, nor tend to upset—in the conditions we have supposed. But in reality, as has been seen, the air is a most turbulent medium, varying in velocity and direction, with the consequence that the surface is constantly struck by the air at different angles: the center of pressure therefore constantly varies in position, whereas the center of gravity of course remains fixed. It is this fluctuation in the center of pressure relatively to the center of gravity which produces instability, and must therefore be reduced to the lowest possible margin."

The center of gravity, then, is fixed. The center of pressure is constantly changing. It is therefore necessary that the center of gravity should be so placed that it be always as near the center of pressure as possible. An ideal condition of stability exists when both these centers coincide. But as, in actual practice such a condition is possible only momentarily, it is usual to place the center of gravity at some point midway between the two points marking the extremes between which the center of pressure oscillates in normal flight. If the center of gravity is placed too far forward or too far back or too high or too low, a loss of equilibrium immediately follows. In the one case the pressure

* *THE STORY OF THE AEROPLANE.* By Claude Grahame-White. Small, Maynard & Co.

† *THE AEROPLANE.* By T. O. Hubbard, J. H. Ledebor and C. C. Turner. Longmans, Green & Co.



ADVANTAGE OF FOLLOWING SURFACES

Take the case of a main surface A, with a following surface B, and a center of gravity at C. A gust of wind forces up A, and the apparatus assumes the position indicated in the dotted lines. The pressure thus exerted by B downwards lessens the tilt of A to a considerable extent; and as A and B both present a greater extent of surface to the wind, the speed of the whole is checked by the increased resistance; in consequence, A, which carries the greatest weight, falls to its original position.

exerts a lift behind the weight and in the other in front of it, which has the effect of making the surface either fall over backwards or forwards. When the center of gravity is too high, any loss of equilibrium immediately sets up a "couple"—the operation of two equal parallel and opposite forces—which tends to upset the surface.

"The final condition to be avoided is in having the center of gravity too low, tho, theoretically, the further it is placed beneath the surface the greater the stability. In actual practice this condition, however, is bad, chiefly because through the ceaseless fluctuations of the wind the speed of the aeroplane is constantly changing; and when, for example, the increased pressure checks the progress of the surface it would have very little effect on the center of gravity, the inertia of which would still carry it forward. Violent oscillations would be thus set up which could not be checked. In fact, with a low center of gravity any departure from equilibrium would result in oscillation which would tend to increase. But when the center of gravity is placed as near as possible to the center of pressure, all these adverse influences are lessened to the greatest degree possible.

"While the position of the center of gravity is of primary importance in stability, an aeroplane cannot, on account of the ever-changing conditions of pressure and speed, be wholly dependent on it, and special aids to the preservation of the level in flight are accordingly used.

"These are—(1) The design and arrangement of the sustaining surfaces (automatic stability). (2) Movable surfaces (controlled stability)."

Automatic longitudinal stability is obtained in a certain degree by having fixed auxiliary surfaces placed behind the main surface. This arrangement is commonly in use at the present time. In fact, all modern aeroplanes may be said to possess a degree of inherent longitudinal stability except the original Wright type. This depends entirely on the manipulation of the movable auxiliary surfaces in front of the main surfaces for its return to equilibrium. An aeroplane, when its equilibrium is destroyed, swings about the axis of its center of gravity. It follows, therefore, that by having surfaces at some distance from this center upward and downward motion is resisted by the pressure of the air upon them.

Automatic lateral stability is obtained by vertical surfaces or by the dihedral angle made by

two surfaces forming a vertical V-shape. The idea underlying both methods is the same—that in any side tilting an increased lifting surface is offered on the lowest side, which the pressure consequently forces back into its proper position. Neither of these devices has been found very successful in solving the pressing problem of aviation. The dihedral angle, which necessitates a low center of gravity, sets up an oscillation if carried to any pronounced degree, behaves badly in turning and necessitates increased area of the wing surface. Consequently the very slight angle which is in modern use has little effect in the event of any extensive turning, or, to be correct, tilting.

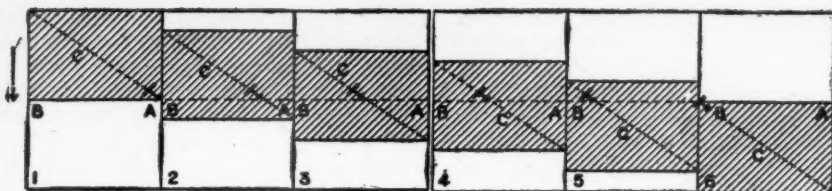
The disadvantages of vertical surfaces on main surfaces have been found to outweigh any advantage they may possess. Hence they are only employed in front of or behind the main surface to provide a slight resistance in turning movements, thus making the machine more manageable and to preserve "sense of direction"—that is to say, to prevent side drifting and to keep the course of the aeroplane straight. Their chief disadvantages when used on main surfaces are the greatly increased head resistance and the resistance offered to turning.

It is thus seen that longitudinal and lateral automatic stability are not perfectly obtainable at the present time by any design or arrangement of fixed surfaces. Therefore, movable surfaces are used on every machine to correct the shortcomings in their design, to assist a quick recovery to the natural flight level, to correct oscillations and to save the machine from overturning in case the limits beyond which inherent stability will not operate



DIFFERENT TYPES OF CURVES

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, practically, the planes of every aeroplane differ both in shape and in degree. The usual parabolic curve employed, for instance, by Farman, Sommer and Blériot, and other leading constructors, is here shown.



AIR AND AEROPLANE

A starting point, B destination. The shaded portion is a body of air, i. e., the wind, moving in the direction of the arrow. The diagonal line C is the path of the aeroplane with regard to the air. The dotted horizontal line is its path with respect to the earth.

should be surpassed. Simple as all this is, few yet realize it.

Movable surfaces to assist longitudinal stability are called forward or rear "controls" according to their position with regard to main surfaces. Besides being stabilizers, they are used in steering the machine up or down. These controls are also often used in conjunction, so that we can speak of a front or rear-controlled machine or of a combined-controlled machine. Machines are fitted sometimes with a front control only (original Wright and original Voisin), sometimes with a rear control (Blériot, Antoinette) and sometimes with both (Curtiss, Farman, Baddeck). The front control is, however, falling into disfavor, as it must be carried considerably in advance of the main surfaces on all tailed machines to get the sufficient leverage for quick up-and-down movements.

"Even then there is difficulty in getting the tail to move up or down quickly to change the angle of the aeroplane, because of the pressure of the air which resists the movement, so combined controls are sometimes used working together, i. e., if the *front* elevator is raised to a positive angle the rear elevator assumes a negative angle. In this way a couple is made—an upward pressure in front and a downward pressure behind, so that the whole machine swings easily about its center of gravity.

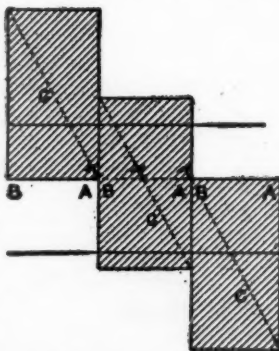
"The rear control has been found to act admirably by itself, and therefore in a great many modern aeroplanes this control alone is fitted. Movable surfaces to assist lateral stability are called lateral controls, and besides being stabilizers are used in turning. . . .

"Warping is a system of lateral control adopted by several constructors, notably the Wrights.

It consists of twisting the flexible rear edge of the main surface, so as to increase the surface opposed to the air pressure on one side and to reduce it on the other. In some machines—Santos-Dumont's 'Demoiselle,' for example—the angle of incidence is increased on one wing, while the other remains normal. The result in both cases is, of course, to raise the machine on the side on which the angle of incidence is increased. . . .

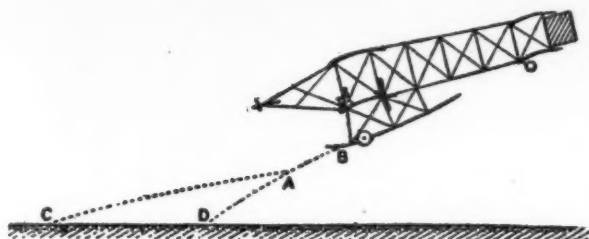
"The most common method, which acts in precisely the same way as warping, is to fit ailerons, or movable flaps, to the rear of the main surfaces on each side or to place them between the main surfaces. Good examples can be seen on the Farman or Curtiss machines. . . .

"Variable surfaces are the dream of most inventors, as, if it were possible to reduce the spread of the wings at will during flight, not only would a stabilizing effect result from furling or hauling in on the higher side and letting out on the lower, but by furling or letting out both simultaneously, variable speeds could be achieved. The construction difficulties of this system are, however, so great that, until very much larger aeroplanes than any now made are employed, it is unlikely to come into general use."



This diagram is same as above, except that here the wind is stronger, i. e., a longer body of air passes in a given time. The aeroplane therefore has further to travel with regard to its passage through the air and takes longer to arrive at B. Apparently, while the aeroplane is at a much greater angle to the line of flight, it moves along the line A-B as before.

Such are the factors in the pressing problem which has so tragic a meaning for every human being who tries to fly. The whole subject, as this outline of it shows, is so simple that it can be put in the language of the man in the street; but it seems unlikely that an immediate solution of the difficulty will be found. In other words, the aviation tragedy will have to be accepted for some little time to come as part of the normal order of things. It should be remembered that the attitude of all machines upon the ground is not their flying attitude, and that when at rest



THE SO-CALLED VOL PLANE

This is one of the most sensational maneuvers of aviation from the point of view of the spectator on the ground, altho the aviators themselves make light of it.

or running on all their wheels and skids they present a large angle of incidence. Even the careful student of aviation is apt to forget how different is the situation of a man in flight from that of a man strapped into an aeroplane on the ground. How totally different is a turn in the air, for instance, from a turn on the ground! When an aeroplane is making a turn in the air, the centrifugal force tends to swing it outwards from its course. It therefore becomes necessary to bank it, that is, to tilt the machine inwards, so as to correct this tendency. This tilting is a fruitful source of disaster, but it has not caused so many tragedies as the so-called vol plané:

"This maneuver is accomplished by shutting off the motor during flight and thereby turning the aeroplane into a glider. In most machines it is

safest to assume the gliding angle before shutting off the motor. This is especially true of biplanes and machines with a large head-resistance, otherwise the speed may decrease so rapidly that a steep dive to get up speed will be the result, and if the altitude is small disaster may follow. It is a common fallacy that steep and prolonged gliding puts a greater strain on the wings than when they are in normal flight. As a matter of fact, this is not the case. In gliding an aeroplane moves at its highest speed—that is to say, the

speed it attains when flying normally at its best angle of incidence. If the engine is restarted while a glide is in progress, the result is not to increase the speed, but to alter the angle of incidence—to tend to bring the aeroplane back to its normal flying attitude. An aeroplane cannot go faster than a certain speed; when that speed is reached any excess of power will serve only to lift it out of its path, and will not cause it to go any faster.

"Supposing the aeroplane in the diagram is descending on the path B A, if the pilot wishes to descend at C he has two courses open to him: he can either alter the angle of incidence with his elevator, or by starting up his engine.

"It should, however, be noted that by depressing the elevator and forcing the machine into a steeper path than its natural gliding path, an abnormal speed can be produced, which is practically a fall."

HOW AND WHY BIG BATTLESHIPS BLOW UP

THE catastrophe involving the giant French battleship *Liberté*—blown up in Toulon harbor with a loss of four hundred lives a few weeks since—comes as the climax in a series of kindred disasters attributable to the instability of modern explosives. Thus may be summed up the expert opinion of Europe. The old black powder was a comparatively trustworthy agent, according to the naval expert of the *London Mail*. Spontaneous explosions, our contemporary affirms, were rare in the days of this old black powder. "But the new powders have a terror of their own all the greater because its cause can not be located."

It is the catastrophe to the United States battleship *Maine* which really heads this long and sinister list, if our foreign authority be accurate. It scouts the inference that this great ship was destroyed by the Spaniards:

It is clear, it insists, in view of the operations in Havana harbor recently, that there had been no mine in the path of the ill-fated *Maine*. Several years passed before the tragedy of the *Maine* repeated itself. Then the Russian battleship *Petropaulovsk* went up. The war between Japan and Russia was raging and the world at first thought the great vessel blew up because it hit a mine. Yet it was not a mine that sent her to the bottom, declares this expert authority. Mines were repeatedly struck by both Russian and Japanese ships with relatively small damage. But when the magazine went off there was instant catastrophe.

A few weeks later the Japanese battleship *Hatsuse* struck a mine. That need have caused no great damage. But the shock of hitting the mine exploded the magazines. She went to the bottom as did the *Liberté* the other day. The Japanese navy, which used specially

powerful explosives, possibly manufactured in haste, suffered two further disasters after the war. The immense battleship Mikasa blew up in Sasebo harbor. The tragedy was attributed to treachery until the battleship was raised, whereupon the fault was established as that of the high explosives aboard. The Japanese cruiser Masutshima went up in precisely the same manner. Prior to that a Brazilian battleship, the Aquidaban, blew up in a manner traceable to the high explosiveness of the powder in the magazines. The naval experts of the world were still discussing this tragedy when the gigantic French battleship Iéna blew up in Toulon harbor:

"A disaster so terrible—for at that date the Iéna was one of the newest French battleships in service—demanded vigilant investigation. By some the catastrophe was attributed to an Anarchist plot or to sedition among the crew. There was no evidence of either. To remove the profound disquietude in France and in the French Navy a long series of inquiries was held. There were three theories as to the cause of the explosions: wireless waves upsetting the unstable chemical or electrical equilibrium which exists in the components of modern powders; an accident, due to carelessness in the handling of powder or projectiles; and absolutely spontaneous detonation. The first theory was not examined with any care, though the effects of wireless electricity are peculiar, and there is a certain type of Hertzian wave which can penetrate any metal except lead. The general belief was that a particular explosive, 'B powder,' was the real cause, and that it had spontaneously exploded.

"Colonel Marsat, indeed, showed that it was 'mathematically impossible' for this powder to explode of its own accord. But M. Vielle, the distinguished chemist, and General Gossot, a great artilleryman, admitted that such explosion was possible. Captain Lepidi went further and declared that not only was this powder dangerous, but the peril from it was extreme. 'I do not assert,' he said, 'that all our ships will blow up to-morrow, but I do say that all of them may blow up.' A few weeks later his statement was signally justified. A quantity of 'B powder' took fire spontaneously while the committee were examining it, and, had the quantity been large, there would have been no committee left. But the experiments which they made suggested that if the powder were kept cool and not allowed to grow too old the danger would not be great. And so, it is believed, a quantity of 'B' powder was retained in service."

After the Iéna catastrophe there was much inspection of explosives in all navies. The stocks of cordite were overhauled and chemically tested. So unsatisfactory were the results of the tests in many cases that tons of this propellant were burned or emptied into the sea. At the same time refrigerating machinery was fitted to the magazines of warships to keep the powder cool. This refrigerating machinery has not been perfected, however, and to this circumstance the naval experts attribute the disaster that befell the Liberté. There was a state of combustion, spontaneous, no doubt, for some hours prior to the first explosion. This combustion went on undetected.



THE GREATEST BATTLESHIP DISASTER ON RECORD

A terrible spectacle met the eye immediately after the blowing up of the ill-fated Liberté, but the feature of the explosion that did most damage to the French navy from a tactical viewpoint was that neighboring battleships likewise suffered heavy damages.

A REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY OF THE RELATION OF SOIL TO CROPS



FROM the time of Liebig until within the last few years it has generally been assumed, whenever an ordinary soil lost its fertility and crops grew smaller and smaller, that the plants affected were in need of more nourishment. Manure was accordingly applied to the soil. The particular problem was one for the chemist to solve. If the soil were found deficient in some substance the plant needed, that substance was the one to be applied. Upon this assumption has been reared the ambitious science of agriculture which, in turn, has fostered the twin science of the fixation of nitrogen or, in simple words, the manuring of soils.

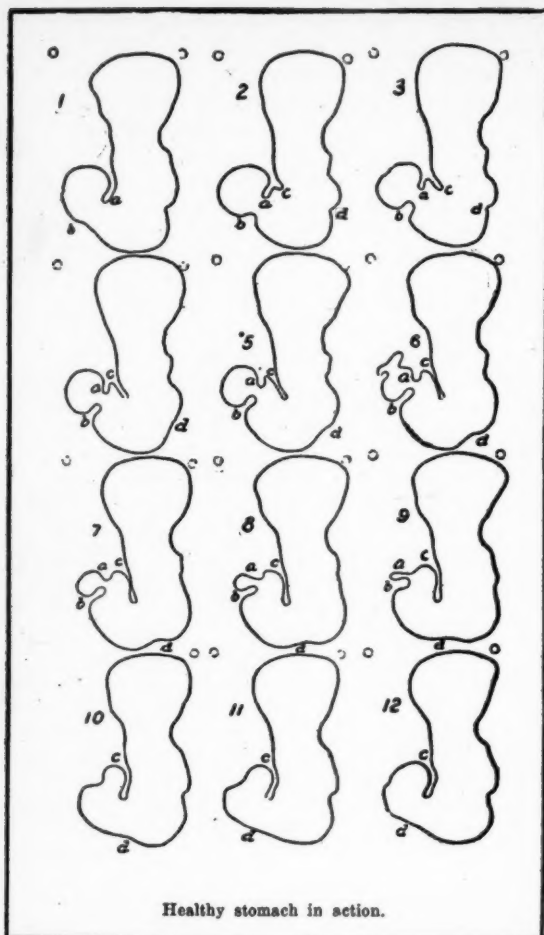
During the past thirty years or so—we quote with verbal modifications a recent study in *Science Progress* (London)—increasing attention has been paid to minute organisms living in the soil. These organisms contribute immensely to the welfare of plants. About two years ago that successful expert on soils, Dr. E. J. Russell, discovered that many kinds of fields could have their capacity to bear crops enormously increased by partially sterilizing the soil with steam. This discovery was characterized at a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science as “an epoch in agriculture” and as “revolutionizing all human conceptions of the relation of soil to crops.” The tentative explanation of the subject put forward by Doctor Russell himself was simple. There are probably large organisms living in the soil and these prey upon the smaller beneficent microbes. There must be in a soil something corresponding to the white corpuscles in the blood and when they flourish they keep down the bacteria to such an extent as to prevent the latter from carrying on their work. The difference between the blood and a soil in this regard is that in the blood the bacteria do harm, whereas in a soil the bacteria are actively helpful. Doctor Russell is still carrying on his experiments; but in the meanwhile an entirely new set of hypotheses has been formulated by the Bureau of Soils connected with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and these, if accepted, must cause another revolution in ideas. The controversy aroused by these developments has already inspired much theorizing in Europe, where experts in some cases join issue with the Americans. In any event,

as organs of science abroad admit, the world seems on the eve of a fundamental modification of its ideas of agriculture.

The new American ideas may be stated briefly to be that all normal soils are very much alike. That is because every one of them has been formed by the breaking down of rock-forming minerals and because the moisture in the soil which conveys the mineral food to the roots of plants always has much the same composition. This it seems has been proved by chemical analysis. What then causes some soils to grow large crops, while others grow small ones? In the first place, granted that all soils have an ample supply of nutrient solution (that is, if the water supply be sufficient), the nutrient solution is distributed over the surface of the particles of soil. The rate at which any disturbances (such as those caused by the natural feeding of plant roots) are readjusted depends on certain properties of the particles and is of prime importance in determining the productiveness of soils. Such things as the coarseness or fineness of the particles are of vastly more importance than the food supply of plants.

In many cases, however, there must be other factors, or at least some other factor, involved, because the aqueous extracts of soils, instead of behaving all alike as they should do, often show the same differences in productiveness as the soils themselves. That is, they do so when used experimentally. The inference is that a toxin or plant poison must be present in unfertile soils. British agriculturists seem inclined to skepticism. Yet one soil expert says in the *London Standard*:

“What these plant poisons may be or whence they come is not as yet ascertained. Some of them may arise normally during the rotting of the soil organic matter, but some are probably excreted by the plants themselves. This latter suggestion recalls the old belief that certain crops poison others, or even young plants of the same kind, perhaps the most picturesque being an account many years ago by Sir Hans Sloane of a wonderful Eastern plant, the Scythian Lamb, that devastated the ground for some distance around it. ‘This vegetable,’ says Evelyn, ‘is called the Tartarian Lamb from its resemblance in shape to that animal. It has something like four feet, and its body is covered with a kind of down. Travelers report that it will suffer no vegetable to grow within a certain distance of its seat.’



"If all this be true, what is the use of manure or fertilizers? The American answer is: 'Fertilizers do not function primarily in the soil as nutrients for the plants, but they have a much more complex action. They may alter the distribution of the soil solution or throw out of

action some of the toxins, and probably they serve other functions also.'"

Doctor Russell himself discusses these new American hypotheses at length and his summary of the subject is seemingly the typical European one:

"(1) Whitney [the chemical expert associated with the Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture] supposes all soils to be chemically alike in that all are made up of the same rock material; consequently the soil solution is the same in all cases. Other chemists, on the other hand, consider that the soil is more complex, containing colloidal decomposition products and a solution which not only differs in composition in different soils, but also shows local variations in composition in different parts of the same soil.

"(2) He further supposes that variations in concentration of the soil solution have no effect on the rate of growth of plants and that in consequence all soils are equally rich in plant food; added fertilizers owe their value to other than nutritive effects.

"(3) He considers that infertility must therefore be due to other causes than lack of nutritive compounds; dismissing considerations of nutrition altogether, he supposes instead that infertility arises from the presence of toxic organic compounds, some of which at any rate may be plant excretions. We, on the other hand, attach great importance to the nutritive functions of the soil constituents and of added fertilizers; while some of us agree that part of the infertility of 'sour' soils may be due to toxic substances (and apparently the soils examined by Whitney and his colleagues were 'sour' soils), we cannot accept the view that plants excrete toxic substances."

There is no doubt in Doctor Russell's mind that the work of our soil bureau has suffered from leaving out of consideration all biological changes going on in the soil.

THE NEW STOMACH

IN RECENT years investigations in laboratories have immensely modified the views formerly held respecting the shape of the stomach and its behavior during the digestion of food-stuffs. According to the old conception of the shape of the stomach, its two openings (that is, the so-called cardiac opening at the

lower end of the esophagus and the pyloric opening at the opposite end of the stomach) are nearly on a level. This, explains Dr. J. H. Kellogg in *Good Health*, is an entirely mistaken notion but recently exploded. The position of the healthy stomach when a person is in a standing position is for the most part vertical, as shown in the two diagrams reproduced from our contemporary's pages.

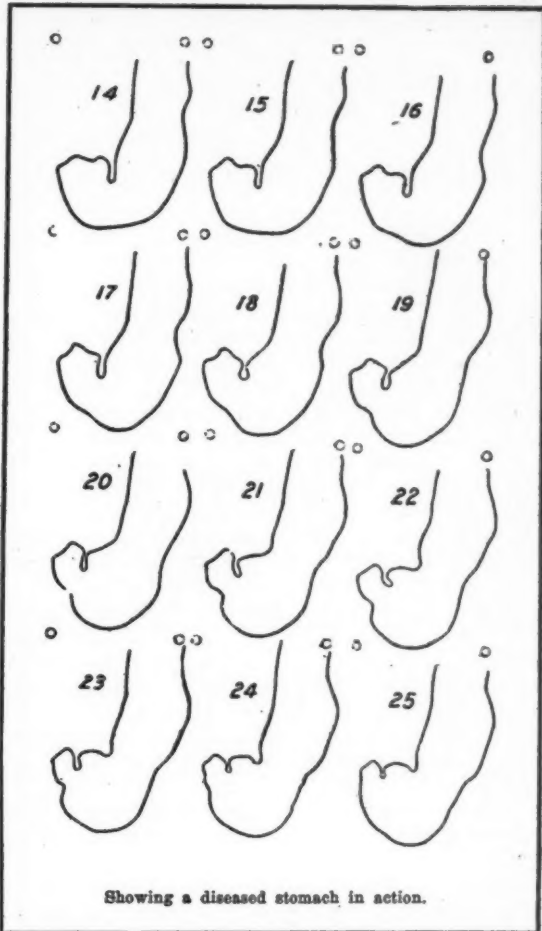
It will be noted that the greater portion of the stomach maintains a vertical position:

"The hooked part extending toward the right is the pyloric portion. When the stomach is empty it is contracted upon itself; the walls are in contact. When food is introduced it does not drop at once to the bottom of the stomach, but is equally distributed throughout the stomach. When the stomach is in a diseased or relaxed state, that is, when it has lost its tone so that its muscular walls do not contract but remain constantly separated—a condition often encountered in disease—foods or liquids swallowed pass at once to the bottom of the stomach, there accumulating and often remaining for a long time because of the weakness of the stomach walls and their inability to expel the gastric contents. The appearance of a stomach of the last mentioned sort is shown on this page.

"Most interesting new facts have been developed concerning the way in which the stomach acts upon its contents during the digestion of a meal. This new information was elicited by making a moving picture of the stomach in action. On the previous page is a diagram indicating the changing shape of the stomach in action as shown by the moving picture machine. The several changes indicated constitute what is known as a cycle, or a single contraction of the stomach upon its contents. It will be noted that numbers 1 and 12 have essentially the same form. Number 1 represents the beginning of the cycle and number 12 the end, the stomach being ready to begin a new cycle. The length of time required by the stomach for passing through these various changes of form is said to be twenty-two seconds."

In recent years it has been generally believed that in expelling the liquid portion of the contents, the stomach contracted upon itself in such a way as to divide its cavity into two parts. Recent investigation, says Doctor Kellogg, explodes this idea, too:

"The pyloric portion of the stomach known as the antrum appears to be not a permanent division of the stomach, but a constantly changing space which is formed, obliterated and reformed continually while the stomach is in action. The waves of contraction which move along the borders of the stomach act as scoops which dig into the gastric contents and move them along toward the pylorus. Only a small part of the liquid portion of the gastric contents is pushed through the pylorus at each contraction, the major portion coming back into the general cavity of the



stomach. But little by little the digested food-stuffs are moved on to the pylorus and pushed forward into the small intestine.

"The figure above, as we remarked, shows the appearance of a crippled stomach. In this case there was a cancer in the lesser curvature of the stomach, which interfered with the action of the stomach in the work of moving the gastric contents forward to the intestine."

The new knowledge of the stomach has been gained for the most part through the skiagraph and the moving picture film. Indeed, one of the unexpected results of the discovery of the radioactive property of some forms of matter has been the utilization of the rays thus yielded in the solution of many problems of surgery and anatomy. And we are on the threshold of the new physiology at that—at the very beginning of it.

A DANGEROUS DELUSION REGARDING THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF ENERGY

IMPRESSIONS that the world has at its disposal vast and hitherto unsuspected sources of energy are due to the spread of the new physics. The disintegration of elements, the prevalence of ultraviolet rays in ether and the value of radium emanations tend to unsettle the popular mind on many aspects of applied science, but these misconceptions are not really dangerous. There is one widely prevalent notion, however, that is doing mischief so great that Sir William Ramsay, one of the world's most famous physicists, issues a special warning against it. It has to do with what he calls the "optimism" of people not scientists on the subject of recent investigations into sources of energy. Those sources have been made widely known as the possibility of utilizing the tides, the internal heat of the earth, the winds, solar heat, water power and lastly the infinitely slow disintegration of the elements.

Unfortunately, says this great scientist, the idea that these sources of energy are available for man's behoof is pure delusion. It even seems utterly improbable that we shall ever be able to utilize the energy due to the revolution of the earth on its axis. Scarcely less preposterous is the speculation whether, if elements are capable of disintegration, the world may not have at its disposal a hitherto unsuspected source of energy. To quote Sir William's words from *London Nature*:

"If radium were to evolve its stored-up energy at the same rate that gun-cotton does, we should have an undreamt-of explosive; could we control the rate we should have a useful and potent source of energy, provided always that a sufficient supply of radium were forthcoming. But the supply is certainly a very limited one; and it can be safely affirmed that the production will never surpass half an ounce a year. If, however, the elements which we have been used to consider as permanent are capable of changing with evolution of energy; if some form of catalyser could be discovered which would usefully increase their almost inconceivably slow rate of change, then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered.

"The whole progress of the human race has indeed been due to individual members discovering means of concentrating energy, and of transforming one form into another. The carnivorous animals strike with their paws and crush with their teeth; the first man who aided

his arm with a stick in striking a blow discovered how to concentrate his small supply of kinetic energy; the first man who used a spear found that its sharp point in motion represented a still more concentrated form; the arrow was a further advance, for the spear was then propelled by mechanical means; the bolt of the crossbow, the bullet shot forth by compressed hot gas, first derived from black powder, later from high explosives; all these represent progress. To take another sequence; the preparation of oxygen by Priestley applied energy to oxide of mercury in the form of heat; Davy improved on this when he concentrated electrical energy into the tip of a thin wire by aid of a powerful battery, and isolated potassium and sodium."

That the latent energy of fuel can be converted into energy of motion by means of the steam engine is what we owe to Watt; that the kinetic energy of the fly-wheel can be transformed into electrical energy was due to Faraday. To Faraday, too, we are indebted for the reconversion of electrical energy into mechanical work. It is this power of mechanical work which gives the modern world its relative leisure and enables the thickly populated lands of to-day to support their inhabitants:

"Great progress has been made during the past century in effecting the conversion of one form of energy into others, with as little useless expenditure as possible. Let me illustrate by examples: A good steam engine converts about one-eighth of the potential energy of the fuel into use for work; seven-eighths are lost as unused heat, and useless friction. A good gas engine utilizes more than one-third of the total energy in the gaseous fuel; two-thirds are uneconomically expended. This is a universal proposition; in order to affect the conversion from one form of energy into another, some energy must be expended uneconomically. If A is the total energy which it is required to convert; if B is the energy into which it is desired to convert A; then a certain amount of energy, C, must be expended to affect the conversion. In short, $A=B+C$. It is eminently desirable to keep C, the useless expenditure, as small as possible; it can never equal zero, but it can be made small. The ratio of C to B (the economic coefficient) should therefore be as large as is attainable."

This calculation of ratio has reference to coal practically, concludes Sir William, and the world is using its coal up rapidly. The delusion which is so dangerous grows out of this circumstance.

Religion and Ethics

THE NEW EVANGELISM AS CONTRASTED WITH THE OLD

THE opinion is often expressed that religious evangelism has fulfilled its mission and is out of place in the twentieth century. Few would deny that revivals of the sort conducted by Moody and Sankey thirty or forty years ago would now be considered an anomaly. But the evangelistic impulse still persists, and at intervals breaks out into activity. The "Men and Religion Forward Movement" is its latest embodiment.

This remarkable movement is backed by nine church brotherhoods, the International Sunday-School Association and the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. Among its enthusiastic supporters are men of such different types as William Jennings Bryan and J. Pierpont Morgan. Its representatives are visiting most of the towns and cities of the United States and Canada, and its inspirational leader, Fred B. Smith, defines its object in the old-fashioned way—"to win men and boys to Jesus Christ and to vital life in the church." His chief associate, Fayette L. Thompson, declares: "We are living literally in a matchless age, in an age utterly unlike any other; and the age that gives the world the wireless telegraph and the flying machine must also give the world an adequate interpretation and representation of Jesus Christ."

The distinguishing qualities of the new crusade may be found in its "team-work" and in its synthetic attitude. It sends out evangelists in groups, and bases its appeal on six specific interests—evangelism, Bible study, missions, work for boys, social service and community extension.

The word "team" has come from the ball field to church a little too recently to seem quite at home. But "it had to come," says a writer in the Chicago Presbyterian weekly, *The Continent*, "because the Men and Religion Movement has seen that no man, however

powerful, will ever be able to put up to a busy modern town all the varied attractions of the service of Jesus Christ. Neither can any number of men, if all of one stripe in disposition and experience." The same writer continues:

"Religion is so manifold a thing that in order to present it entire there must be all sorts of men to 'play the different positions.' Heretofore these different sorts of Christians have been sufficiently in evidence, but each has been pleading for his own way of serving God and men. The new idea that struck the 'Men and Religion' planners was that these various types are not in any fashion competitors or rivals; they all belong together and are all required to make an exhibition of all-round Christianity. That is to say, the kingdom can't win till they all 'play together.' And there is where the 'team' idea came into view."

Evangelism is given the first place in the campaign. But the term, according to the writer in *The Continent*, is not to be interpreted as signifying what the man of the street calls "big meetings." Rather it points to patient personal ways of interesting the irreligious in religion—quiet influence constantly exerted but never displayed. Missions were included in the program partly to enforce the recent work of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Bible study was recognized because of the late remarkable development of men's classes in connection with the International Sunday-School Association and the denominational brotherhoods. Boys' work called for special attention because the Young Men's Christian Association, the Boy Scout organization and a number of other successful boys' orders have shown the importance and the possibilities of this kind of effort. "Community extension" has a new sound, but "in substance," we learn, "it is not very new; the original thought was to deal with shop meetings, but later this phrase was invented to include street preaching and other ways of



BANK PRESIDENT AND EVANGELISTIC WORKER
James G. Cannon, President of the Fourth National Bank, New York, is acting as chairman of the national committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

offering the gospel to men outside the churches."

The inclusion of social service in the schedule was perhaps the most significant step of all. Mr. Smith declares, in the official handbook* of the movement, his conviction that the social and individual aspects of Christianity must somehow be made to work together. Prof. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, contributes to the same volume an essay on "The Social Emphasis," in which he says:

"This social emphasis is not new. It is not only as old as Christianity, but it is as old as Judaism. It is as old as the second table of the law, the summary of which is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' It is as Christian as the law of neighbor-love, and that rudiment of all Christian ethics, the Golden Rule."

The movement aims to ameliorate social conditions rather than to discuss fundamental social theories. It recommends *The Survey*, the official weekly periodical of the Charity

* **MEN AND RELIGION.** Published for the Men and Religion Forward Movement. Young Men's Christian Association Press, New York.

Organization Society, and the literature printed by the Russell Sage Foundation.

All this is yet a preliminary to a description of what the teams of the Men and Religion Forward Movement actually do when they appear in a particular city on their winter travels. The town itself, we read in *The Continent*, is expected to do a great deal before the evangelists appear. Not only is a vast scheme of elaborate arrangement looked for from the local committee, but it is particularly asked that each individual church in the city and in its suburbs shall name a committee of its own to link it up with the city campaign.

The campaign in each city lasts eight days, and starts on Saturday. The team arrives on the following Monday. The first the city hears of them is at noonday meetings in the theaters, parks, public buildings, shops, factories, engine houses and schools, and in the streets as well. On Monday afternoon the team confers with the local committee. The same evening public banquets are held.

Tuesday and Wednesday are convention days, and on Tuesday evening a great parade of churchmen marches through the streets. Wednesday noon commences a series of luncheons designed to attract professional and business men. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock, bring the feature which the writer in *The Continent* describes as the heart of the whole program. "These are the hours set apart for institute work. Just as in the platform meetings, the different experts of the team at this time betake themselves each to his own specialty. The primary aim of the Men and Religion Movement is educational."

Saturday sees the pressure relax a little. The only meetings held that day are by way of preparation for the meeting of Sunday—the crowning day of the whole undertaking. On Sunday afternoon a mighty climax assault is made on the powers of evil in the community. The specialists for a time become generalists.

This is all; and yet, in a very real sense, it is not all. On Monday night the men of each congregation are expected to meet by themselves in their own church and decide how they will "follow up." Then is put to the test what the leaders of the movement call conservation. Then is asked and answered the essential question: Is this thing done, or is it beginning?

Three teams, it seems, are already organized, and a fourth will go into the field at the beginning of January. As yet the reports of

work already done are too incomplete or too partial to be of much value. Mr. Smith writes in the *Boston Congregationalist* that a fair judgment can only be based upon what is termed success by the leaders of the movement. He continues:

"The men most intimate in the administration are prepared to accept the judgment of a fair estimate upon four points which are to be held to as being indispensable to success.

"First. The Christian life is to be made increasingly worth while to men of all types. If the messages good or indifferent, the meetings large or small, the notices in the press favorable or otherwise, the functions popular or unpopular, will lead the manhood of North America to view with a higher appreciation the dignity of the Christian life, then this is to be claimed for the success column.

"Second. The curriculum of church activities is to be enlarged. If the program of the movement in all its phases of conventions, meetings and institutes will reveal to the church a grander program of work that ought actually to be undertaken, this is also to be claimed as success, whether every church in the land accepts the ideal or not.

"Third. There is to be a plan of a permanent specialized effort for and by men and boys proposed for each local church. If a reasonable outline is submitted for conserving the increased activity in the local church, even if it is ignored in many places, this is to be added to the side that commends the movement.

"Fourth. There is to be an inter-church men's organization urged where two or more churches are located in one community. If a workable outline is suggested for carrying out those features of Christian responsibility which can best be met by an interdenominational committee, whether universally adopted or not, this is to be claimed for full value for the success side of the verdict."

Comment on the new crusade in both the secular and religious press is for the most part sympathetic. The *New York Times*, however, fears that the movement is not emotional enough. It says: "In order to have strong effects the movement must stir the emotions of the people. No revival of religious spirit can be successfully made through merely intellectual appeal. The overemotionalism of former revivals has frequently been followed by relapse, of course, but that need not be the case when the emotional appeal is directed with sagacity and well controlled."

The *New York Freeman's Journal* sees in the campaign a tendency to substitute "socialized Christianity" for the gospel of Christ.



THE INSPIRATIONAL LEADER OF THE NEW CRUSADE

"I shall feel honored," says Fred B. Smith, campaign leader of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, "if I can so live that I may be mentioned in the same generation with Dwight L. Moody."

Unity (Chicago) offers criticism of an entirely different nature:

"All this is well, is very well, but these brothers are trying to move the religious ship forward by working the oars on one side only. This movement will reach many of the men who are out of the churches because of ethical indifference and spiritual stolidity, but it will largely miss that other important non-church-going element that stay away from churches because they have done more thinking than the preachers have done,—or more at least than the preachers are willing to admit. These men may well return the appeal and say: 'O brethren, bring your churches up to the line, reconstruct your antique creeds, recognize current inspirations, adjust the malconnections between science and religion, between the head and the heart. You are right in reminding us that a heartless life is bad, but we with hearts beg to remind you that a headless life is as bad. If you would arouse a new interest in the Christian Church of America, you must arouse the same churches to new thinking and fresh interpretations of the old verities, such as will recognize the sanctities of thought and the inspirations of science and art.'"

IS AMERICAN CHARACTER DISINTEGRATING?



"PROFOUND deterioration" in American manners and morals was noted by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, head of the Department of Sociology at Columbia University and President of the American Sociological Society, in a recent address before the New York School of Philanthropy. This deterioration, he said, has been going on for fifteen or twenty years, and presents an even more serious problem than that of poverty. He continued:

"Before the nations of the world we have the reputation of a nation that lets murder go unpunished. In the North as well as in the South negroes are burned. On all sides we see a desperate indifference to conduct. It is this that should give us pause.

"We have in the United States one of the largest populations ever gathered together, a population of many races, of very many nationalities, having different histories, different experience of life, different languages, and profound difference of knowledge. Our people range from the most ignorant to the most learned. There are profound moral differences, from vice and crime to altruism, and profound economic differences, from direct poverty to enormous luxury. Add to this intricate differences of ideals, temperaments, and ambitions. . . .

"Likemindedness is absolutely necessary for us, and we do not seem to be going in that direction.

"We must reduce the differences between the intelligent and the ignorant. We are doing more in that direction than in any other.

"We must wipe out the differences between the over-rich and the very poor. We are stirred up over that problem. But the difference between the vicious and the just is the greatest difference that keeps us apart. It is the most urgent problem. Our conduct has deteriorated, and that is the real thing that makes for the general welfare."

Professor Giddings's alarmist views are shared by many publicists. Will Carleton, for instance, the poet-philosopher whose rustic verse delighted the hearts of an earlier generation, has lately been declaring, in an interview in the *New York Times*, his conviction that extravagance and greed are fast becoming the bane of American life. "We have worked," he says, "and are now working too much for money without regard for infinitely better things, and some have wrecked their souls in doing so—indeed, their souls and minds and bodies. Few you will find who have achieved the money who have all three

—soul, mind, and body—left, and some of them have practically lost them all." Charles Ferguson, in the *New York American*, is appalled by "our towering murder rate, our frenzied lynchings, our unparalleled callousness to the destruction of man-life and child-life in mines and mills, the spread of enervating luxury and prostitution, the increasing labor cost of the necessities of existence and the break-up of our national ethics into many distinct kinds of 'class-consciousness' with their warring codes."

The question whether the moral conduct of the American people has deteriorated to any such extent as that assumed by Professor Giddings and the writers quoted is too complex to be answered lightly. There are many factors to be considered in reaching even a tentative conclusion. The *Springfield Republican* offers the comforting reflection that there is nothing final about a period of deterioration. Ernest Renan thought that "some centuries have been condemned, for the ulterior good of humanity, to be skeptical and immoral"; and he must have had in mind, says *The Republican*, periods of transition, periods during which revolutions were taking place in human thought, in social customs and conventions, in moral standards even. Such a country as our own, the same paper continues, could hardly exist in the present stage of the world's progress without being deeply disturbed in many ways. The mere process of racial assimilation into national likemindedness, on such a tremendous scale, means a violent shaking down as well as a shaking up of character and conduct. It so happens, also, that throughout the civilized world there is going on a ferment in relation to many of the orthodox conceptions and standards of society and the State. That this presages a new and better order is the belief of some; but, however that may be, *The Republican* comments, the process is inconsistent with the calm and equilibrium of a well-settled order of things. If we are in a transition stage, it is possible that a certain deterioration will be observed and felt; yet there is no reason to believe that the outcome will not be in unison with our hopes.

But are we deteriorating? The *New York World* meets a recent statement that "in all forms of immorality the United States is the acknowledged superior of any of the effete civilizations of Europe" with the words:

"Only with respect to crimes of violence, such as murder and lynching, are we worse than Europe, and many of our murders are committed by Europeans. In all phases of social morality we are far superior to any people in Europe." *The World* goes on to say:

"Take this single fact as an illustration: Despatches giving the official statistics of Berlin for 1909, which have just been issued, state that out of 39,474 births in that city 10,008 were illegitimate. The mothers of the illegitimate children were of all classes.

"Berlin is no worse than London or Paris or Vienna or St. Petersburg. But no American city is in that class.

"A large publicity is given by the press of the United States to offenses against social morality, because it has been proved that publicity is the best means of putting an end to them. In short, revealed immorality in America is as nothing compared with that which is hidden and glossed over in every part of the Old World. This is neither raillery nor complacency; it is the truth."

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, is convinced both of our moral superiority as compared with other countries, and of our moral progress. He puts forward the theory that most of our crimes are com-

mitted by the moral and nervous weaklings who have been unable to keep pace with the rapid gait of civilization. He concludes:

"The strong and the good are becoming stronger and better; the bad and the weak are becoming worse and weaker.

"The morals and manners of 5 per cent. of the American people are deteriorating; and that far Professor Giddings is right.

"The manners and morals of the other 95 per cent. are gaining immeasurably from year to year; and as to that larger group he is wrong."

Perhaps the most impressive tribute to America's moral health is that furnished by James Bryce in his preface to the new edition of "The American Commonwealth." "It was with some anxiety," he says, "that I entered on this revision, fearing lest the hopeful spirit with which my observation of American institutions from 1870 to 1894 had inspired me might be damped by a close examination of their more recent phases. But all I have seen and heard during the last few years makes me more hopeful for the future of popular government. The forces working for good seem stronger to-day than they have been for the last three generations."

HOW FAR SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT CAN BE APPLIED TO RELIGION

THE new "gospel of efficiency," so ably enunciated by Frederick W. Taylor and others, has now reached the churches. In a recent widely discussed paper read at the Sagamore Beach Conference and printed in *The Standard*, Prof. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, addresses himself to a consideration of scientific management in its relation to religion. "A capacity to understand actual conditions and to study them in the light of definite rules" is what he regards as the core of the efficiency program. Not mere "speeding up," but actual improvement over haphazard, traditional methods is its object. This philosophy is set forth by Professor Mathews in the formula: There is a normal and a standard method of performing a task which is to be gained by observation of those actually performing the task.

Scientific management of a business or of a factory involves the economy of time, the study of implements and methods for properly

making a given product, and a better working relation between employers and employees. Broadly speaking, its main features may be summed up under the following heads: (1) The centering of attention upon operation rather than upon sales. (2) The standardizing of activity in terms of function rather than of competition and "speeding up." (3) The division of labor by which the planning and the performance of tasks are separated and each is highly specialized. (4) The education of those performing the specialized task as to their functions and precise duties. (5) The adjustment of all plans and tasks into perfect cooperation through an appeal to cooperative rather than competitive self-interest. The question considered by Professor Mathews is: How far are these principles applicable to religious organization?

At the very outset he points out fundamental differences between industrial and religious activities. Church activity, it is obvious, cannot be reduced to concrete tasks with definitely measurable products. The handling



AN ADVOCATE OF SCIENTIFIC CHURCH MANAGEMENT

Prof. Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago, pleads for the application of the principles of business efficiency to the organization of Christianity.

of pig iron or the speeding up of machines is radically different from anything in church work. The work of the church is essentially spiritual, that is to say its results are measurable only in terms of personality and social evolution.

Yet, notwithstanding these differences, Professor Mathews believes that the philosophy of efficiency can be applied, at least tentatively, to the working of churches. In the first place, he says, the churches may well center attention upon operation rather than results:

"That is to say, the churches must more clearly distinguish between what they are trying to do and the way they are trying to do it. Good intentions are not always wise intentions. And this regard for operation demands a sharper definition of function. In a general way, of course, the church understands that its function is the salvation of the world, but as to the process of salvation, or, as the efficiency management says, as to the operations in bringing about salvation, there seems to be a considerable difference of opinion. The first step in larger efficiency must presuppose that a given establishment exists for a definite purpose, and that operation must conform to that process. Detailed results are wholly subordinate. Handlers of pig iron are not

trained to be efficient as workers of wood pulp machines, and to switch men from one occupation to another is fatal to efficiency. Similarly in the case of the church, centering of attention upon operation raises immediately the question to what sort of operation the church should engage in."

At this point there is likely to be considerable difference of opinion as to detail, and, in Professor Mathews' opinion, justly so. The general aim of the church may be said to be the development and direction of the spiritual life in social service as well as in individual character. But any given church may find its problem differing from that of other churches by reason of some element peculiar to its own situation. Some churches, for example, are in communities which demand institutional work. Other churches find that a different kind of work is more needed. "Yet," Professor Mathews argues, "the principle undoubtedly holds that a good church must first discover what mode of operation is peculiarly adapted to enable the church to fulfil its primary function." Professor Mathews writes further:

"I venture to say in general, however, that this elementary decision is altogether too infrequent in churches. They are still too much bound by the operations of the church of a century ago. Worship, of course, can never be omitted from our church life, but one cannot help feeling that the church which exists for the purpose of holding services on Sunday and possibly a week-day and the cooperative maintenance, as it were, of a private chaplain, has never seriously faced the problem of its own efficiency. If every church once a year were to undertake to study the community in which it actually exists for the purpose of discovering its moral and religious needs, and were then to ask itself how best it could be operated to meet those needs, organized Christianity would be wonderfully more efficient."

Professor Mathews' next contention is that churches can and ought to apply to themselves the conception of functional rather than mere competitive standards. "In too many communities," he states, "churches compete with each other with the simple standard of numerical and otherwise material success." A minister, for instance, is employed who will draw a crowd, or agencies are adopted which will serve to distance competitors. The same spirit is often in evidence within the churches themselves. They practise mere "speeding up." Contests are arranged between Sunday-school classes or between young men and young women or between other groups within the church for the sole purpose of building up

membership. In many cases such efforts have a seeming success, but, according to Professor Mathews, they should be discouraged. They are like the speeding-up process in industry. They are not constructive. "There is no training of church members in essential church functions, and when once the speeding-up process ceases, as, for example, when the 'hustling' minister or Sunday-school minister departs, the church frequently slips back to a lower stage of efficiency." What is needed is not spasmodic activity of this nature, but a clear grasp on the part of each church of its problems of operation and a deliberate attempt to solve them.

It follows that to bring such a result there must be more systematic division between the department of management and the department of workers in churches than now exists. In this connection, Professor Mathews writes:

"The ordinary church organization is not well adapted to more than conventional activity. The management lies generally in the hands of a single paid superintendent, so to speak, the pastor, or a Sunday-school superintendent who is often without any special training for his work, a board of deacons chosen because of supposedly spiritual sympathies, but generally quite as conservative as spiritual. . . .

"It would seem to me no very difficult matter for every church to undertake the organization of what might be called its management staff. It makes little difference under what name this staff exists, provided that it undertakes to plan the tasks for the various members of the church. The unit of efficiency thus becomes specialized in view of specific functions. Instead of relying upon recurrent periods of agitation, called revivals, such management would undertake, first, the study of the condition under which the church is surrounded; second, the adoption of a program of specialized church activity; and, third, the selection and adjustment of various members of the church to the accomplishment of the specific tasks involved in the general plan of management. On the face of it, such a policy would seem to involve rather elaborate organization, but it does not seem to me that this would necessarily be oppressively elaborate. The danger of over-organization would be avoided by the functional conception. One group of men in the church should be held responsible for planning the specific duties of the church as a whole, altho they might also individually act in the capacity of those who carried out the plans, and this management committee would see to it that there was no hysterical committee-making, but the assignment of tasks that together should make the church, as a cooperating group of spiritual workmen, effective."

This conception of staff management and planning must be carried beyond the limits of the individual church. There should be, Professor Mathews urges, in every community a general program planned for the churches as a whole. A step toward this has been taken in a number of cities and especially in Chicago, where a Cooperative Council of City Missions exists for the express purpose of coordinating interdenominational activities. New churches in Chicago are not established by one denomination without the knowledge and practically the consent of the others. Every effort is made to prevent overlapping. "While it is not possible, of course," Professor Mathews remarks, "for such a body to have authority, it is none the less true that it is in a position to plan." Professor Mathews says, in concluding:

"I do not myself see why denominationalism may not be regarded as in itself a phase of division of labor in the church universal; but denominationalism is not sectarianism and denominationalism can be and must be cooperative. Such cooperation should be something more than a truce; it should be a genuine community in planning. In the same proportion that the church is conceived of as functional rather than as an end in itself will this become an end in view. The chief end of the activity of the church is not to get men into its fold, but to get itself into society; to get its ideal through individuals into the reconstructive forces of society itself. Complete success in such an undertaking will be possible only as men of different churches plan cooperatively. Bad politics, social evils, rotten municipal administrations, will continue as long as churches continue to regard themselves as without social functions. They will be to a large extent mitigated, if not in many cases destroyed, if the churches of any community deliberately undertake the process of evangelizing public opinion. This does not imply that churches should enter politics as churches, but it certainly involves the entrance of Christians into politics. A regenerate life that is content with unregenerate institutions is an anachronism. A church that seeks to prepare people for heaven alone is even more anachronistic. But churches which, under a definite policy and plan, deliberately undertake to organize themselves for efficiency in the spiritual forces in social evolution will have tremendous influence in spiritualization and moralization of the changing order. In my opinion the ambition to have part in such social evolution is growing, but it has not yet reached a stage of real efficiency for the reason that churches are not working in accordance with definite plans for specialized tasks, and have not yet undertaken the educational process which all efficiency involves."

A METHODIST MINISTER'S DEFENSE OF MORMONISM



HAT is described as an "astounding" article has lately appeared in the *New York Outlook*. Its author, the Rev. Frederick Vining Fisher, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Ogden, Utah, protests against recent magazine attacks on the Mormon Church, and tries to show that Mormonism is worthy of praise rather than blame. "Coming to Utah," he says, "to the pastorate of a leading Gentile church of this city, coming with a personal knowledge of conditions twenty years ago, now, after some months of personal contact with that Church and its leaders and with conditions in Utah, I have come to some conclusions, and I feel I am at least in as much a position to speak as magazine writers who have spent from two days to a month in the State, seeking material to prove a predetermined prejudice."

To understand Mormonism, Mr. Fisher continues, one must remember clearly three things: First, that it is a deeply religious body—an Evangelical Protestant Church, if the test of the Federal Council of Churches be a true test. "Born in an age of religious bigotry and crude theology and exiled across a wilderness, it has kept these relics longer than some of the rest of us, but, despite these facts, which linger longer in its books and out-of-the-way towns than in real life, it is to-day a Church of half a million praying, Bible-reading, law-abiding, thrifty, God-fearing men and women. America has no more strong, genuine, devoted Christians than some of the First Presidency, apostles, and leaders of the Mormon Church."

In the second place, Mr. Fisher contends, the Mormon Church was born of some of the best blood of New England and the Middle West of early days. "The men and women of Utah are the proud kinsfolk of the heroes of the Revolution. Her later sons and daughters are from the same sturdy Scotch, English, and Teutonic stock which has made America. Utah to-day is a distinctly American State."

Thirdly, the Mormon people are not peasants or illiterate. Some of their forefathers, Mr. Fisher concedes, may have been, but they are not. "Their leaders are graduates of Harvard, Cornell, Michigan, or German universities, and some of their young men lead the world to-day in scholarship. Utah has a strong public school and university system;

education and music are her pride. She has over five thousand college and university students."

The chief charges against the Mormons have been polygamy, deception, bigotry and the seeking of political power. Mr. Fisher replies:

"Polygamy is dead. At the Conference just closed in Salt Lake City, President J. F. Smith said:

Plural marriages have ceased in the Church. There is no man who is authorized to perform a plural marriage. No man or woman has the authority to have this ceremony performed for them. We have been doing all in our power to stop this. We have been doing all we can to trace the men who are performing these ceremonies. It is hard to locate them, but when we do find them, we will deal with them.

With respect to the idea proposed by some to induce the Congress of the United States to amend the constitution so as to give the Federal Government the authority to regulate plural marriage, so far as I am concerned I have no objection whatever to such an amendment. Neither has any other Latter-Day Saint. Let the States petition the Nation to regulate the whole subject of marriage in the United States, and it will be a god-send to the people everywhere.

"*Goodwin's Weekly*, of Salt Lake City, a noted opponent of Mormonism, acknowledges that this statement is just and sincere. That is a fair putting of the whole case, despite some current articles to the contrary. It is a dead issue in Utah. More than that, polygamy to most of the Mormon people, practiced as religious duty, was not sensual and was infinitely better than tandem polygamy in the East. The young men of the Mormon Church are clean young men, clear-eyed, brainy, and manly. The records of the half-million-dollar Deseret Gymnasium of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City show that of the hundreds of young men examined there there is yet to be found one tainted with unclean disease—a record unparalleled in most American cities."

The other charges against Mormonism are disposed of in the same spirit. "As to bigotry, no doubt it exists wherever there is isolation, but even then it is no worse than that of all our ancestors." It is true, Mr. Fisher declares, that Mormons are in politics. "For very self-protection in the past they had to go into politics"; but "the charges that they aim at national supremacy and threaten the life of the republic are about as real as England's dread of Germany and America's fear of the little Empire of the Pacific." Mr. Fisher says, in concluding:

"True it is that Mormonism dreams of a world-wide Christianity, bound together in a great restored Church, the old medieval dream. Others have dreamed the same; it was no sin for them, nor is it for Mormons. They will all

come some day to see, as we see, that the bond of the future Christianity will not be a Church, but the Christ; not a visible Temple, but an invisible Brotherhood. Until then we can afford to wait and be brothers in the common work for God and man.

"What Utah needs to-day is not a fight on Mormonism, but a common fight of Mormon and Methodist, Protestant and Catholic, on sin; not bitterness, but brotherhood; not missionaries to convert Mormons, but missionaries to save thousands of American boys adrift on our city streets; not a chasm between Gentile and Mormon, but a union of the strongest leaders of both types of Christianity to build between these mountains the best kind of Christianity on earth."

Mr. Fisher's frank utterance and unusual views may cost him his pastoral position in the Methodist Church. His Bishop says that he expects his resignation; and at a recent conference of Methodists in Colorado, a contiguous neighbor of the State of Utah, a resolution was passed condemning the *Outlook* article and calling upon Mr. Fisher to make good his statement that "polygamy is dead." "We respectfully ask the Rev. Frederick Vining Fisher," is the way the resolution puts it, "to give through *The Outlook* and our own church papers the date of the death of polygamy."

Zion's Herald, the Boston Methodist weekly, devotes considerable space to this controversy, challenging all of Mr. Fisher's principal arguments. When Mr. Fisher uses the term "evangelical" to describe the Mormon Church, *Zion's Herald* can only marvel. An ecclesiasticism, it says, that accepts the Book of Mormon to be "the Word of God," in some respects even superior to the Bible; that teaches such dogmas as the following, namely, that "God the Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's," that "there are many gods" rather than one, and that the Almighty has justified the patriarchs "as teaching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines," is not evangelical in any usually accepted sense. By the Presbyterian General Assembly these doctrines have been characterized as "more abhorrent to pure Christianity than to Islam."

The Boston weekly is not impressed by Mr. Fisher's eulogy of Mormon scholarship. Where, it asks, are the prodigies of erudition to whom he refers in his article? How many are there of this sort? In what fields of research are they in the lead? As to the statement that "polygamy is dead," *Zion's Herald* remarks:

"Opposite this allegation we place the testimony of witnesses in the Smoot case in Washington as summarized by ex-Senator Cannon in *Everybody's Magazine* for May, 1911. In this inquiry, carried on by order of the United States Senate, Mormon 'prophets' and priests by the score—to an extent unsuspected before that inquiry, by either Gentiles or Mormons—testified that they had 'resumed polygamous relations'; and President Joseph F. Smith testified that eleven children had been born to him by his five wives since he had pledged himself to obey the 'revelation' forbidding polygamous relations."

The Outlook is editorially inclined to agree with Mr. Fisher that polygamy is dead, or at least moribund; but does not share his feeling that it "was not sensual and was infinitely better than tandem polygamy in the East." "We think it was sensual," *The Outlook* comments; "and whether better or worse than tandem polygamy in the East is not material. It is a poor apology for a vice to affirm that there is somewhere another vice that is worse." The menace of Mormonism at the present time, *The Outlook* thinks, is not social nor theological, but political:

"Our contributor frankly concedes that Mormons are in politics; and his defense is more specious than sound. Of course in a State largely peopled by Mormons, Mormons are in politics, as in a community largely peopled by Congregationalists, Congregationalists are in politics. But in New England, the Congregationalists are in politics, Congregationalism is not, tho it was so formerly. In Utah not merely Mormons but Mormonism is in politics. When a great body of citizens do not vote but are voted, the political combination imperils the community, whether the active agent whose orders they obey is a Tammany club, a Republican ring, or a Mormon hierarchy."

"But the remedy for this is not persecution nor vituperation, but education and friendly co-operation. Mr. Fisher may be too sanguine; we think he is. But we agree with him heartily that what Utah needs to-day is not bitterness, but brotherhood."

In a later editorial replying to hostile criticism of its attitude, *The Outlook* says:

"The peril to the country from plural divorces is much greater than the peril from plural marriages. A Constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy, and providing, not a uniform divorce law, but that divorce should not be granted by any State except to one who had actually resided in the State for at least two or three years, might be advantageous. But the real remedy for a false ideal is generally the effective presentation of an ideal that is true and noble."

THE HEATHEN INVASION OF AMERICA



WHILE American missionaries are traveling to the ends of the earth to make converts to Christianity, an insidious "heathen" propaganda, so it is claimed, is undermining our spiritual health. Mabel Potter Daggett, who writes at length of this heathen invasion in the *Hampton-Columbian Magazine*, finds that women are its chief victims. "Eve," she says, "is eating the apple again." She continues: "Yoga, that Eastern philosophy the emblem of which is the coiled serpent, is being widely disseminated here. And before a charm that seemingly they cannot resist thousands of converts are yielding to the temptation to embrace its teachings of strange mysteries."

It was the Congress of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 that opened the gates to Oriental propagandists. The results have been startling. Swami Vivekenanda, Swami Abhedananda, Baba Bharati, and other Indian teachers have gone up and down the land. There is now a flourishing Vedanta Society which claims more than 5,000 women sympathizers in New York alone, and which owns a large estate in Connecticut. Seattle has its Buddhist temple; San Francisco its Hindoo temple; Los Angeles its Krishna temple; Chicago and Lowell, Massachusetts, have their Zoroastrian temples. At Chicago also the disciples of Abdul Baha, a modern Mohammedan cult, are building a place of worship.

One of the outgrowths of the World's Fair Congress of Religions was a summer school of philosophy at Green Acre, Maine. Its founder, Miss Sarah Farmer, who gave a fortune to the school, is now in an insane asylum at Waverly, Mass. Another enthusiastic devotee of Eastern thought was Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of a world-famous violinist, who died last January, bequeathing several hundred thousand dollars to the Vedantist Society. Her will was set aside by the courts on the grounds of mental incapacity and undue influence. In Chicago, a few years since, Miss Aloise Reuss, a woman of culture and refinement, was taken, screaming and praying, from the Mazdaznan Temple of the Sun to be incarcerated, a raving maniac, in an Illinois asylum. The relatives of Mrs. Ellen Shaw, of Lowell, Massachusetts, recently petitioned the courts that a conservator be appointed to prevent her from bestowing her

property on the sun-worshippers. Last Spring, Dr. William R. C. Latson, a New York writer and physician saturated in the lore of the East, was found mysteriously dead in his Riverside Drive apartment, and Alta Markheva, a young Jewish girl who called him her man-god, or "guru," in the study of yoga, attempted to follow him in suicide. Her sister moaned: "This new religion seems to me to be of the devil. It has disgraced my sister and taken her from her people."

At the "Ashrama," or peace retreat, maintained by the Vedanta Society near West Cornwall, Connecticut, a great summer school of Oriental philosophy is being organized. Mrs. Daggett, who visited the place a few months ago, gives the following vivid account of her experience:

"I was at the Ashrama last summer on a night in June when the Swami Abhedananda, in a flame-colored robe of silk, sat over against the sunset that arched above the veranda of 'Peace Cottage.' There had come for the evening service one or two artists from an adjacent colony and some few strangers who had driven over from the village of West Cornwall.

"The Swami talked of his religion that is three thousand years old. He spoke of immortality—but it was of an immortality reaching back in thousands of incarnations through which the souls of his hearers had traveled before this mortal birth, and stretching on in thousands of incarnations more to be traveled still before final absorption in Brahma. The aim of life, the Swami said, was to realize oneness with God. The path to this attainment, he pointed out, is through meditation and concentration and the practice of yoga. But he quoted from the Upanishads which, along with the Vedas, form the ancient Hindoo scriptures, and the Upanishads warn that 'the path of yoga is as narrow as a razor's edge.'

"To the Almighty Father and the 'Divine Mother' the Swami addressed a prayer for happiness and peace. Then with closed eyes and clasped hands we passed with him into the silence to meditate on oneness with God. At first there were the sounds of nature stirring softly. A summer breeze swayed through the apple trees. A thrush called. Far off a cowbell tinkled faintly. Then all the world receded in the twilight. We were folded with God in the soft falling dusk. The waves of eternity beat gently against the soul. A long time after, we returned to conscious existence at the call of a musical chant in Sanskrit: 'Om! Om! Om! Chianti, chianti, chianti! Peace, peace, peace be with you.' In the blue blackness of night the first evening star shone.

"So poetically, so artistically, is paganism presented to persuade a Christian audience."

The sun-worship that takes its name from Ahura Mazda, the Supreme Lord in the Zend Avesta, of whom Zoroaster was the great prophet, is declared by Mrs. Daggett to exert the same sort of spell over its devotees. Of this cult a Dr. Hannish, of problematic origin, is the leader. He is assisted in dispensing the benefits of the faith by Marie Elizabeth Ruth Hilton, the wife of Dr. G. W. Hilton, of Lowell, Massachusetts. Mrs. Daggett tells us:

"Mrs. Hilton's entry into Lowell took place a few years ago when Dr. Hilton, returning from a trip to the Pacific Coast, brought her home as his second wife, accompanied by two pretty grown daughters of a former marriage. It was heard that she was cultured and charming. Lowell society called, to find her a handsome woman with old mysteries slumbering in the depths of her eyes. She offered her callers Mazdaznan to make them beautiful too. She sent for Dr. Hannish who, looking forty, was introduced as actually sixty-seven.

"Lowell built its sun-temple and entered on the practice of the new faith. Meat was rigidly eschewed. Fresh violets and sheep sorrel served for the light breakfast allowed. Tea was brewed from rose leaves. A pinch of brown sand was taken at intervals to give tone to an empty stomach.

"There were classes in breathing and concentration. And for all dieting, bathing and breathing that failed, there were cosmetics sold on the side that successfully supplemented the beauty results.

"These were preliminary preparations by way of purification for the deeper truths that await the sun-worshiper deemed strong enough in the faith to receive them. A true disciple finds herself at last admitted to the ranks of those who are told that one among them may become the mother of the new Messiah, whose appearing is confidently expected. And she receives the book of instructions, 'Inner Studies.' This is a compendium of Eastern knowledge that sells at ten dollars a copy. Even at that price it is difficult to obtain, for it does not circulate safely in the mails."

A third picture of esoteric rites practised in America may be gleaned from recent accounts in the newspapers of the Bull will case, already referred to. In Mrs. Bull's beautiful home, known as "Studio House," at Cambridge, Massachusetts, as also in her summer home at Green Acre, Maine, there was a "meditation chamber" with lighted candles and burning incense. Here was the headquarters for a group of students of whom the

Swami Vivekenanda during his lifetime and later the Swami Abhedananda was the leader.

"The yoga in vogue at Studio House was from the publications of the Vedantist Society, which furnishes the text books for classes throughout the United States. The aim is to develop a sixth sense. Thereby the yogi will become endowed with psychic power, the ability to cure disease, to ward off old age, and to prolong life indefinitely.

"These, however, are subsidiary attributes through which the soul is finally to attain to the highest state of superconsciousness and communion with God. To this end it is taught that the spinal column contains a hollow canal called Susumna, at the lower end of which is the 'Lotus of the Kundalini,' the source of all power. The practice for its development consists in meditation and concentration and exercises in breathing and posture.

"The breathing prescribed is rhythmic, through one nostril and out the other to the accompaniment of the repetition of the sacred word 'Om.' There are eighty-four varieties of the posturing, the most familiar of which consists in sitting crossed-legged on the floor, with one hand grasping the great toe of each foot.

"The awakening Kundalini rises in the hollow canal. As it progresses upward, remarkable powers of the mind unfold. When it reaches the brain, one is able to detach the soul from the body. But beware that you have the Kundalini under complete control! Should it make its escape from the brain, the soul will be unable to reënter the body and the phenomenon commonly known as death will have occurred. Insanity is another disaster that threatens as a coincidence in the practice of yoga."

It is not the worship of images of stone and wood, Mrs. Daggett maintains, that constitutes the gravest peril in the teaching of the Orientals. It is the worship of men. The guru is the real idol. "When the Baba Barati was in Boston, the rent of his luxurious apartment there was paid for years by one of his adherents, a woman of wealth. The Swami Abhedananda has traveled via Pullmans and palatial ocean steamers from Chicago to New York and London and Paris, with his expenses defrayed by the New York society woman who accompanied him."

"To perform the most menial service for a guru, it is taught in the Eastern scriptures, is a high privilege. At the West Cornwall Ashrama, which is Swami Abhedananda's 'peace retreat,' the labor of his household is done by American women who are content to toil in his kitchen in the heat of summer, and who even milk the cows in the devotion of their discipleship. They serve absolutely without pay or compensation of any material kind."

The full extent of the heathen invasion of America is realized, Mrs. Daggett feels, by very few. That it constitutes a grave menace, especially to the women of the country, she

is convinced. Literally, yoga means the "path" that leads to wisdom. Actually, "it is proving the way that leads to domestic infelicity and insanity and death."

ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS AS WICKED AS THEY ARE REPRESENTED?



HE depraved moral sense exhibited by a large proportion of college students is declared by R. T. Crane, a Chicago iron-master, to be "beyond belief." Mr. Crane, who is not himself a college graduate, makes this declaration in a sensational article in *The Valve World*, which has attracted the attention of President Taft and has provoked rejoinders from several college presidents. He believes that practically all the colleges are, in greater or less degree, nurseries of drunkenness and immorality, and he offers the following figures based on an investigation of the private lives of undergraduates at Harvard:

On the Basis of 100 Students—	P.C.
Who drink liquor of some kind in freshman year	90
Who drink liquor of some kind in senior year ..	95
Who combine in a mild degree wine and bad women	65
Who drink heavily	35
Who have two or three "bats" a year	45
Who irretrievably go to the bad (drunkards) ..	15

Mr. Crane suspects that conditions are even worse at other universities than at Harvard. "At Yale," he says, "drinking is recognized to so great a degree that clubs have their tables at the barrooms. I was never so struck in my life as when I found New Haven the dissolute, debauched and whiskey town that it is." At Princeton, too, "it is beer, beer, beer." Cornell, he hopes, is above the average, but Columbia, on account of its proximity to a great city, is, he fears, the worst of all. The trouble with college training, Mr. Crane continues, is that it gives too much freedom.

"Boys go to college at an age when they most need the best restraints of home. They possess more or less curiosity to learn of evil. They are brought into communication with boys from homes of every conceivable moral standard, and with very flexible morals of their own, if they have any at all. The sophisticated are anxious to show the unsophisticated the town and thus prove their knowledge of the world.

"If the freshman has a leaning toward such

things, he is anxious to be shown. If he comes with fairly good ideals, he doesn't relish being called a 'sissy,' consequently he goes to places and does things that are abhorrent to him at heart, and all because he wants to be a 'good fellow,' which at college usually means being a bad fellow.

"With no intention of doing wrong in the beginning, nevertheless he has yielded to temptation. The downward path is now easy. He has gone wrong all because he wanted to be one of the boys and hadn't the courage to say, 'Boys, it doesn't pay in the end. I'm going to cut it out.' The open manner in which the college student flaunts depravity in the face of his fellows, lowers their ideals and blunts their morals until they find themselves ready first to tolerate it, then to condone it, and eventually to follow his example.

"The utterly depraved moral sense exhibited by some college students is beyond belief. That the facts disclosed by the report are true will be admitted by any one at all familiar with college life, yet the colleges and their defenders still insist that colleges are great developers of moral character."

So runs the indictment, and few would deny its startling character. It has been discussed all over the country. But President Taft, who referred to the matter in a recent speech in Kansas, told his hearers that he resented this kind of "muck-raking." To quote his exact words:

"I have not any particular sympathy with that kind of investigation. Wickedness that has to be unearthed with a spade ordinarily ought to be kept under the clod that the spade raises. I know something about those universities. I know its sister university, Yale.

"The truth is, universities don't differ much. I know what Yale was in my day, and I know it might have been better. I contributed something to the detectives' knowledge in those days possibly, but to-day there is a higher standard of morality. Dissipation and drinking are frowned upon by the public opinion of the college. That is what shows what a college is—the public opinion of the young men and young women who are in it.

"And I resent scandal-making and muck-raking with reference to the standard of our universities

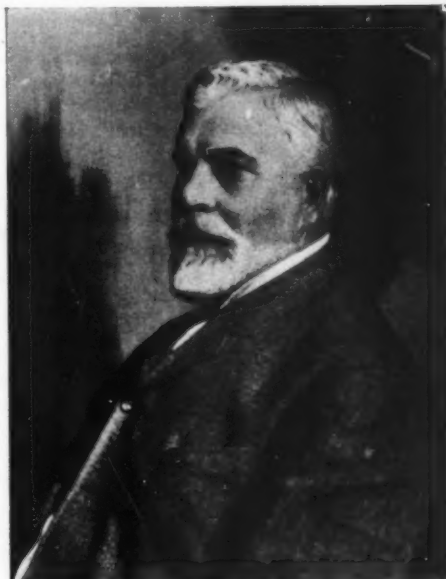
when they are doing such good work and are putting out men into the community with higher morals every year."

Much the same attitude is taken by a majority of the college authorities who have replied to Mr. Crane. Dean Frederick Jones, of Yale, bears testimony to the fact that "the social atmosphere at Yale is improving steadily and the graduates and undergraduates realize it. To-day it is on a high plane. Needless to say, the statements in the article in respect to Yale, at least, are greatly exaggerated." Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, registers his conviction that "the vast majority of Princeton students are a studious, hard-working lot of young men, who become successful in their careers after leaving college, and if such a condition existed as is said to have been described by Mr. Crane, who I am sure was much mistaken, neither myself nor the other members of the Faculty ever saw any evidence of it." President Schurman, of Cornell, says:

"I know the presidents and many professors of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, and I know our own professors at Cornell, and I most emphatically say that Mr. Crane's allegations are a libel and outrage on a group of the ablest, most high-minded and devoted citizens of the republic. If only a considerable fraction of Mr. Crane's reckless indictment were true, these men could not be secured for any compensation to accept positions in the universities they now serve so unselfishly and devotedly. And besides our professors, Mr. Crane libels and maligns the great body of our university students. . . .

"Mr. Crane graciously says that Cornell boys 'do not carry their excesses so far as do the boys at Princeton, Yale and Cambridge.' But he adds that the Cornell students indulge in beer and that, owing to the existence of numerous fraternities here, their beer-drinking may be practised in private. But the fact is that fraternities having lots located on the campus are not permitted, under the terms of their lease, to take beer or alcohol of any kind into their houses. And fraternities off the campus have voluntarily adopted a similar regulation. To the best of my knowledge and belief, this prohibition is strictly enforced by the students. I do not deny that there have been occasional lapses, and I have had to deal with such deviations from the rule. But I do not hesitate to say that the exclusion of beer and liquors from the fraternity houses is the established rule and policy, and that the rare exceptions which have occurred have been condemned by the students themselves."

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, who disclaims the intention to elevate Mr.



THE FOE OF IMMORALITY IN THE COLLEGES

Mr. R. T. Crane, of Chicago, has lately created a national sensation by charging that colleges are nurseries of drunkenness and vice.

Crane's outburst to the dignity of an argument, declares that the Chicago manufacturer, unfortunately for him, touches on a subject on which reliable statistics are available. At Harvard, for instance, each senior class tabulates facts concerning its members. The 1910 class numbered 734. Here is its record:

	No.	P. C. of Rep. recd.
Affiliated with some church.....	464	95.0
No preference.....	18	3.7
Freethinkers, agnostics, atheists..	6	1.3
Total tabulated.....	488	
Did not reply.....	246	
Attended prayers regularly.....	8	1.6
Often	23	4.5
Occasionally	355	69.7
Never	123	24.2
Total tabulated.....	509	
Did not reply.....	225	
Smoking	304	58.0
Occasionally	65	12.4
No	155	29.6
Total tabulated.....	524	
Did not reply.....	210	

	No.	P. C. of Rep. recd.
Drinking	214	41.0
Occasionally	126	24.3
No	180	34.7
<hr/>		
Total tabulated.....	519	
Did not reply.....	215	

By no means all of Mr. Crane's critics, however, take so hostile an attitude. In the eyes of Chancellor Samuel Avery, of the University of Nebraska, the indictment formulated is worthy of serious consideration. "The abuse of intoxicants at social functions," Chancellor Avery points out, "has been denounced by no less a person than the Kaiser himself and in the native country of Gambinus at that; and a no less powerful voice is that of David Starr Jordan."

The "Mother of an Only Son," who contributes an earnest letter to the *New York Times*, also thinks that Mr. Crane has raised questions of far-reaching importance. She says:

"As the mother of a boy who has managed to survive his freshman year, with the resultant average of scars, physical, mental and moral, I feel qualified to speak. No amount of the home training, so wisely and justly extolled, can suffice to protect the average boy when literally surrounded by a sea of vices, openly indulged in by the majority of freshmen, juniors, and even seniors. Many a man with high ideals and a fairly clean heart has fallen a victim to the atmosphere of wine, woman and song. How much can then be expected of mere boys, whose moral training apparently ceases with college entrance examinations safely passed, whose youthful ideals are of necessity hazy and unformed, and who have their share of inherited tendencies to one or more distinct forms of evil?"

The writer goes on to describe the case of a mother who went to see the president of one of the largest colleges. Her son was in his junior year—had pulled himself together after a usual freshman's experience and was apparently doing creditable class work. But she, with a woman's intuition, knew that something was radically wrong and that the boy needed help she did not know how to give. She wished to know what provision, if any, was made for such cases outside of the "societies." His reply was, "Yes, yes—too bad! You had better talk to Prof. ——. I am so busy I cannot deal with individual cases." So to Prof. — she then went. He listened with the frostbitten smile of a cynic, and his comment was, "Boys generally man-

age to 'find themselves' in their freshman year. Yours does not seem to have done so." On all this the mother comments:

"A man is really educated in the degree in which he comprehends and shares the life of the race, and when men who profess to be educators—the leaders of young men—meet a situation in such fashion, it is time Mr. Crane and men like him 'got busy.' The greatest power under heaven is public opinion, the ruling belief in society about what is right and what is wrong, what is honorable and what is shameful—and any institution whose avowed purpose is the education of men stands guilty when it accepts and countenances existing conditions and does not embody in its curriculum the science of individuation. Even boys can be taught that the 'most interesting and valuable things about a man are his ideals and his overbeliefs.'"

Unity, the able religious weekly conducted in Chicago by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, shares this mother's apprehensions. "Things may not be so bad in our Western institutions," it observes, "as Mr. Crane's report would indicate them to be in the East, but they certainly are 'bad enough in the West.'" There is urgent need, the same paper thinks, for a revival of interest in old-fashioned morals, a new appreciation of the clean life, a growing respect for the young man who has principles, and stands by them.

Two forces are named by *Unity* as working for the debauchery of the private morals on the college campus. One is the vast increase in the wealth of the country, carrying to the campus armies of young men and young women who have plenty of money and whose chief object in life is to have "a good time." The other is the academic emphasis in college study and life placed on community ethics, sociological conditions, the economic elements in morality. "Perchance," it suggests, "the external demand of individual ethics, personal morality, the everlasting demands of the decalog, and the inspirations of the Beatitudes have been overlooked or neglected. Be this as it may, there is need on the campus, as outside of it, for a reiteration of the everlasting gospel of *personal purity, self-control and self-denial.*" The argument concludes:

"We are glad Mr. Crane has spoken in this commanding way. If he has overstated it, he will be promptly corrected. What of truth there be in his charge should be taken seriously and college presidents and college professors ought promptly to put themselves in line with Mr. Crane and to work with him for reform."

Music and Drama

"THE WOMAN"—WILLIAM C. DE MILLE'S DRAMATIC GLORIFICATION OF THE TELEPHONE GIRL



ORBES, Klein, de Mille; Chorus Lady, Sales Girl, Telephone Girl. Thus may be summarized briefly a chapter in the recent history of the American drama.

Mr. de Mille's play "The Woman" is the most ambitious of these three dramatic portraiture of feminine types in commercial life. It involves crooked politics, frenzied finance, the skeleton of a gallant adventure rattling in its closet; but the real heroine, as the *New York Sun* points out, is not the insurgent hero, his conspiring antagonists, nor the woman whose reputation is in danger, but the telephone operator—a part invested by Miss Mary Nash with sincerity and pathetic resolution. We may say that the working girl is no longer the perquisite of the Bowery: she has successfully invaded the legitimate drama.

William C. de Mille has endowed the telephone operator with a cloak of romance. "Everything goes over the wires nowadays," Wanda Kelly, the plucky telephone girl at the Keswick, Washington, D. C., explains to the enamored Tom Blake, son of Jim Blake, the most corrupt politician in Washington: "Why, we know more than all the newspapers put together—because we know both sides." No one thinks the telephone girl is human; she is regarded as merely a part of the switchboard. "You see," the girl goes on to say, "one of the big central stations like Maine or North is the world. And it's all on the switchboard, good and bad, love stories and death notices, winners and losers, all going on at once. And the 'phone girl is a sort of fate. . . . Oh, I tell you it's hard not to interfere sometimes when you've got the whole world under your two hands." "And they're such little hands," says Tom, and starts to kiss them. But the 'phone girl withdraws. Is she not the daughter of Congressman Kelly, one of the early progressives, whom Blake senior hounded out of politics?

Here, as in other places, the dramatic machinery creaks a little. Nevertheless the play, as such, according to Mr. Klauber, of the *New York Times*, has a distinct dramatic and ethical value.

The producer, Mr. David Belasco, receives his accustomed crown of bays from the critics. Mr. Parker, dramatic editor of the *Boston Transcript*, avers that while Belasco lapsed from his standards in "The Fighting Hope" and "The Lily," he has maintained, in his production of "The Woman," the progress toward better and newer plays of the American theater that began with "The Easiest Way" and continued with "The Concert" and "Peter Grimm." In other words, Belasco has joined definitely the ranks of the dramatic insurgents.

The first act of "The Woman" takes place in the "Amen Corner" of the Hotel Keswick during a session of Congress. Ralph Van Dyke, corporation counsel for the New York and Northern Railroad, has hurried to Washington because the fate of a bill permitting the overcapitalization of railroads is in danger of defeat through the efforts of Matthew Standish, a young insurgent. Jim Blake, of Illinois; Tim Neligan, of Pennsylvania; Mark Robertson, of New York, the organization leaders, see the reins slipping from their astonished hands. Even Silas Gregg, a regular, appears to be lining up more or less with the opposition. Fortune, however, seems to renew its regards for Jim Blake. He discovers in the young Congressman's past where, as he remarks to Mark Robertson, his son-in-law, most mistakes are made, a lurid indiscretion in the shape of a mysterious woman. "When they found they were affinities, they took a notion to run off to a little country place for one of those honeymoons that never came through the custom house. I can show you the hotel register, dated five years ago. Standish only married last June." The story of this liaison, if properly distorted and published be-

fore midnight, would be likely, Blake thinks, to ruin Standish politically and force him to abandon the fight. The only link in the chain that is still missing is the name of the lady. Without her name, the story would be regarded as a political fabrication. Jim Blake determines to ensnare Standish in an ingenious trap. Turning to Wanda, he asks: "You have heard the story I told those men about Standish." Wanda looks up at him in wonder. "Well," she replies, "I couldn't help hearing some of it." "In a few minutes I'm going to have a little talk with Standish. When I get through, the chances are ten to one that he'll call up some one on the 'phone. That will be the number I want." He offers the girl one hundred dollars for this information. She seems to consent. When Standish, for whom he has sent, appears, Jim hails him cheerfully. "My boy," he says, "the game is up. We know all about that little affair of five years ago."

STANDISH. What affair?

JIM. (*Admiringly.*) H'm! You've got nerve, all right. I mean the affair with the woman you registered as your wife at the Hotel Brayton, up in New York State.

STANDISH. Five years ago? Hotel Brayton? A woman registered as my wife?

JIM. Yes.

STANDISH. That's absurd.

JIM. Is it?

STANDISH. So that's your plan: to fight me with a lie?

JIM. Oh, no, my boy, we've got you dead to rights. I can produce the hotel register and a man who can swear to you. You can't protect the woman by bluffing it out. Oh, we've dug it all up.

STANDISH. Well, you can't use it without finding the woman. You know that.

JIM. What makes you think we haven't found her?

STANDISH. Because I—Well, never mind. I know.

JIM. Well, I admit it, but we'll have her name before twelve o'clock to-night. You left some clues that are being followed: You can see if I wasn't sure of getting her, I wouldn't be telling you this, would I? Of course, she knows nothing, hasn't the slightest idea that you've been found out, and, as there's no one to warn her, it'll be a cinch.

STANDISH. Still, even your admiration for my noble qualities hardly explains why you are giving your hand to me?

JIM. Can't a man do a decent thing without being suspected of trickery? Besides, you can save all the trouble. I know you've just been married a few months and, naturally, don't want

this public scandal. Now, if you decide suddenly to let this bill pass and support our regular candidate for the speakership, everything will be perfectly smooth, and we won't have to use these painful means.

STANDISH. (*Crossing his legs.*) And what explanation could I give?

JIM. Oh, that's up to you. Get sick, if you want to. Many a man has changed his views over night, and, damn it, man, I'd hate to have to use this story. The—the disgrace will put you down and out for good, after all your pure morals talk, and the parsons holding you up as a good example to the youth of the nation. Why, you'll be the laughingstock of the country; and the woman. Think of her (*Standish smiles slightly*) absolutely unknowing, walking right into the trap we've laid for her. Come, don't make us do this. Think it over. (*Standish uncrosses his leg as tho to get up. Jim stops him.*) Don't try to decide now. At midnight I'll have the name and then you can make up your mind. Meet me up in Robertson's rooms. Think it over, my boy.

STANDISH. (*Calls Jim back.*) One moment! How do I know this isn't a trick to make me think you know more than you do? How do I know you can find the woman? I've nothing but your word for it.

JIM. (*Apologetically.*) Well, now, old man, you don't expect me to give the whole snap away. If you knew what our trap was, you might spring it before the poor mouse had nibbled. No, I'll have to leave that to your own conscience. You know me, and if you think I can't make good, of course, that's up to you. (*Standish looks away. With great good nature.*) Well, I hope I haven't spoiled your dinner, but I always said I was too tender-hearted to be a politician. The others were all for leaving you in the dark, but I said, "No; give the boy his chance." Well, so long; I'll expect you to look me up before midnight. (*There is a pause as Jim goes out; he looks sharply at Wanda and exits.*)

WANDA. Hello! West 186. H'lo! What? Hold the wire. A'r'. Go ahead. (*Standish sits a moment in thought. He is terribly shaken.*)

STANDISH. Get me a New York wire, please, as quickly as you can,—and give me your New York telephone book. (*She hands him book.*) Thank you. (*He looks up number.*)

WANDA. H'lo, long distance. (*A pause.*) H'lo, that you Edith? This is Wanda. Get me a New York wire on the jump. Yes, I want it right away. Oh, have you? That's good. Yes, let the other man wait. Give it to me. I'm in a hurry. (*Turning to Standish.*) What number, please?

STANDISH. (*Cautiously.*) Plaza one double O one.

WANDA. Plaza—Plaza 1001. Any name?

STANDISH. No.

WANDA. H'lo, New York—Plaza 1001—yes.

H'lo—h'lo—h'lo. Number two, Mr. Standish. *(He goes to booth and waits. She pushes the plug in and out several times.)* Hello, hello, hello.

STANDISH. *(Pausing at door of booth.)* Do you mind taking off your receiver while I'm talking?

WANDA. Not at all.

STANDISH. Thank you. *(He goes into booth and closes door.)*

WANDA. H'lo—hello New York; is this Plaza 1001? Go ahead. *(Standish is seen to 'phone through the glass door of the booth. He turns to see that Wanda has hung up her receiver, which she does, and then turns to 'phone. Wanda erases the number. The door of the booth opens and Standish comes out. In silence he hands Wanda one dollar and twenty-five cents.)* Thank you. *(As Standish comes out of the booth, the Page comes running downstairs, calling "Mr. Standish, please.")*

JIM. *(Who, during the above, has come on quietly and listened until Standish is off, then quickly comes to Wanda.)* Well, could you hear anything?

WANDA. No, he made me take off my receiver.

JIM. Ha! I thought he would; but the number. *(Looking at the pad.)* Is that it? Why, you've rubbed it out.

WANDA. It's too valuable to put on paper—yet. *(She blows the rubbing off the paper.)*

JIM. See here, young woman, don't you try to hold me up.

WANDA. Won't it disgrace the woman?

JIM. What's that to you?

WANDA. Well, she's a woman.

JIM. Now look here! *(Mark comes down the stairs.)*

MARK. We're waiting for you, Jim. Oh, Miss Kelly, will you get me New York?

WANDA. What number, Governor Robertson?

MARK. Plaza 1001.

WANDA. What!!

MARK. Plaza 1001 and get my wife on the 'phone.

In the second act, a few hours later, Grace Robertson, arriving from New York, goes at once to her apartment in the Keswick. Wanda warns her of the danger threatening her, but Grace refuses to listen. She is under the impression that Wanda, having designs on Tom, is attempting to use her knowledge in order to force Grace to consent to act as her ally. As the girl, deeply hurt, leaves her, Standish enters. It appears that Grace had turned Standish down after her one indiscretion because of a new-born love for her present husband. Standish now refuses to perjure himself for her sake. "If I had married you after I ceased to love you, you'd have owed



ENDOWING THE 'PHONE GIRL WITH A CLOAK OF ROMANCE

William C. de Mille in his powerful play shows us how the switchboard at which the 'phone girl sits is a world in itself. "All that happens is on the switchboard, good or bad, love stories, and death notices, winners and losers, all going on at once."

me everything, wouldn't you?" she asks. "If I'd have wrecked your life, you'd have protected me against the world, wouldn't you? But because I wouldn't add a blasphemous marriage to my other sin, you owe me nothing." "You must stop the story," he replies. "If it gets out I lose this fight, and I won't do that even to protect you." Grace, in despair, turns again to Wanda.

GRACE. Yes! I—I said some cruel things to you just now. I was fighting for my life—for my husband's love. *(Bowing her head.)* I—I ask your pardon.

WANDA. That's all right.

GRACE. *(With a moan, buries her face in pil-*

low. For the first time Wanda is moved and furtively takes out her handkerchief.) I guess I'm done for. You were right, I can't fight the Machine. I'm not a bad woman; I'm not. I wouldn't let that one mistake wreck my life—that's all. That's why I went on, making my whole life a lie, to keep my husband's love. And now it's too late! I can never confess to him. I must always be dishonest. I've got to go on alone. (*Buries her face in her hands; Wanda goes to her and puts her hand on her shoulder.*)

WANDA. (*Tenderly.*) I—I'm sorry I spoke the way I did. I didn't know! I wanted to help you. You see there's just we two women and we've got to fight that crowd. (*Grace looks up.*) Yes, you've paid for what you did, and I don't want you to pay any more.

GRACE. (*Seizing Wanda's hand.*) You don't know what it means to me to have you say that.

WANDA. There, there, I know. You'd had a hard fight, and, oh, I know just how lonely you must have been. (*Breaking down and then mastering herself. Rising.*) Come; you've got me going now, and we've got to brace up. (*Drying her eyes.*) We've got a big fight ahead of us, but we're going to win out.

Grace pleads in vain with her husband and with her father not to use a story involving a woman's honor in their political fight. They determine to publish the story without the woman's name, if need be. "Jim," remarks Van Dyke, "it's 3.25. We'll miss the papers if we don't give the word now."

STANDISH. Jim Blake, you don't dare publish that story without the woman's name.

VAN DYKE. Why not?

JIM. Mr. Standish, we've got less than five minutes and we'll take a chance.

STANDISH. Remember, Blake, I warn you.

JIM. Mark, get Jennings on the wire and tell him to let that story go. (*Mark reaches across desk for 'phone.*)

STANDISH. I'll deny it! And if you get that woman's name, you'll—

JIM. Deny it—pshaw! You haven't time to get a wire before they go to press.

MARK. Hello! Hello!

GRACE. No, Mark, no! I beg you. (*Jim intercepts her.*)

MARK. Give me 4400 Main. (*Jim draws her away and drags her to her room.*)

GRACE. No, no. Father, you won't allow this. Tom, don't let them do it. (*Tom starts to interfere; Van Dyke stops him.*)

JIM. Grace, you mustn't interfere. Go to your room. (*Grace remains in her door.*)

MARK. Hello, Jennings. This is Robertson. Is that Standish scandal ready for this morning's papers? Yes, I know it's the last minute. Well, you—oh— (*To Jim.*) He won't go ahead without your orders.

JIM. (*Taking the 'phone.*) Hello, Jennings. Hello! (*Clicks 'phone.*)

STANDISH. Hold on, Jim Blake, I'll— (*Grace in the doorway nearly falls.*)

MARK. (*Through Jim's speech.*) Well? Well?

JIM. What's the matter with the wire? Damn it, it's got to work. Out of order, nonsense! Oh, your being sorry doesn't do any good! Say, who the hell am I talking to? Miss Kelly. Well, I'll be — (*Stops dead and hangs up.*)

VAN DYKE. Mr. Standish, you were about to say something?

STANDISH. I've changed my mind. Good night, gentlemen. (*Exits. Grace, who during the above has been standing in doorway, listening, goes into her room when Standish exits. A long pause. The tension is relieved by a low whistle from Gregg.*)

JIM. Well, boys!

VAN DYKE. We're too late for the papers.

JIM. Then we've got to get that story on the floor of the house to-night.

VAN DYKE. What good is it without the woman's name?

JIM. We'll get that now.

MARK. How?

JIM. From the 'phone girl who interfered with our wire. Neligan, go downstairs and tell Perry I want to see that girl at once. You get her here before she has time to talk to anyone.

The curtain falls, as the cross-examination begins. When it rises, the girl is still fighting desperately to retain her secret. Mark, who is conducting the examination, turns to the subject of the interrupted telephone connection. "I might have knocked out the plug by accident," Wanda admits. "And," continues the questioner, "you might have done it on purpose."

WANDA. Why should I?

MARK. That's what we're going to find out.

JIM. You don't want to lose your job, do you?

WANDA. No, I need the money.

MARK. Oh, you need the money. Miss Kelly, Mr. Blake has offered you a great deal of money for that information.

WANDA. Oh, yes.

MARK. Will you accept his offer?

WANDA. Well, I—I need time to think it over.

MARK. Time is the one thing we cannot give you.

JIM. You knew that when you cut off our wire just now.

WANDA. Well, what is it you want me to tell you?

MARK. The number called by Mr. Standish at about eight o'clock to-night. (*A pause.*)

JIM. Will you tell us or not?

WANDA. I don't think I can remember.

MARK. I think you can. Mr. Blake told you beforehand how much depended on it.



"— — —, SHE'S KIDDING US"

This is what Jim Blake, the corrupt machine politician, exclaims, with an expletive, when Wanda, the 'Phone Girl, refuses to violate her professional secret.

WANDA. That's so, but you see, it's against the rules. I'd like to help you out, of course. Anything I can do, but we're not allowed to give any information like this.

MARK. If you were allowed, you'd do it?
WANDA. Well, that'd be different. You see how I'm fixed.

MARK. Yes, but we've anticipated your objections. (*Van Dyke hands paper.*) Here is an order from your general manager authorizing you to give us all the help you can. Does that remove your scruples?

WANDA. May I see it? (*He hands her the paper.*) Yes, it seems to be all right. (*Giving it back.*)

MARK. Now, will you tell?

WANDA. (*Innocently.*) But, Governor Robertson, do you think it'd be right? Ought I to give away a customer? Now, honestly, do you think it's a square deal?

JIM. (*Exploding.*) Damn it, she's kidding us. (*Puffs angrily at his cigar.*)

MARK. (*Raising his hand.*) Please. (*Jim starts to break out again; catches Mark's eye and he stops. To Wanda, adopting a conciliatory tone.*) Come, Miss Kelly, don't force us to use harsh means. You help us and we'll help you.

WANDA. That's awfully kind of you, gentlemen. Oh, I suppose I'd better tell you. (*General movement of relief.*)

JIM. That's right.

MARK. You won't be sorry.

WANDA. But I won't take any money.

JIM. We can arrange that later.

MARK. Well, what was the number?

WANDA. The number? (*Apparently trying to think.*) Now, that's queer. I had that number on the tip of my tongue, and all those questions have driven it clear out of my head. Let me see—what was that number? (*A movement of impatience by the men checked by Mark.*)

MARK. Was it a district number?

WANDA. Oh, yes, I remember that.

MARK. What exchange, Main, Cleveland or Takoma?

WANDA. Takoma. That was it—678 Takoma. It's come back to me. (*Van Dyke, having looked at the numbers received from the Central Office, coughs and shakes his head.*)

MARK. (*Exchanges glance with Van Dyke.*) 678 Takoma. You're sure that was it?

WANDA. Oh, yes, I remember now.

MARK. It wasn't 876 Takoma?

WANDA. No—678 Takoma.

MARK. Miss Kelly, you've been playing with us long enough. Now, we'll get down to business.

WANDA. Why, was that number wrong?

MARK. Yes, and you know it. No such number was called from this hotel around eight o'clock. Now, Miss Kelly, we've found out where you stand in this matter.

WANDA. All right! Then you know I won't tell, and if I don't, you can't find out. You haven't time.

MARK. You state the case very clearly, young woman. You prevented our using to-morrow's papers. You force us to get the story before the house to-night. Now, what is your motive? (*Tom thinking deeply.*)

JIM. Isn't the price high enough?

WANDA. It's not that.

MARK. Do you think you can go to the other party and get a bigger price?

WANDA. Ha! I'd stand a fine chance! Don't I know that the minute I leave this room I'll be shadowed?

MARK. Many of these numbers can be eliminated at once. Here's my own call to New York.

VAN DYKE. (*Who has been studying the list.*) They've charged you for two calls. Plaza 1001, twice.

MARK. (*Looking at list.*) Yes, they must have repeated it in writing the list.

VAN DYKE. That makes two less to look up.

MARK. We'll find this number sooner or later. Why won't you be sensible and talk terms?

WANDA. I don't like the job and I won't be bought to do this kind of work.

MARK. I see! (*Whispers to Van Dyke, who goes to bookcase, takes out book and finds passage.*) Now, let's get back to the matter of your interference with our wire. Do you know what that means to you?

WANDA. Oh, I suppose I'll lose my position.

MARK. You lose more than that.

WANDA. The money?

MARK. No, your liberty.

WANDA. (*Startled.*) What! Oh, I guess you can't bluff me into it. You can't put me in prison for knocking out a phone plug. (*Van Dyke has opened book, found place and now shows it to Mark.*)

MARK. (*Referring to the book.*) Miss Kelly, as an operator, you must have had your attention called to Section 641 of the Penal Code.

WANDA. Yes.

MARK. Then you realize that in refusing to transmit our message, you rendered yourself liable to a fine of one thousand dollars, a year's imprisonment, or both?

WANDA. And your judge will see that I get both; is that it?

MARK. It is quite possible.

JIM. So you see you're in rather a bad fix.

WANDA. And you'll do that to a 'phone girl, just because she tries to be decent?

MARK. We don't want to.

JIM. But we will, if you make us.

MARK. You admit that you refused to transmit our message, don't you?

TOM. (*Quickly.*) Don't answer that. (*A stir; the men turn toward Tom.*)

JIM. Look here, Tom, you keep out of this.

TOM. (*To Jim.*) I've kept out long enough. (*To Mark.*) I won't let you weave a legal net around her, trick her and threaten her with prison.

JIM. Oh, you won't eh?

TOM. No! She's got a right to legal advice. It's the law.

JIM. Damn the law! What's that to us?

TOM. It's this to you: If you carry out your threats against Miss Kelly, I'll raise a fuss in the courts and in the papers that'll—

JIM. Just try it, my boy. No, she's broken the law. The case will be tried before one of our judges, and you know what that means. (*The men smile knowingly.*)

TOM. You can't force her like this. It's conspiracy.

MARK. All right. If you take that tone, we'll just arrest her and see. I simply offer her a chance to avoid prosecution.

Grace, who has listened in the adjoining room, attempts again to interpose, but her objections are swept away. Her husband now suspects that Wanda has informed his wife of the woman's name for some reason or other, and has implored her assistance. "Tell us," he begs of Grace, "every minute is precious." "Neligan," commands Jim Blake, when he sees that his daughter still hesitates, "take that girl away." Wanda turns to her: "Remember, Mrs. Robertson, don't tell." She moves to the door with Neligan.

GRACE. Stop. Mark, I—I can't bear it.

MARK. You'll tell?

GRACE. Yes.

WANDA. No!

GRACE. Yes.

JIM. (*Going to 'phone.*) Then we win.

VAN DYKE. (*Stopping him.*) What are you going to do?

JIM. (*The 'phone in his hands.*) 'Phone Gregg to let the House know the story, names, dates and all.

VAN DYKE. No, Jim, not yet.

JIM. Not yet? Why not? We're at the end of our rope. We can't keep going any longer. This is our last punch, and, by God, it's got to land.

VAN DYKE. Jim, wait till you hear the name.

JIM. We've got it.

VAN DYKE. You can't use it, Jim.

MARK. Why not?

JIM. Are you weakening?

MARK. Wait, Jim. What do you mean, Van Dyke?

VAN DYKE. Neligan, get rid of the officer. (*Neligan gets his hat and coat and exits.*)

WANDA. (*To Tom.*) Go with him. You don't want to know her name. (*Tom exits with Neligan.*)

VAN DYKE. Now ask her.

MARK. Who is she?

GRACE. Mark, let me tell you alone.

MARK. No.

VAN DYKE. Perhaps, Mark—

MARK. We can't spare feelings now.

VAN DYKE. But—!

MARK. This concerns us all. Grace, dear, who is she? (*A pause. Grace doesn't speak.*)

VAN DYKE. Mark, Miss Kelly said she had promised the guilty woman to keep silent. When did she make that promise?

JIM. What does that matter now?

VAN DYKE. Miss Kelly hasn't left the hotel this evening, yet she must have seen the woman to have discussed the matter.

MARK. (*Toward Van Dyke.*) The 'phone.

VAN DYKE. I think not. The woman is here in this house.

MARK. So much the better.

VAN DYKE. Don't you understand me?

MARK. No.

VAN DYKE. (*Taking the list.*) Your house in New York is charged with two calls. We thought it was a mistake.

JIM. What!

MARK. (*Beginning to realize.*) Well?

VAN DYKE. Suppose it shouldn't be a mistake?

MARK. You mean that—

JIM. (*Letting the 'phone slip from his hands onto the desk.*) God!

MARK. Van Dyke!

VAN DYKE. We're here as lawyers—making an investigation. We've got the right clue at last. I'm sorry it leads where it does. (*During this Mark slowly turns toward Grace.*)

MARK. Grace, do you hear what this man is insinuating? I don't ask you to deny, but tell me, tell me the name. (*Grace doesn't move.*)

JIM. Grace, don't you hear what they're saying?

MARK. (*Trying to push her to Van Dyke.*) Grace, tell this man he lies! Tell him he lies!

GRACE. (*Hesitates, totters, reaches for Jim, who does not touch her, and falls into the chair, moaning piteously.*) No!

JIM. (*In a frenzy, lifting Grace out of the chair and making her stand before him during this.*) Why, Grace, you're crazy. You don't know what you're saying. You—I don't believe it. It's a trick. God Almighty! (*As he lets go of her she sinks into the chair. Wanda goes to her. Mark, stunned, gets control of himself and goes toward Van Dyke, who comes to him.*)

MARK. Van Dyke, have every trace of this story destroyed. It must never get beyond this room. I can count on you? (*Van Dyke silently shakes Mark's hand. Enter Neligan and Gregg.*)

NELIGAN. Governor! Winthrop can't hold the floor another minute.

GREGG. (*Simultaneously.*) Jim! (*Van Dyke, pushing Neligan and Gregg out and closing door, turns to Jim.*)

MARK. Hold the wire.

VAN DYKE. Jim, shall I let the Mullins bill come to a vote?

JIM. (*Crossing toward Van Dyke, then sinking into the sofa, a beaten, broken man.*) Yes. I'm licked.

MARK. (*At 'phone.*) Yes. Van Dyke will give you instructions. Good-by.

JIM. Miss Kelly, will you wait, please? (*Wanda understands and goes out, closing the door after her, leaving the husband, father and wife alone. Grace has control of herself. When the door closes on Wanda, Grace turns to Jim.*)

GRACE. Father!

JIM. Grace, my little girl. There's one thing we must know. I'm with you, no matter what you've done, but tell me, dear: You haven't this—this was all over and done with before you—

GRACE. (*Rising and speaking calmly.*) Dad?

JIM. (*Looking into her eyes.*) Oh, my little

girl; my little Gracie. (*He takes her in his arms.*) We've been tearing your life to pieces and—your father was the bitterest against you. (*Releasing her gently, he goes up stage. Grace looks forlornly from Jim to Mark, who stands below the desk with bowed head. She starts for her room, but gives away at the door and leans against it, sobbing.*)

JIM. Mark, you promised to protect her. This—this is the time! Be gentle with her, Mark—

MARK. Grace, why didn't you tell me at the beginning?

GRACE. I wanted to tell you, Mark, but I didn't dare, because your love meant more than truth and honor. You wouldn't have understood.

MARK. There's nothing we can say to-night. I can't see anything clearly, except that, no matter what you've done, I've got to go on loving you. Good-night.

GRACE. Good-night, Mark. (*She goes out. As she disappears her sobs are heard through the door. Mark watches her out, turns and slowly gets his hat. As he passes her picture he looks a moment. 'Phone rings.*)

JIM. Hello—Oh, hello, Tom. Oh, you've seen Van Dyke. Yes, we're going to drop it. Oh, you're glad, are you? Huh! What? Yes, she's still here. Wait a minute. Miss Kelly, you're wanted on the wire. (*Wanda enters. As she passes him, he pats her shoulder.*)

WANDA. (*At 'phone, after a moment, as tho Jim had made a mistake in calling her.*) Mr. Blake, it's Tom.

JIM. I think a lot more of Tom's judgment than I did. (*Closes the door, leaving Wanda alone at the 'phone. Wanda, as soon as she is alone, picks up the receiver and seats herself on the desk. She puts the receiver to her ear and nestles into a comfortable position.*)

WANDA. Hello. . . . Oh, yes. I'm through now. . . . Yes, they're going to drop it. . . . I'm glad, too. . . . Oh, I see. . . . Can't you wait until to-morrow night? . . . I'll be here at six. . . . My, but you're impatient. . . . Oh, well, if you feel that way about it. . . . (*Excitedly.*) No—no—not over the wire. . . . No, stop, I tell you; I won't listen. . . . I don't care. . . . If you've got to say it, say it to my face. . . . Yes, yes, you can walk home with me. . . . Good-by. . . . What? . . . I said 'good-by'. . . . No—I'm not angry—that is, not very angry. . . . Tommy. . . . Tommy. . . . Hello! Hello! No, I don't want the operator. . . . Say, Lulu, what did you cut in for? . . . Oh, you did, did you? . . . Don't you know it's against the rules to be eaves-dropping on the wire? . . . Yes, you did, too. . . . You heard what we were saying, and I don't know whether you'll be invited to the wedding or not. . . . Oh, I don't know. What do you think of a white crêpe de chine—cut princess—trimmed with hand embroidery—and a big shower bouquet—lilies of the valley and white orchids? . . .

CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY.

THE ADVENT OF THE MALE PRIMA DONNA



THE same year that has seen our first woman mayor sees the advent of the first male prima donna. Man's impersonation of woman is as old as the stage itself, but until late his efforts have been confined to vaudeville and broad farce. There are numerous mimickers of the fairer sex employed to amuse the crowds who gather in the night restaurants of the Empire City. But at the beginning of this season New York was astonished by the spectacle of two male impersonators of women, Julian Eltinge and Bothwell Browne, starring in two leading theaters of the metropolis. There are some who regard this as an ill omen to American civilization. They point to the degeneracy of Rome under Heliogabalus, an emperor who preferred to wear the habiliments of the opposite sex. Recently Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld,



AT THE HEAD OF HIS TRIBE

Julian Eltinge has maintained his popularity much longer than any of his predecessors in his peculiar profession of female impersonator. He is advertised as the "most fascinating woman on the American stage."

the psychopathic authority, devoted an entire book to the question of persons similarly inclined, whom he calls "transvestites."

New York critics, with the exception of Mr. Acton Davies, are by no means enthusiastic over the introduction of male prima donnas. In the race for leading lady, the *New York World* sarcastically remarks, Bothwell Browne wins over Julian Eltinge by two chocolate eclairs and a cream puff. Browne displayed his charms in "Miss Jack" an entire week before Julian Eltinge began to pirouette in "The Fascinating Widow"; but New York's verdict is evidently in favor of Eltinge, for the latter still draws full houses at this writing, while Browne's company has been disbanded. "There must be a good many people," *The World* goes on to say, "who still take interest in the male impersonator of female character, even when he forsakes his proper field, which is the variety stage, and attempts to crowd out the musical comedy actresses. The bad taste of such an exhibition needs no comment; but public curiosity, which is likely to give it temporary popularity, is difficult to explain." Mr. Eltinge's performance, the *World* writer admits, is not as repugnant as those of others of his tribe.

"He contrives at intervals to let his masculinity shine through his assumed character, and makes plain that this effort is a part of his acting method, which partly takes the curse off the whole affair. But it need not be inferred on this account that his performance has so much as an iota of the brawny humor that Etienne Girardot put in 'Charley's Aunt' a decade and a half ago.

"As for the 'Fascinating Widow' as an entertainment, it is a rehash of all the foolery of musical comedy which would have been discarded as antiquities half a dozen years ago. It also offends much more than its man-actress, for its dialog, when not stupid, is crammed with innuendo, and its situations, if they can be called situations, have a vulgar import."

The *Times* likewise admits the cleverness of Eltinge. Once over the initial unpleasantness of the idea of a man actress, Mr. Klauber remarks, there is nothing especially displeasing about Mr. Eltinge's efforts at femininity.

Mr. Eltinge, according to *The Sun*, has maintained his popularity much longer than any of his predecessors in his peculiar profession.

"George Fortescue, who was a part of the historic success of 'Evangeline,' with his broadly amusing performance of 'Catherine,' ceased to play such parts after Mr. Rice's extravaganza



A MAN-ACTRESS WITH AMBITIONS

Julian Eltinge, who impersonates the stunning widow in this picture, declares that it is his ambition to play Juliet. In Shakespeare's time, he says, feminine parts were taken by boys, Sarah Bernhardt played Hamlet—why should not a man play the heroines of Shakespeare?

had exhausted its popularity. Harry Leclair's activities were always confined to the variety stage, as were those of the Russell brothers, except for that brief period during which Oscar Hammerstein endeavored to make them the feature of a musical farce. Richard Harlowe, who came, as did Mr. Eltinge, from the ranks of Boston amateurs, never survived the end of '1492' and was last seen in the music halls.

"So Mr. Eltinge has the right to feel that he is the most eminent in his field."

The *Theater* regarded the performance of Bothwell Browne with mild curiosity. The invasion of the stage by the female impersonator is not, we are told, to be taken seriously as a portent of evil. "The boundaries of such possible drama as may be used for the exploitation of these performers are so limited that the whole matter is reduced to an absurdity at the outset." Nevertheless it is announced that Eltinge is to have a theater of his own in New York.

UPLIFTING THE STAGE FROM THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

TO SUPPORT a worthy drama, remarks Clayton Hamilton in *The Bookman*, you must have a noble audience. Most of the dreamers who endeavor to uplift the stage begin upon the wrong side of the footlights. They try to uplift the author, the actor or the manager; whereas, to attain any real result, they ought first to uplift the audience. The Drama League of America, organized in a surprisingly short time in a number of states, has set itself the task of beginning its efforts of uplifting at the right side of the footlights. Its

organizers realize with Mr. Hamilton that every art must be fostered by a business. Shakespeare and Molière were business men, not only artists. The way to improve author, actor and manager, leads through the box office. This society, Mr. Hamilton explains, began with an idea; and consequently much more may be hoped from it than from the New Theater, which began with a building.

"This idea occurred, in the first instance, to certain women in Evanston, Illinois, who had formed themselves into a Drama Club for the purpose of studying the best dramatic literature and observing the best plays presented during the

season in the neighboring city of Chicago. They appointed a study committee to make out a syllabus of plays and criticisms to be read, and a play-going committee to attend all productions of legitimate drama in Chicago, and subsequently tell their fellow-members which of the plays they had attended were the best to see. It then occurred to these women that if their system could be expanded till it covered the continent it would result both in the education and in the organization of a better theater-going public than the heterogeneous and scattered public that exists today. Consequently, on April 25, 1910, they called a meeting at the Art Institute in Chicago, which was attended by delegates from sixty-three clubs, aggregating ten thousand members. At this meeting they expounded their idea; it was accepted with enthusiasm by the affiliated clubs; and the Drama League of America was launched. In one year and a half it has expanded to a membership of over twenty thousand, federally organized in thirty different states; and the National Federation of Women's Clubs has placed its department of drama study under the direction of the League and advised every woman's club in the country to join the organization."

Anybody who is interested in the movement may at once become a member by sending one dollar to the secretary, Mrs. Harry P. Jones, 5529 Cornell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In return he will receive the publications of the League prepared by the Educational Committee and bulletins concerning current plays prepared by the Play-Going Committee. The head of the Drama Study Department is Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard. This department, we are told, has already prepared four courses in the study of the drama. Each of these courses has been outlined in a syllabus, giving lists of plays and books of reference and criticism, so that any one, by following the syllabus, can read his way easily through the course in any public library.

"Besides Professor Baker, such eminent educators as Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Professor

S. H. Clark, and Professor Curtis Hidden Page have given their time to the preparation of these outlines. Under the leadership of Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago, a movement has been instituted for the segregation, in public libraries throughout the country, of the books included in these courses, so that they may be set immediately accessible to every one. By this means any theater-goer in any city of America may, without any expenditure of money, educate himself toward an appreciation of the best that has been thought and said in the theater of the world; and may thus improve the standards of his own taste regarding the contemporary drama.

"But the work of the Play-going Committee is even more interesting in its possibilities. This committee is made up of two sections—a local, non-professional group who attend all the legitimate productions in a given center, and an advisory, professional board, consisting of such eminent critics of the drama as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, Mr. Charles H. Caffin, Professor Richard Burton, and others of similar standing. The members of the local board pay for their seats and establish no professional relation with the managers. After seeing a certain play, they talk it over; if they deem it unworthy of recommendation, they make no announcement whatsoever to the members of the League; but if they deem it worthy of support, they at once issue a bulletin advising the members of the League to see it and stating succinctly the reasons why it should be seen. They condemn nothing; but, upon the appearance of a good play, they urge their many thousand members to support it with a paying attendance early in its run.

"Last year the local committee in Chicago attended fifty-three performances, and issued fourteen bulletins recommending twenty-three plays."

Mr. White in *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Dramatic Mirror*, and other publications bear witness to the rapidly growing importance of the League. The Chicago success of Parker's play "Disraeli" is attributed by the managers, Liebler & Company, to the indorsement of the play by the League's committee.

THE MEPHISTOPHELIAN GENIUS OF GEORGE ARLISS



HERE is in George Arliss a curious quizzical strain that tempts him to portray characters far removed from ordinary humanity. He is perhaps at his best when he lends to his figures an almost Mephistophelian touch. For some occult reason, evil seems to model the features of its devotees more strongly than good. The

greatest character actors, such as Mansfield and Irving, have, like Arliss, been most successful in portraying the sinister side of human nature. We need not be surprised, consequently, if Arliss in his portrayal of Disraeli in Louis Napoleon Parker's recent play, delights in bringing out the sardonic element in the quaint composition of this sublimated adventurer to whom, in the words of the New

York Sun, woman was a toy and man a machine, whose pastime was the secret history of the world and whose great pleasure was to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.

Arliss, as Adolph Klauber points out in *Pearson's*, tho a master of make-up, and one of the most capable and intelligent actors on the stage, is, like most actors, limited by his physique and temperament in the selection of his rôles. In his portrayal of Zakkure, the war-minister in "The Darling of the Gods," Raoul in "Leah Kleschna," Gayley Drummel in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in "Septimus" and in "The Devil," varied as they were, the personality was recognizable as the inalienable, quizzical Arliss. This inalienable Arliss makes a splendid groundwork, Mr. Klauber goes on to say, for a characterization of the mysterious figure that was known as the Sphinx of the Victorian era. It is more than accident that most of the innumerable playwrights who have written plays for George Arliss have invariably selected such figures as Cromwell, Richelieu and Wellington. Confucius was the hero of one of the dramas submitted to Arliss; and, we are told, that even several passion plays have been designed for this actor who more than any of his contemporaries possesses the talent of portraying the supernatural and the superhuman with uncanny realism. He was perhaps most in his element when he gave the infernal hero of Molnar's play "The Devil." This up-to-date devil, as Mr. Klauber remarks, played his game with people of breeding and culture, people to be led, and not coerced, so that devils of tradition were of little service to Mr. Arliss.

"Having conceived the idea of a devil who should be fleshless, in so far as that was possible, his mind reverted to a man whom he had known in his father's printing-house days. The man was a hack writer, gifted, but unable to work save when necessity pressed. His face was thin, keen and quizzical, while his manner was quiet and he possessed magnetism Arliss described as 'electric.' On the memory of this obscure writer, Arliss's famous devil was built."

The actor's portrait of Disraeli was equally clever. In repose, the *Evening Post* tells us, it might almost deceive Queen Victoria herself. In action, however, the Mephistophelian strain of the actor's genius asserted itself. Here the figure is suggestive chiefly of cunning. The Disraeli of Mr. Arliss, the *Evening Post* writer affirms, is often more suggestive of a



DISRAELI AS ARLISS CONCEIVES HIM

The actor's portrait of Disraeli, we are told, might almost deceive Queen Victoria herself. Nevertheless, Mr. Arliss has impressed his own inalienable quizzical genius upon his portrait of the Sphinx of the Victorian Era.

Russian Chief of Secret Police than of a British Prime Minister. To quote further:

"He is introduced at the moment when he has determined to put Great Britain in control of the Suez Canal, by purchasing the shares held by the Khedive Ismail. Apparently he has not breathed a word of his intent to his colleagues in the Cabinet, altho he has been less secretive in his own intimate social circle, which includes a fascinating Russian spy (Zicka), whom he suspects and watches and flirts with. Wanting £5,000,000 to pay for the shares, he asks the Governor of the Bank of England to advance the money on his say-so, and is extremely indignant when that gentleman replies that he does not do business in that way. He finds a Jewish banker, Mr. Meyers, who is more complacent, and pledges the money, but discovers that the fair Russian and her husband (a confidential secretary in Downing Street) have discovered the scheme—owing to the stupidity of another young secretary, in love with the heroine—and sent word to Russia. Then Disraeli has an inspiration. He

needs a trusty messenger to close matters up with the Khedive instant. Whom shall he send? Naturally the stupid secretary, who, being stupid, will not be suspected. Thus we see with how little wisdom the world is governed. Of course the young man, like de Mauprat in 'Richelieu,' makes good, and presently Disraeli hears that Meyer's check has been accepted and the shares transferred. At this crisis Meyers himself appears, haggard and broken, to say that the wicked Russians have ruined his credit and that he is hopelessly bankrupt. For an instant Disraeli despairs, but rallying his energies he sends once more for the governor of the Bank of England, demands unlimited credit for Meyers, and threatens in case of refusal to smash the whole institution. The terrified governor yields at once and the situation is saved, to the enormous discomfiture of the Russian spy, who has dropped in to gloat over the defeated minister. 'Ah!' exclaims the lovely young heroine, Lady Clarissa, the premier's pet and confidante, 'How fortunate that you have such power!' 'But I haven't,' says the exultant Disraeli, 'only he doesn't know it' Curtain."

BUSONI'S REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPTION OF THE MUSICAL FUTURE



DARING and alluring vision of the possibilities of music is projected in a new book* by Ferruccio Busoni, the gifted Italian pianist who visited America last winter. Undeterred by what many regard as the vagaries of Liszt, Richard Strauss and Debussy, inspired by esthetic ideals expressed in the writings of Tolstoy and Nietzsche, Busoni looks forward to further development along the paths they have blazed. The music of the future, he intimates, will transcend rules hitherto laid down; will create new scales, new forms, new harmonies; in a word, will be *free*.

All musical history, as he interprets it, has been a preparation for this consummation. "Music was born free," he says; "and to win freedom is its destiny." In the compositions of Mozart, of Schumann, of Brahms, he traces the beginnings of musical liberation. Pre-eminently in Beethoven, "the romantic revolutionary," he sees one who has helped to lead music back to its loftier self. The poetic fire, the radical temper, the neurotic touches, link Beethoven, in Busoni's judgment, with

the modern rather than the classic spirit. Next to Beethoven, Bach may be said to have borne closest affinity to "infinite music." Wagner, a Germanic Titan, intensified the form of musical expression, but fashioned it into a system (music-drama, declamation, leading-motive), and is on this account incapable of further intensification. "The paths opened by Beethoven," Busoni contends, "can be followed to their end only through generations. They—like all things in creation—may form only a circle; but a circle of such dimensions that the portion visible to us seems like a straight line. Wagner's circle we can view in its entirety—a circle within the great circle."

The name of Wagner leads to a consideration of program-music, which Busoni regards as inevitably limited and unsatisfactory. He even feels that notation, the writing out of compositions, is like a weight hung on to soaring wings. "Notation is to improvisation as the portrait is to the living model." We have all become so accustomed, Busoni continues, to listening to music as rendered by keyboard instruments that we cannot comprehend it except through impure mediums. We are tyrannized by Major and Minor scales—by the bifurcated garment—yet "they both pre-

* A SKETCH OF A NEW ESTHETIC OF MUSIC. By Ferruccio Busoni. Translated by Dr. Th. Baker. G. Schirmer.

sent the same face, now more joyous, now more serious; and a mere touch of the brush suffices to turn the one into the other." Our seven-tone scale appears to Busoni something quite artificial. He declares that he has himself succeeded in establishing one hundred and thirteen different scales, and he cites Dr. Thaddeus Cahill's invention, the dynamophone, which makes it possible to transform an electric current into an immense, yet fixed and mathematically exact, number of vibrations. "These 113 scales," Busoni continues, "comprize the greater part of our familiar twenty-four keys, and, furthermore, a series of new keys of peculiar character. But with these the mine is not exhausted, for we are at liberty to *transpose* each of these 113, besides the blending of two such keys in harmony and melody."

What a vista of fair hopes and dreamlike fancies, exclaims Busoni, is thus opened!

"Who has not dreamt that he could float on air? and firmly believed his dream to be reality? Let us take thought how music may be restored to its primitive, natural essence; let us free it from architectonic, acoustic and esthetic dogmas; let it be pure invention and sentiment, in harmonies, in forms, in tone-colors (for invention and sentiment are not the prerogative of melody alone); let it follow the line of the rainbow and vie with the clouds in breaking sunbeams; let *Music be naught else than Nature mirrored by and reflected from the human breast*; for it is sounding air and floats above and beyond the air; within Man himself as universally and absolutely as in Creation entire; for it can gather together and disperse without losing in intensity."

In his book, "Beyond Good and Evil," Friedrich Nietzsche speaks of the possibility of "a super-German music, which does not fade, wither and die away in view of the blue, sensuous sea and the splendor of Mediterranean skies, as all German music does;—a super-European music, that asserts itself even amid the tawny sunsets of the desert, whose soul is allied with the palm-tree, and can consort and prowl with great, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey." Nietzsche tries to imagine "a music whose rarest charm should consist in its complete divorce from the Good and the Bad;—only that its surface might be ruffled, as it were, by a longing as of a sailor for home, by variable golden shadows and tender frailties:—an Art which should see fleeing toward it, from afar off, the hues of a perishing moral world become well-nigh incomprehensible, and which should be hospitable and profound enough to harbor such



Courtesy of *The Musical Courier*

THE EXPONENT OF A NEW ESTHETIC IN MUSIC

Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist, looks forward to a time when music will create for itself new scales, new harmonies and new forms.

belated fugitives." And Tolstoy transmutes a landscape-impression into a musical impression when he writes, in "Lucerne": "Neither on the lake, nor on the mountains, nor in the skies, a single straight line, a single unmixed color, a single point of repose;—everywhere movement, irregularity, caprice, variety, an incessant interplay of shades and lines, and in it all the reposefulness, softness, harmony and inevitableness of Beauty."

Will this music, asks Busoni, ever be attained? He answers:

"Not all reach Nirvana; but he who, gifted from the beginning, learns everything that one ought to learn, experiences all that one should experience, renounces what one should renounce, develops what one should develop, realizes what one should realize—he shall reach Nirvana."

"If Nirvana be the realm 'beyond the Good and the Bad,' one way leading thither is here pointed out. A way to the very portal. To the bars that divide Man from eternity—or that open to admit that which was temporal. Beyond that portal sounds *music*. Not the strains of 'musical art.'—It may be that we must leave Earth to find that music. But only to the pilgrim who has succeeded on the way in freeing himself from earthly shackles shall the bars open."

Literature and Art

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN'S DEFINITION OF GENIUS



CHOES of a controversy twenty-five years old are revived by the publication in book form* of an essay on genius written by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman. The immediate occasion of the essay was an article in which William Dean Howells contended that a "genius" is no different from other men of like talents, except in degree, and added: "There is no 'genius'; there is only the mastery that comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science." Mr. Stedman's memorable rejoinder, which first appeared in *The New Princeton Review*, is a plea for the recognition of genius as a unique and almost miraculous gift.

It has often been argued that the two attitudes here represented are complementary rather than antagonistic. Genius, that is to say, may be regarded as a transcendent gift that has to be cultivated. Carlyle in one place follows the definition of Milton, that genius is "the inspired gift of God"; in another he says that it is an "infinite capacity for taking trouble." But Mr. Stedman chooses to throw his influence on the side of what might be called the "daimonic" interpretation of genius.

Holy *daimones*, according to Plato, wait upon the earth—beneficent averters of ill, guardians of mortal man. In the primitive Greek the word means those who are knowing or wise, and the philosopher avers that the wise man who happens to be a good man is *daimonion*—i. e., more than human. The deduction finally resulting is stated in various lofty passages. "The gift," says Plato in "Ion," "which you possess of speaking excellently about Homer is not an art, but an inspiration: there is a divinity moving in you." Again, the poet is "a holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired.

... For not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine."

The innate quality of genius is what strikes Mr. Stedman first of all. It demands and gains, he points out, an admiration not excited by mere aptness strengthened through patience and industry. Like beauty, it is its own excuse for being. Its claim to special honor is all the more indisputable if Florus was sound in his maxim—*poeta nascitur, non fit*. Mr. Stedman continues:

"It would seem, furthermore, that there is genius, and genius. First, the puissant union of divers forces that has made rare 'excepted souls' great in various directions, foremost and creative in every work to which they set themselves. Names of these, the world's few, are ever repeated—such as Caesar, Peter the Great, Michael Angelo, Bacon, Goethe—men of combined powers, and among them we always class Shakespeare—poet, manager, citizen—because his writings reflect mankind at large and we justly call him the myriad-minded. If our Franklin had possessed more ideality, he clearly, despite the counter-assumption of Mr. Howells, would rank with the second order of this class. The more limited kind of genius, and that most speedily and easily recognized by the world, is the *specific*. Its possessor is born with an irrepressible faculty for some distinctive labor, art, or science. It belongs to your poets, romancers, artists, inventors, etc.—Æschylus, Pheidias, Dante, Cervantes, Rabelais, Newton, Haller, Pitt, Hannibal, Nelson; to Keats and Burns and Byron, Thackeray and Dickens; to Kean, Rachel, Bernhardt; to the Ericssons and Edisons, even to the Zerah Colburns, Morphys, and other representatives of special and more or less abnormal powers. In one case a single point of light requires all the dynamic force of its displayer to sustain it; others reach a good average development in many ways. Again, the genius of each class has its subdivisions—this poet or painter is sublime—this other notable for beauty, or pathos, or delicacy. Thus the element of *personality* is to be considered; the product of special genius always having distinct and individual flavor. Nothing before or after exactly fills its place. De Quincey

* GENIUS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Edited by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, M.D. Moffat, Yard & Company.

says, with regard to Milton, that 'if the man had failed, the power would have failed. In that mode of power which he wielded, the function was exhausted in the man—species was identified with the individual—the poetry was incarnated in the poet.' In high potencies of this specific genius, the function is as clearly differentiated as that which marks the greyhound for speed, the bloodhound for scent, the bulldog for grip and combativeness."

With the belief that it is by an extreme illustration that the existence of such a thing as innate and special genius can be most easily proved, Mr. Stedman instances Mozart:

"Take the case of that born musician—if there ever is one—of whom it has been said that 'the whole of music created since Guido d'Arezzo, who invented the musical signs, up to the end of the last century, had only one aim—to create Mozart.' From his letters, and from the collected anecdotes of his radiant career, a wealth of undisputable evidence is at hand, almost justifying this high-flown statement. It has a scientific countenance in certain facts—that his father was a musician; that Mozart was bred in the service of a cathedral choir; that he came just at the time when Gluck 'had given impulse and reform to opera,' and Handel and Bach had advanced music to the stage required for the fit exercise of his transcendent gift. But the gift itself! So transcendent, so inborn, that the child must have seemed a changeling, first cradled in the shell of Apollo's lyre. We are told that when Wolfgang was three years old he searched out thirds on the piano; when four, he began playing,—at five, composing,—at six, he was a celebrity. His *Opus I*, four sonatas for piano and violin, was produced when he was seven. A biographer, describing his fourth year, says that his faculty was intuitive, 'for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time, his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody rhythm.'"

The "inspirational" attitude toward genius, Mr. Stedman goes on to point out, has found striking confirmation in the theories of modern thinkers, and especially of Schopenhauer and Eduard von Hartmann. According to both of these philosophers, the essence of genius lies in *the activity and efflux of the intellect freed from the domination of the conscious will*. Schopenhauer says:

"What is called the stirrings of genius, the hour of consecration, the moment of inspiration, is nothing but the liberation of the intellect, when the latter, for the time exempt from service to the will . . . is active all alone, of its own accord. . . . Then the intellect is of the greatest purity, and becomes *the true mirror of the world*. . . . In such moments, as it were, the soul of immortal works is begotten."

Here we see, Mr. Stedman comments, why genius is a riddle to itself, conferring benefits unconsciously, even involuntarily. Ruskin declares "there are no laws by which we can write Iliads." Carlyle says that "the voluntary and conscious bear a small proportion in all the departments of life to the involuntary and unconscious." But Hartmann has made the final and definitive exposition of this theorem. He perceives that "ordinary talent produces artificially by means of *rational selection* and combination, guided by its esthetic judgment. . . . It may accomplish something excellent, but can never attain to anything great . . . nor produce an *original work*. . . . Everything is still done with conscious choice; there is wanting the divine frenzy, the vivifying breath of the Unconscious. . . . Conscious combination may, in course of time, be acquired by effort of the conscious will, by industry, endurance, and practice. The creations of genius are unwilling, passive conception; it does not come with the word, but quite unexpectedly, as if fallen from heaven, on journeys, in the theater, in conversation, everywhere when it is least expected, always suddenly and instantaneously." In illustration of these truths, Hartmann quotes the following passage from a letter of Mozart's:

"What, you ask, is my method? . . . I do not myself know and can never find out. When I am in particularly good condition, perhaps riding in a carriage, or in a walk after a good meal, or in a sleepless night, then the thoughts come to me in a rush, and best of all. *Whence and how—that I do not know and cannot learn. . . . All the finding and making only goes on in me as in a very vivid dream. . . .* What now has thus come into being in this way, that I do not easily forget again, and it is perhaps the best gift which the Lord God has given me."

The clause italicized appeals to Mr. Stedman as a very profound observation, and one which only a true genius would make. All of us, he observes, in certain neurotic crises hear music or see pictures or receive other striking and mysterious impressions. But only the born musician, painter, idealist, have the gift of vividly remembering such impressions and the power to convey them, each in his own way, to the approving world. As a literary counterpart to the experience of Mozart, Mr. Stedman refers to the testimony of Dickens. He was a seer of visions. "Amid silence and darkness . . . he heard voices and saw objects; of which the revived impressions to

him had the vividness of sensations, and the images his mind created in explanation of them had the coercive force of realities." Lewes avers that Dickens once declared to him that "every word said by his characters was distinctly heard by him," and this the philosopher explains by a theory of hallucination.

It is testimony of this sort that must have led Schopenhauer to avow that "a genius is a man who knows without learning, and

teaches the world what he has never learned." Lavater said that "who can produce what none else can, has genius," and added that its proportion to the vulgar is "like one to a million." Mr. Stedman summarizes all these reflections by the statement that "genius lies in the doing of one thing, or many things, through power resulting from the unconscious action of the free intellect, in a manner unattainable by the conscious effort of ordinary men."

MAURICE DENIS—THE GREATEST DECORATOR SINCE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

THE day after the opening of a recent Paris Salon, *Le Matin* (a hustling morning paper little given to exploiting works of art) reproduced Maurice Denis's series of decorative panels, entitled "Le Soir Florentin," upon its front page, with this mention: "These decorations are the glory of the Salon. All who have seen them agree that they constitute the purest decorative creation since Puvis de Chavannes. It is a number of years since French art has possessed so noble an ornament."

The eight paintings that evoked this enthusiastic and sweeping statement were inspired by the "Crepuscoli" of Boccaccio's "Decameron" and are destined for the octagonal cupola of the music-room of Charles Stern. They represent maidens disporting themselves—singing, dancing, bathing, reading, listening to orchestral music and to the recital of poetry—in the splendid calm of a beautiful twilight. The attitudes are exceedingly graceful and simple; the setting (recalling the gardens of the Villa d'Este), pines, cypresses and olive-trees conventionally treated; and the colors, delicate turquoises, lavenders, pinks, lilacs, soft whites and tender grays, blending in the most exquisite harmony.

The verdict of *Le Matin* coincides—a thing that rarely happens to a newspaper pronouncement regarding an art matter—with that of the art critics. Thiébaud-Sisson, for instance, affirms that "Le Soir Florentin" has given him one of the liveliest artistic joys he has ever owed to painting. Arsène Alexandre finds the work "delicious and lofty, every way worthy of a charming poet and of a painter as scrupulous as he is harmonious." It puts

"graciously supple and plastic figures," he adds, "into landscapes of a suavity, a caressing sweetness that have not been approached since Puvis de Chavannes. It demonstrates afresh that Maurice Denis is a dignified, seductive and elevated artist." Fernand Roches declares that Maurice Denis has performed "the miracle of making the violins, the harps and the contralti heard, even before the prelude to the concert begins. The whole atmosphere," Roches continues, "is symphonic, is saturated with sounds, with celestial brightness, with impalpable and divine illuminations. The landscapes are subjective and yet impregnated with nature. Quietude, suavity, serene, seraphic beauty characterize them. . . . In Maurice Denis, reason dominates emotion. He is moved, and he moves us. But his art obeys intellectual law." Finally, Clément-Janin says: "I believe that the decoration of Maurice Denis will win universal approval. The theme of the eight panels has permitted the artist to give vent to all the enthusiasms kindled in him by the Florentine art which he has always studied and is still studying. There is no imitation, that goes without saying; merely a few reminiscences of the *primitifs*, particularly Fra Angelico, in the handling of the shadows of the figures and certain attitudes to which Luca della Robbia and Donatello are not entirely foreign; and there are a rhythm, a calm, a harmoniousness, a benignity which we have not known in France since Puvis de Chavannes. Maurice Denis is poet as well as painter. He disengages the beauty of the spectacles of nature. In our epoch of grovelling art and of growing vulgarity, he is a happy exception. I have not invariably liked his paintings and I have said so. Now that I admire them without reserve,

I say so, too. To genuine artists, above all others, we owe the truth."

As this last citation intimates, the works of Maurice Denis have not always evoked the chorus of praise accorded to "Le Soir Florentin." Denis, like Chavannes, long endured indifference and even hostility; partly because he had not completely found himself, partly also, no doubt, because the times were not ripe for him. "Jealous of the glory of Gauguin," wrote André Fontaine in 1908, "Maurice Denis rushed boldly into disconcerting color and scantily coherent line. And, since his fellow-painters discerned particularly happy gifts in these excesses, he benefited, in their sight, by the dismay with which he filled the prudent, and thus became a sort of obscure and misunderstood, but carefully followed, genius. He seems to have found his long-sought road to Damascus in decorative art."

Maurice Denis made his début in the Salon of 1890 (at twenty years of age), with a devotional painting of a choir-boy. He has since produced a goodly number of religious works (including an Annunciation, a Visitation, an Adoration of the Magi, a Jesus in the House of Martha and Mary, a Holy Family, a Descent from the Cross, and an Entombment); decorations, based upon the life of Saint-Hubert, for the residence of Denys Cochin; and decorations for the Chapel of the Collège de Sainte-Croix and for the chapels of the Virgin and of the Sacred Heart in the parish church at Le Vésinet, works which have made of that town the recognized center of a renaissance of religious painting in France.

The Sainte-Croix decoration is a tender glorification of the sacrifice of the Mass. Candid, red-robed choir-boys swing smoking censers, while big-boy scholars chant, scanning the rhythm of their chant with their hands. Above this group projects a trellised vine whence wine gushes into a golden chalice. Then, back of a rose hedge in full bloom, undulate in the sun fields of wheat, the nour-



"THE CANTATA"

A detail from one of Maurice Denis's unique panels made for the octagonal cupola of a French music-room.

ishing wheat which will provide the wafer of the sacrifice, the bloodless tribute of innocent and joyous nature. A blue river flows towards a clear horizon and the poplars that border its banks lift their heads to the skies, where, in the luminous azure, far, far up, passes a flight of angels carrying, in memory of the divine sacrifice, the Cross to which the Chapel is dedicated, the Cross of salvation. "From this charming work, in which everything is deliberately child-like," says M. Pératé, "mounts such a perfume of young and primitive art, a music so naive and so sweet, that we smilingly assure ourselves that the day is not far distant when we shall chant the hallelujahs of a renescent Christian art."

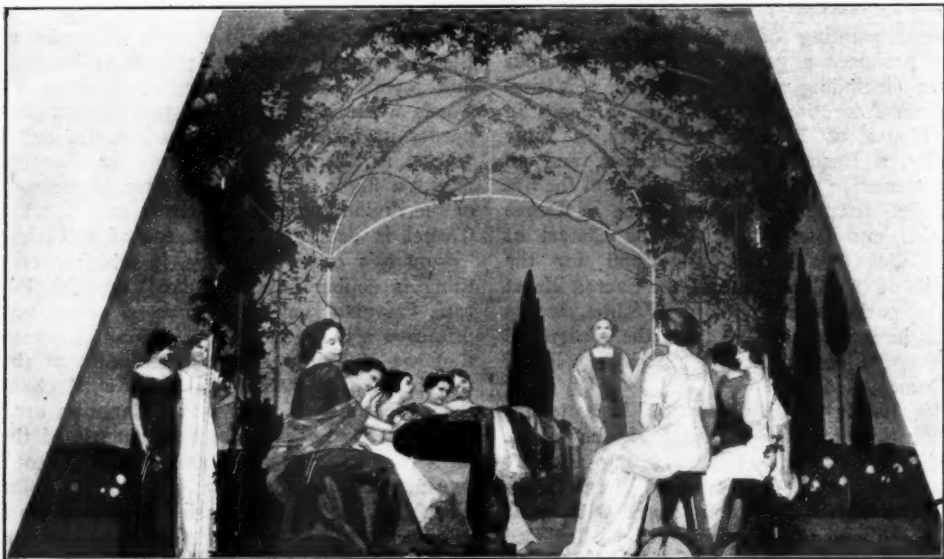
The decorations of the two chapels of the parish church translate two states of soul, two moments of the inner life. Those of the Chapel of the Virgin consist of stained-glass windows recalling the principal scenes of the earthly life of Mary, of an Assumption, covering the vault, and of festoons of roses and lilacs upon the side-walls. Those of the

Chapel of the Sacred Heart represent the Christ upon his throne illuminating, with his flaming chest, angels plunged in mute admiration, other angels carrying the Cross, instrument of the Redemption, and the Chalice, symbol of the Eucharist, still others hurrying up on outspread wings from the remotest corners of heaven, and a group of eloquent-visaged saints assembled upon a hill that bears a striking resemblance to Montmartre. The Chapel of the Virgin has the clear, fresh, seraphic atmosphere of a Spring morning; the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, the ruddy passionate glow of an Autumn evening.

"By these works," affirms M. Desfossès, who has devoted a volume to the Le Vésinet chapels, "Maurice Denis takes his place among the true-born decorators—the Delacroix, the Chavannes, the Besnards. This is painting conceived in a single flash, contemplated ideally in its ensemble before being projected upon the wall, and, consequently, altogether different from certain pretentious decorative compositions which are, in reality, only genre pictures enlarged. There are traces here of researches into color and into the phenomenon of optical blending. The palette of Maurice Denis is that of the Impressionists, disembarassed forever of black and bitumen. Everything is clear, luminous, dazzling. The tones are pure and frank. And

yet there is no *tour de force*, no *parti pris* in the color or the drawing, bespeaking scientific or theoretical preoccupations. The science of the author is so well concealed that everything appears facile, seems to have cost only the pleasure of plying the brush. He has demonstrated that his talent is naturally epic and monumental, that what he needs henceforth is not an easel, but scaffoldings and big walls. In a period of academic banalities and of vulgarities devoid of poetry, Maurice Denis is participating effectively in the renaissance of great decoration, is realizing a happy compromise between modern art and Catholic tradition."

Anent these same decorations, Adrien Mithouard says: "The Le Vésinet paintings show Catholics that the time has come to cease bewailing their lack of painters. At last, they have at least one—Maurice Denis, decorator of churches. From now on, there will be a new pilgrimage in France. Maurice Denis has glorified a little shrine by filling it with simplicity. Whether among the pilgrims there will be more churchmen or more artists, I cannot say, for prayer and admiration are equally favored. This spot did not exist before it was made to palpitate by the painter. He has given it an atmosphere of simplicity, of tenderness, of joy. He has made it live. He has created a new locality on the earth."



"THE POEM"

One of a series of Maurice Denis's mural paintings inspired by Boccaccio's Decameron and hailed as the glory of a recent Paris Salon.



"THE DANCE"

In this and other mural paintings of the "Soir Florentin" series, Maurice Denis exhibits a quality compared by some critics with that of Luca della Robbia and Donatello.

Nevertheless, Maurice Denis is not exclusively a Christian painter, and it may even be queried whether he is primarily or pre-eminently that. His allegiance is divided between Christianity and classical antiquity. Parallel with his religious works, he has produced a number which interpret the old mythologies ("The Muses," "Calypso," "Polyphemus," "Nausicaa") or which, tho modern in theme, are essentially, if restrainedly, pagan in spirit, in that they celebrate the sane joys of natural living.

Maurice Denis, comments Albert Flament, "looks upon antiquity with passion, but without venturing to express his vision otherwise than in accordance with the traditions admitted by the church; he is mystical with pagan graces and the dove he places over his virgins seems to come from Eleusis rather than from Nazareth." "In former times," observes Clément-Janin in this same connection, "Maurice Denis would have decorated the cells of monks. To-day he decorates the palaces of financiers. But his song is always a hymn to the god of the silver bow, to the god adored by the great pagans of the Italian Renaissance, equally pagan whether they were merchants, artists, princes, cardinals or popes." His "L'Eternel Printemps" (a fresh, gracious and seductive decoration for a private residence, exhibited in the Salon of 1908), which includes merry bathers and

first communicants, secular sports and homage to the Madonna, reveals clearly the two elements, the two tendencies of his art. On the other hand, the latest and the greatest of his works, "Le Soir Florentin," described at the beginning of this article, is splendidly and unequivocally pagan in both its inspiration and its attitude.

"For every clear idea," said Puvis de Chavannes, "there is a plastic thought that translates it." Maurice Denis has expressed a similar deterministic doctrine in slightly different words. "There is no doubt," he says, "that there are correspondences—correspondences, in a sense, inevitable—between forms, harmonies of lines and of colors on the one hand and our emotions on the other." Because he possesses an unerring instinct for these "inevitable correspondences" and because painting is to him, as it was to his great artistic forbears Fra Angelico and Giotto, a sacrament ("art," he says somewhere, "is the sanctification of nature"), Maurice Denis has gradually acquired the power not only of infusing fresh life into the venerable themes of mythology and religion, but of conferring upon an ordinary twentieth-century sight, a simple game of tennis, for instance, a legendary and well-nigh mystical aspect and significance. It is here, perhaps, that his special and peculiar significance as an artist lies.

A GIANT MEMORIAL TO THE "FIRST AMERICAN"



MONUMENT that is attracting attention throughout the world has lately been unveiled on a lofty promontory near Oregon, Ill. It is the work of

Lorado Taft, and shows the Indian chief, Black Hawk, overlooking the dominion from which he was driven upward of seventy years ago by a body of American

troops that included Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. The promontory stretches two hundred and fifty feet above the swirling current of the Rock River, and the statue is forty-eight feet high, not including the huge base.

Mr. Taft's idea, so we learn from an article by Robert H. Moulton in *Leslie's Weekly*, was to build an elaborate American memorial which would be as enduring as the Pyramids or the rocks of the Druids. While on a European tour he saw a number of statues, made of concrete, taken from the ruins of the Roman Pantheon. With the process in mind, it was not long before an adequate subject presented itself. For thirteen years he has had his summer home and studio at Eagle's Nest, on the Rock River. Standing for the hundredth time at the highest point of the cliff and looking south at the land and river, he never failed to remember that it was from here that Black Hawk was finally driven out of Illinois. So he decided to bring back the famous Indian chief in concrete, and let him survey once more, and for all time if possible, his former domain.

This is the first time concrete has been applied to the art of real sculpture in modern times. "It is utilitarian concrete," Mr. Moulton observes, "which has unlocked the door to a future which it is hoped will make the statue of Black Hawk overtake the Sphinx in age by enduring after time has effaced that grim figure." He continues:

"Altho Mr. Taft's statue was built with the idea of commemorating Blackhawk and his people, the figure was not inspired by any portrait of the famous Rock River chief. The face of the statue is purely ideal—a composite of various Indian tribes. There is even a touch of the old Roman in the face, which was necessary to make it suggest a spirit unconquered



Photograph by Robert H. Moulton

THE INDIAN'S APOTHEOSIS

In this Illinois statue overlooking the Rock River, Lorado Taft has created a monument which he hopes may outlast the Sphinx.

while still the conquered race. All of the usual Indian trappings, such as feathers, buckskin and other conventional signs, have been left off. As Mr. Taft expresses it, the sculptor's greatest joy is to be suggestive rather than direct. The site for the statue was determined by placing a rough, twenty-foot model in different spots and viewing it from many points. By this means it was demonstrated that the height and distances were so great that a statue of twenty feet would be too small, so it was decided to enlarge it to more than twice this size and put it on the most prominent part of the cliff."

Hamlin Garland, the novelist, who regards Taft as "the greatest artistic educative personality in the Central West to-day," has written a tribute in verse to the new statue from which we quote the concluding stanzas:

Guiltless as the panther in the artist's eyes,
Bold as the Greek in grace of limb,
His songs, his deeds, his signal cries

Shall live in story after him.
Need made him what he was. As bee
Or serpent crawls or stings or flies,
So this man warred at God's decree,
And died beneath defeating skies.

So here to-day, freed from all hate and dread,
Here midway 'twixt the seas,
We pay an artist's tribute to the dead.
Here on this hill above these peaceful leas,
Upon the path along the vale
Which Black Hawk yielded with a broken
heart,
With brooding face to tell the tale,
We raise this symbol of remorseful art.

Long after our short course is run,
When not one red-maid's cheek shall glow
Beneath the kiss of prairie sun,
When Sioux and Fox and Navajo
Have merged to one composite race,
Travelers from other lands shall scan
This vast and brooding face
And say: "This was the first American."

RUDOLF HERZOG, A POET OF AFFIRMATION

THE literature of the Old World is so sicklied o'er with the pale cast of pessimism that it is a relief to welcome in Rudolf Herzog, the latest "exchange poet" from Germany, lecturing in the United States as the guest of the Germanic Society, a Dionysian spirit which boldly affirms the joy of living. "Life," he says somewhere, "is far too brief to be wasted in sorrow; we must attempt to make it as bright as possible, to fill it with light and sunshine. Why should we lose ourselves in contemplating what is somber and gray and evil when all about us there is so much that is gay; when we may listen to laughter and only have to open our eyes to see beauty and light? I wish that any melancholy person who reads my books, when he sees how my characters act, should say to himself: 'These indeed are men who know how to live, and who point out a new way for me.' I want every neurasthenic to feel that, after all, life is worth living." Rudolf Herzog, as a French critic quoted in the *Rundschau Zweier Welten*, our German edition, has said of him, is a pagan in Christian guise, an optimist who, after the gloom of the North that Ibsen and Tolstoy have brought into the world, gives us back our courage. The German reading public, we learn, has hailed Rudolf Herzog and his cheerful message. He is the most popular

novelist in three German-speaking countries—the German Empire, Austria and Switzerland. His books in prose and verse pass through as many as forty to seventy editions, and his plays, notably "Die Condottieri," have placed him in the front rank of German playwrights. The Kaiser, who personally attended the first performance of the last-named play, is said to regard Rudolf Herzog as intellectually the legitimate offspring of Schiller. Rudolf Herzog is a type distinctly Germanic. There is something of the Norseman of old in his blood, and his heart responds to deeds of daring-do, even at times if they are contrary to our modern ethical instincts. He himself inhabits a castle on the legend-haunted shore of the Rhine, where the old robber barons were wont to preach the gospel of might and pleasure. He is surrounded by oaks and pine trees. The valley through which Roland rode lies at his feet. There, surrounded by his children, dressed in garbs suggestive of medieval pages, and by his wife, who before her marriage was a distinguished singer, he works in touch at once with the middle ages and the twentieth century.

The poet was born in 1869. His family intended him for a commercial career. But, as Prof. Johann Georg Sprengel remarks in the introduction to one of his books, "Komödien des Lebens," art which had kissed him as a child would not set him free. In his soul there



EXCHANGE POET NO. IV

Rudolf Herzog, now lecturing in this country, is the fourth literary ambassador from Germany to America. His predecessors have been Ludwig Fulda, Carl Hauptmann and Ernst von Wolzogen.

lived other colors than those mixed by industrialism—sunny pictures of stormy adventure and bold love. "That he did not, however, underrate this world of grinding machines, whirring looms and smoking chimneys he proved later, for he immortalized it in 'Die Wiskottens'; here we see it in the glorifying light of poesy, even as the dusky stream of the Wupper gleams in the sun's rays."

The artistic in Rudolf Herzog's character became apparent at an early age. With his brother Albert and two friends he published an anthology, "Jung Wupperthal," when hardly more than a boy. It was in Düsseldorf that he formed relations with art and artists the intimacy of which he maintained ever after. His critical essays on the painters of to-day, with special reference to the Berlin Secession, were destined to create a sensation in later years. In 1890 he went to Berlin to continue his studies there. This marks the beginning of his literary career, the first stage of which ended in 1903.

The year 1903 was a turning point in his

life as well as in his poetic development. He resigned from an editorial post. He wanted freedom to devote himself to more permanent literary work. The great success of his book, "Der Graf von Gleichen," published in 1901 by Cotta, helped him in this endeavor. "And now," continues Professor Sprengel, "he learned to strike the new note that henceforth became characteristic of his works—a note that searches the great values of life along the border-line dividing romanticism and realism, reality and fancy, that seeks to reconcile the conflict between idealism and life by grasping the latter in its entirety and thus transforming the real into the ideal."

"This is a German ideal, at once modern and ancient. It is the ideal of man striving for moral beauty as a free agent, to whom nothing human is alien, but who endeavors to reach beyond the 'all-too-human,' to ritualize his senses; and thus this poet, altho a modern through and through whose inner development has hardly any points of contact with classic antiquity, reached by a road of his own the substance of ancient wisdom. Such an ideal presupposes, of course, a criticism of reality, and a constructive criticism at that. One can express this aspect of Herzog's philosophy best by quoting Hebbel's preface to 'Mary Magdalene,' with regard to the function of art in its relation to historical processes. Art, he says, should not overthrow existing institutions, whether political, religious or moral, but should find deeper reasons for them, and thus save them from destruction."

Herzog struck this individual note for the first time in "Die vom Niederrhein" (1903) and thereafter in rapid succession in "Das Lebenslied" (1904), "Die Wiskottens" (1905), "Der Abenteurer" (1907), and his work "Die Hanseaten" (1910). These made him in Germanic countries the most popular, most widely read author of the present day. In his latest novel, "Die Burgkinder," of which 40,000 copies were sold before publication, Herzog takes up the period of the Napoleonic war in a way sympathetic at once to the great Corsican and to the German national conscience. This is said to be the greatest of all his works, and was printed serially in the *Gartenlaube*.

He has also written two dramas that met with immediate success: "Die Condottieri," a play of the Italian Renaissance, that was produced all over Germany, being given in Berlin over a hundred times; and "Auf Nissenskog," a patriotic drama. Yet the versatility of this genius is not of the kind that dissipates power. He concentrates upon his great idea always.

THE SINE QUA NON OF COMPLETE LIVING

IN THE teeth of that vast army of readers who look upon books as a mere means of passing the time and who deprecate literature as a by-product of life, Arnold Bennett, the

English writer now visiting this country, has flung a challenge. "People," he says,* "who regard literary taste simply as an accomplishment, and literature simply as a distraction, will never truly succeed either in acquiring the accomplishment or in using it half-acquired as a distraction." Literature, he tries to show, instead of being an accessory, is the fundamental *sine qua non* of complete living. "I am extremely anxious," he goes on to say, "to avoid rhetorical exaggerations. I do not think I am guilty of one in asserting that he who has not been 'presented to the freedom' of literature has not wakened up out of his prenatal sleep. He is merely not born. He can't see; he can't hear; he can't feel, in any full sense. He can only eat his dinner." What more than anything else annoys Mr. Bennett and others like-minded is "the spectacle of so many thousands of individuals going about under the delusion that they are alive, when, as a fact, they are no nearer being alive than a bear in winter."

Mr. Bennett is so dazzled by the shining vision of what literature really is that he confesses his inability to describe it. No one can describe it, he intimates. Gleams can be thrown on the secret, inklings given, but no more. He tries to give an inkling, and in doing so addresses himself directly and confidentially to his reader:

"That evening when you went for a walk with your faithful friend, the friend from whom you hid nothing—or almost nothing . . . ! You were, in truth, somewhat inclined to hide from him the particular matter which monopolized your mind that evening, but somehow you contrived to get on to it, drawn by an overpowering fascination. And as your faithful friend was sympathetic and discreet, and flattered you by a respectful curiosity, you proceeded further and further into the said matter, growing more and more confidential, until at last you cried out, in a terrific whisper: 'My boy, she is simply miraculous!' At that moment you were in the domain of literature."

"Let me explain. Of course, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, she was not miraculous. Your faithful friend had never noticed that she was miraculous, nor had about forty thousand

other fairly keen observers. She was just a girl. Troy had not been burnt for her. A girl cannot be called a miracle. If a girl is to be called a miracle, then you might call pretty nearly anything a miracle. . . . That is just it: you might. You can. You ought. Amid all the miracles of the universe you had just wakened up to one. You were full of your discovery. You were under a divine impulsion to impart that discovery. You had a strong sense of the marvelous beauty of something, and you had to share it. You were in a passion about something, and you had to vent yourself on somebody. You were drawn towards the whole of the rest of the human race. Mark the effect of your mood and utterance on your faithful friend. He knew that she was not a miracle. No other person could have made him believe that she was a miracle. But you, by the force and sincerity of your own vision of her, and by the fervor of your desire to make him participate in your vision, did for quite a long time cause him to feel that he had been blind to the miracle of that girl."

"You were producing literature."

The makers of literature, Mr. Bennett continues, are those who have seen and felt the miraculous interestingness of the universe; and the greatest makers of literature are those whose vision has been the widest, and whose feeling has been the most intense. "Your own fragment of insight was accidental, and perhaps temporary. Their lives are one long ecstasy of denying that the world is a dull place." The argument proceeds:

"The aim of literary study is not to amuse the hours of leisure; it is to awake oneself, it is to be alive, to intensify one's capacity for pleasure, for sympathy and for comprehension. It is not to affect one hour, but twenty-four hours. It is to change utterly one's relations with the world. An understanding appreciation of literature means an understanding appreciation of the world, and it means nothing else. Not isolated and unconnected parts of life, but all of life, brought together and correlated in a synthetic map! The spirit of literature is unifying; it joins the candle and the star, and by the magic of an image shows that the beauty of the greater is in the less. And, not content with the disclosure of beauty and the bringing together of all things whatever within its focus, it enforces a moral wisdom by the tracing everywhere of cause and effect."

The last point is enforced by a series of homely illustrations:

"You pride yourself on your beautiful edition of Casaubon's translation of 'Marcus Aurelius,' and you savor the cadences of the famous:

* LITERARY TASTE: HOW TO FORM IT. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.



Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn

AN INTERPRETER OF AMERICA TO THE WORLD

In a new book by Archibald Henderson, Mark Twain is ranked with Poe and Whitman as a true consolidator of nations. "He woke the laughter of an epoch and numbered a world for his friends."

This day I shall have to do with an idle, curious man, with an unthankful man, a railer, a crafty, false, or an envious man. All these ill qualities have happened unto him, through ignorance of that which is truly good and truly bad. But I that understand the nature of that which is good, that it only is to be desired, and of that which is bad, that it only is truly odious and shameful: who know, moreover, that this transgressor, whosoever he be, is my kinsman, not by the same blood and seed, but by participation of the same reason and of the same divine particle—how can I be hurt? . . .

And with these cadences in your ears you go and quarrel with a cabman!

"You would be ashamed of your literary self to be caught in ignorance of Whitman, who wrote:

Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

And yet, having achieved a motor-car, you lose your temper when it breaks down half-way up a hill!

"You know your Wordsworth, who has been trying to teach you about:

The Upholder of the tranquil soul
That tolerates the indignities of Time
And, from the center of Eternity
All finite motions over-ruling, lives
In glory immutable.

But you are capable of being seriously unhappy when your suburban train selects a tunnel for its repose!"

If a man is not thrilled by intimate contact with nature; if he is not troubled by the sight of beauty in many forms; if he is devoid of curiosity concerning his fellow-men and fellow-animals; if he does not have glimpses of the unity of all things in an orderly progress; if he is chronically querulous, dejected and envious—then, according to Arnold Bennett's diagnosis, he has chiefly himself to blame. "He fails because he has not assimilated into his existence the vital essences which genius put into the books that have merely passed before his eyes; because genius has offered him faith, courage, vision, noble passion, curiosity, love, a thirst for beauty, and he has not taken the gift, because genius has offered him the chance of living fully, and he is only half alive."

MARK TWAIN AS THE EMBODIMENT OF AMERICAN ROMANCE



MARK TWAIN has been celebrated as humorist, writer, idealist and even as reformer; but to Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, he appeals primarily as an embodiment of national romance. "American literature, indeed I might say American life," Professor Henderson writes in a new book,* "can exhibit no example of supreme success from the humblest beginning, so signal as the example of Mark Twain." Lincoln became President of the United States, and so did Grant and Johnson. But assassination began for Lincoln an apotheosis which, in Professor Henderson's judgment, has gone to deplorable lengths of hero-worship and adulation. Grant was "one of the great failures in American public life"; and Johnson, "brilliant but unstable, narrowly escaped impeachment." Mark Twain enjoys the unique distinction of exhibiting a progressive development, a deepening and broadening of forces, a ripening of intellectual and spiritual powers from the beginning to the end of his career. "From the standpoint of

the man of letters, the evolution of Mark Twain from a journeyman printer to a great author, from a merry-andrew to a world-humorist, from a river-pilot to a trustworthy navigator on the vast and uncharted seas of human experience, may be taken as symbolic of the romance of American life."

All the grand divisions of this continent left their impress on him. The South and the West contributed to his growth; the East universalized him. Bred from old Southern stock, born in the Southwest, he passed his youth upon the bosom of that great natural division between East and West, the Mississippi River, which cleaves in twain the very body of the nation. The part which the South played in the formation of his genius has been little noted heretofore. It was in the South and Southwest, Professor Henderson reminds us, that the creator of the humor of local eccentrics, such as "Ned Brace," "Major Jones" and "Sut Lovengood," first appeared in full flower. "The stagecoach and the river steamboat furnished the means for disseminating far and wide the gross, the ghastly, the extravagant stories, the oddities of speech, the fantastic jests which emerged from the clash of diverse and oddly-assorted types." Through Mark Twain's early works

* MARK TWAIN. By Archibald Henderson. With photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn. F. A. Stokes Company.

flows the stately Mississippi, magically imparting to them some share of its beauty, its variety, its majesty. "I have always felt," Professor Henderson says, "that the most lasting influence of his life—the influence which has left the most pervasive impression upon his art and thought—is portrayed in that classic and memorable passage in which he portrays the marvelous spell laid upon him by that mistress of his youth, the great river."

"To the young pilot, the face of the water in time became a wonderful book. For the uninitiated traveler it was a dead language, but to the young pilot it gave up its most cherished secrets. He came to feel that there had never been so wonderful a book written by man. To its haunting beauty, its enfolding mystery, he yielded himself unreservedly—drinking it in like one bewitched. But a day came when he began to cease from noting its marvels. Another day came when he ceased altogether to note them.

"In time, he came to realize that, for him, the romance and the beauty were gone forever from the river. If the early rapture was gone, in its place was the deeper sense of knowledge and intimacy. He had learned the ultimate secrets of the river—learned them with a knowledge so searching and so profound that he was enabled to give them the enduring investiture of art."

In the West, Mark Twain drank once again from the cup of romance. There was in him a "certain surcharge and overplus of power, a buoyancy and a sense of conquest," which identified him with the youth of America. He breathed the bracing air of the prairie, shared the collective ardor of the Argonauts, felt the rising thrill of Western adventure, and expressed the crude and manly energy of exploration and the daring hazard for new fortune. "To those who knew him in personal intimacy," says Professor Henderson, "the quality that was outstanding, omnipresent and eternally ineradicable from his nature was—paradoxical as it may sound—not humor, not wit, not irony, not a thousand other terms that might be associated with his name, but the spirit of eternal youth."

"Out of that full, free Western life, with its tremendous hazards of fortune, its extravagant alternations from fabulous wealth to wretched poverty, its tremendous exaggerations and incredible contrasts, was evolved a humor as rugged, as mountainous, and as altitudinous as the conditions which gave it birth. Mark Twain may be said to have created, and made himself master of, this new and fantastic humor which,

in its exaggeration and elaboration, was without a parallel in the history of humorous narration. At times it seemed little more than a sort of infectious and hilarious nonsense; but in reality it had behind it all the calculation of detail and elaboration. There was something in it of the volcanic, as if at the bursting forth of some pent-up force of primitive nature. It consisted in piling Pelion on Ossa, until the structure toppled over of its own weight and fell with a stentorian crash of laughter which echoed among the stars."

When Mark Twain came to live in the East, he lost the stimulus of his early environments. His mind and his art grew more sophisticated. From a superficial point of view, this might have seemed the heyday of his career. All that he wrote was eagerly sought and well paid for. He was fêted and honored. But he must have known that his first writings, alive with the spirit of authentic romance, were his greatest writings. "If we eliminate from the list of Mark Twain's works," Professor Henderson declares, "those books which have their roots deep set in the soil of South and West, we eliminate the most priceless assets of his art. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, were those works struck from the catalog of his contributions, Mark Twain could justly rank as a great genius." Professor Henderson concludes:

"To the literature of the world, I venture to say, Mark Twain has contributed: his masterpiece, that provincial Odyssey of the Mississippi, 'Huckleberry Finn,' a picaresque romance worthy to rank with the very best examples of picaresque fiction; 'Tom Sawyer,' only little inferior to its pendent story, which might well be regarded as the supreme American morality-play of youth, 'Everyboy'; 'The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg,' an ironic fable of such originality and dexterous creation that it has no satisfactory parallel in literature; the first half of 'Life on the Mississippi' and all of 'Roughing It,' for their reflections of the sociological phases of a civilization now vanished forever. It is gratifying to Americans to recognize in Mark Twain the incarnation of democratic America. It is gratifying to citizens of all nationalities to recall and recapture the pleasure and delight his works have given them for decades. It is more gratifying still to rest confident in the belief that, in Mark Twain, America has contributed to the world a genius sealed of the tribe of Molière, a congener of Le Sage, of Fielding, of Defoe—a man who will be remembered, as Mr. Howells has said, 'with the great humorists of all time, with Cervantes, with Swift, or with any others worthy his company; none of them was his equal in humanity.'"

Recent Poetry

IN A recent number of the London *Academy*, in an article on Japanese poetry, F. Hadland Davies speaks of a Japanese phrase which seems to him to describe accurately the whole significance of Japanese poetry. The phrase is: "*Mono no aware wo shiru*," and the English of it is: "The ah-ness of things." One might say that the phrase describes not merely Japanese poetry but all poetry. That word "ah-ness" indicates the attitude of wonder and admiration and awe which is peculiarly the poet's attitude before all of life, all of nature, and which he endeavors to transmit to his readers. It requires no poet to teach us to say "ah!" in the presence, for the first time, of Niagara, or the Grand Cañon, or the Matterhorn. But it takes a poet to teach us the "ah-ness" of a primrose by the river's brim, or a skylark's song, or a painted vase. "To artists who can treat them greatly," says Swinburne, "all times and all truths are equal. . . . A poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank." A poet nearer home, Richard Le Gallienne, has said in a different way what amounts to the same thing. "One great line"—so runs his remark—"on a small matter will last longer than a million small lines on a great matter." Which is true simply because, in a truly great line on a small matter, the small matter is seen to be no longer small. There is an "ah-ness" to it and the great line makes us see it.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer is one of the younger choir of American poets who are doing some surprisingly good work. He has just published (Baker & Taylor Company) a volume of poems entitled "Summer of Love." There is altogether too much thrumming of the same string, and one grows cloyed with so much talk about love; but there are several poems that grip you and stay with you, such as "The Morning Meditations of Frère Hyacinthus," "The Clouded Sun" and "Age Comes a-Wooing." The last named is especially striking. It is one of the poems read with great acceptability at one of the meetings of the Poetry Society of America last spring. The conception of Old Age as a suitor is brilliantly worked out.

AGE COMES A-WOOING.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

With shameless and incessant lust
Thy tremulous hot hands are thrust
Upon my body's loveliness.
O loathsome Age, thy foul caress
Puts on my heart a deadly blight,
Withers my hair to leprous white,
Binds fetters on my eager feet
That once on Springtime's road were fleet
To bear me to Love's shining goal.
Now bitter tides of sorrow roll
To drown me in a sea of woe
And God looks on, and wills it so!

Give over thy pursuing, Age!
Fearest thou not my lover's rage?
For he is young and strong of limb,
Thou canst not stand a bout with him.
Ah, surely he will laugh to see
So wan a suitor wooing me.
Then with wild scorn his heart will swell
And he will fling thee back to hell.

O Love, that stronger art than Death,
Enfold me from the burning breath
Of Age that has grown amorous,
That sears and blasts me. Even thus,
Men say, his passionate embrace
Spoils maids and flowers of their grace,
And every woman's fate is cast
To be his paramour at last.
And so all lovely things are made
Shameful, and in the ashes laid,
To die alone, uncared for. Such
Is the pollution of his touch.

Stars that have shone since Time began,
Rivers that saw the birth of man,
And mountains that are fair and green,
And were, when Helen was a queen,
White dreams that never can grow old,
Stories of love and glory told
By Homer once, and ballads sung
Eons ago—ye still are young.
Tell me the secret of your youth.
Can any weeping fill with ruth
Age, that is harsh and pitiless?

Nay, they are blind to my distress.
They have not feared the grasping hand
Of Age, and cannot understand.
Love saw my whitened hair and laughed
And bid me drain my bitter draught.

While in my lover's startled eyes
A lurking terror strangely lies.
There is no place in which to hide
When Age comes seeking for his bride.

THE MORNING MEDITATIONS OF
FRERE HYACINTHUS.

By JOYCE KILMER.

So he is dead and damned and all is well.
So fare all traitors to the church and God!
Cursed and cast out with candle, book and bell,
And thrust to rot beneath unhallowed sod.

The mouth that sounded once Saint Mary's name
He smirched and stained with scarlet wine of
lust;
Therefore is he become a thing of shame,
Anathema and alien to the just.

We prayed within the cloister side by side,
He chose the world, wise in his own conceit;
I kept our Blessed Lady for my bride,
To paths of sin he set his wayward feet.

And she is dead, too. Lies with him, they say?
Ay, lies with him—they are together still—
That golden girl I saw one summer day
Tending her kine upon the pasture hill.

God, God, is not my blood like his blood red?
God, God, could I not see that she was fair?
Did I not close my eyes and bow my head,
And purge my soul with fasting and with
prayer?

God, see my flesh with scourgings cut and
scarred!
God, see my frame with fasting weak and thin!
God, see my face with tears and sorrow marred!
God, see my soul burnt white and clean of sin!

Tempted I was like him, but did not yield.
Outcast is he and damned and spit upon.
Elect am I and with thine own sign sealed,
Washed white and pure in blood of Christ thy
Son.

And yet, and yet—Ah, God, that dream last
night!
When I had prayed before Thy blessed shrine,
And sought to rest a while before the light
Should call me to new services of Thine.

Then as I slept it seemed I was with Thee
In Heaven, and I looked down into Hell,
That I the cursed souls in pain might see
And be more glad that I had served Thee well.

I saw the place with blood-red flames alight,
I saw the damned and heard their shrieks and
groans,

And then there burst upon my eyes a sight
That turned to lead the marrow in my bones.

There in his arms her soft white body lay;
Shielded by him she kissed his mouth and
smiled.

Round them the flames kept their unheeded sway.
Even to Hell Love made them reconciled.

It's time for Mass. God bless the newborn day!
How very fair it is, and sweet and still—
Down yonder lane she used to make her way
To tend her kine upon the pasture hill.

We speak in a matter-of-fact way about
"Mother Earth," and the term has long ceased
to carry special significance. But the idea
embodied in it has been made the basis of a
poem, in *The Outlook*, which is very long and
very unmusical, but which is nevertheless
effective by sheer eloquence. If only Mr.
Oppenheim would learn to prune his verse and
give us but two lines where six grew before.
We can not publish the entire poem here. It
represents the Earth first in her "girlhood of
fire," then "clasped in the skies" by the glori-
ous Sun, then longing for motherhood:

EARTH'S SONG.

By JAMES OPPENHEIM.

Leaped then my heart with my power: I longed
for my own,
I longed to pour life out and mother it till it had
grown
Greater than I—no tongues have my seas and
my sands—
Oh, I yearned for the brains that could think out
my gropings, the hands
To fashion my love into deeds—the lips to give
speech
To the splendor I dwelt in; I longed to lift up
and reach
Into thought, into words, into deeds, into mil-
lions of love.

* * * * *

Pitiful creatures I spawned in the unceasing sea,
In the unstirring hills; but yet ever more, more
of me
I put in the sparks, and they grew: some life-
splendor fresh,
Some makeshift of feet, some glimmer of feel-
ing flesh,
And I aged with despairing ages, till strange
children walked
On the radiant hills and in strange ways they
talked,
My poor dim children! Then with my might of
mights,
Caught in birth-throes, caught in a fire of the
heights

Of creation, I strained through that life to my
topmost span,
And, lo, on my breast lay my one sheer miracle—
Man!

Man that could answer me back from the hush
where I dwelt,

Man that could think in his brain all the passion
I felt,

Man that could light all my peaks with his laugh-
ter and song,

Man that could love and could live and could
dream and could long.

O my children, my own, I was paid for each
pang, for each groan,

By the love that you rendered me back, my own,
oh, my own!

O Man, if you could but know what a glory you
are!

Into you went the fire of the sun, my star;

Into you went the millions of ages of me;

Into you went the millions of ages to be;

And love and desire and dream and a daring
brave

From me rose in you as the sea leaps up in a
wave.

Shall my mighty dream fail? Children, oh, chil-
dren of me,

How long shall you shun your mother of
mothers and be

Self-willed creatures that kill and find God in
the skies?

O nearer is God: under your feet he lies:

Flesh of his flesh are you, and soul of his soul,

And you cannot escape him; the long seas billow
and roll,

The clouds break over the hills and the fields
wave wheat,

But wherever you step it is I that am under your
feet.

O children, children, what have I striven and
could not!

I spread out my wings to gather you close, and
ye would not!

Ah, few that came to me—yet you have lived in
that few;

It was I that arose in your Christ, it was I, I
that grew

In your Darwin, your Dante; it was I that pulsed
in the air,

Wild-flavored, cool, sun-soaked, when your
Whitman was there!

Turn away from all littleness, children! Come
now to me,

Fulfilling yourselves and your mother in all that
may be!

O build you the great White City of love and of
toil,

O set the young children to grow in the strength
of my soil—

Health's radiance, joy's laughter, love's daring,
and labor's good might,

They shall take from my breast to your towers,
they shall drench them with light,

Till my surface is singing millions, till their
hearts, open wide,

Are pipes for the rush of my glory to leap un-
denied,

Overflowing, and I am young with their youth,
and higher

Soar with the flame of their joy in new girlhood
of fire,

A girl, yet woman, all woman to draw on the
skies

To undreamable grandeurs! Sunrise, children,
sunrise

Looks through your long night, laughing! Sister
and brother,

Children, 'tis I, whom you love, who loves you—
your Mother!

In *The Nautilus* we find the following
poem, which Mr. Oppenheim might study to
advantage because of its brevity. It has but
eight lines, yet it gives us two impressive pic-
tures and one impressive thought.

REFLECTED.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Twice have I seen God's full reflected grace.

Once, when the wailing of a child at birth

Proclaimed another soul had come to earth,

That look shone on and through the mother's
face.

And once, when silence, absolute and vast,

Followed the final indrawn mortal breath,

Sudden upon the countenance of death

That supreme glory of God's grace was cast.

Here is a charming little love lyric from
The Delineator that calls for no comment:

THE COURTING DAYS.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

The pick o' seven counties, so they're tellin' me,
was there,

Horses racin' on the track, and fiddles on the
green,

Flyin' flags and blowin' horns and all that makes
a fair,—

I'm hearin' that the like of it was something
never seen.

So it is they're tellin' me.

Girl dear, it may be true;

I only know the bonnet-strings

Beneath your chin were blue.

I'm hearin' that the cattle came that thick they
stood in rows,

And Doolan's Timmy caught the pig and Terry
climbed the pole.
They're tellin' me they showed the cream of
everything that grows,
And never man had eyes enough for takin' in
the whole.

*So it is they're tellin' me.
Girl dear, it may be so;
I only know your little gown
Was whiter than the snow.*

They're tellin' me the gentry came from twenty
miles about,
And him that came from Ballinsloe sang
limpin' Jamesey down,
And 'twas himself, no less, stood by to give the
prizes out,
They're tellin' me you'd hear the noise from
here to Dublin town.

*So it is they're tellin' me.
Girl dear, the same may be;
I only know that comin' home
You gave your word to me.*

The coronation of King George elicited little
poetry worth reprinting. This poem comes to
hand a little belated, in *London*.

OUR SAILOR KING.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

The Ship of State puts out to Sea
In all the splendor of hope to-night,
And little she recks of the reef to lee,
For a seaman fired yon beacon-light!
Seamen hailing a seaman, know,
Freemen crowning a freeman, sing,
The worth of the light where the great ships go,
The signal-fire of the King!

Cloud and wind may shift and veer,
This is steady and this is sure,
A signal over our hope and fear,
A pledge of the strength that shall endure,
Having no part in our storm-tossed strife,
A sign of union which shall bring
Knowledge to men of their close-knit life,
The signal-fire of the King.

His friends are the old gray winds and waves,
The wide world round, the wide world round,
That have roared with our guns and covered our
graves
From Nombre Dios to Plymouth Sound;
And his crown shall shine, a central sun
Round which the planet nations sing,
Going their ways, but linked in one
As the ships of our Sailor-King.

Many the ships, but a single fleet!
Many the roads, but a single goal!

And a light, a light where the sea-roads meet,
The beacon-fire of an empire's soul:
The worth of that light his seamen know
Through all the deaths that the storm can
bring,
The crown of their comradeship aglow,
The signal-fire of the King.

The drift of population from the farms to
the cities has excited much economic dis-
cussion. But it has a significance for the
poets as well as for the economists. Witness
this in *The Vineyard*:

THE LAY OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

BY ERNEST RHYS.

England, merry England, your green is getting
brown
With the exile of the Plowman who journeys to
the town;
For a blight is on the wheatfield, and the vil-
lages go down.

I fared along the highway across the Black
Country;
I went to look for April, but what was there to
see?

On every road a beggar that a craftsman used
to be.

Once the land had green fields,—smothered now
with smoke,
Between the stealthy ditches—where once clear
water broke,
And the engines shouting vengeance—where once
the cock-thrush spoke.

I met a five-years' child there that had no cherub
face,
But like a waxen image stared at me from the
place
Where grew no leaf or flower, no green or April
grace.

I met an English maiden, like a daisy torn away:
Her song was like the Carmagnole: "I go," it
seemed to say,
"For gold there to the city, where night is turned
to day!"

I met a country carpenter—he look'd like Christ
the Lord:
His tools were sold for silver, to get him safe
aboard
The vessel for that country where the crafts-
man hath reward.

I met the Virgin Mary who once wore heavenly
blue:
She hid her Babe there from me; her sad eye
looked me through,

As she walked upon the cinders where once the
clover grew.

"Green mansions for the rich men; the streets
are for the poor!"

This is the Plowman's carol, he sings at every
door,

As he travels to the city to make one beggar
more.

England, merry England, your fields are trodden
down,

And a blight is on the meadow, and the grass is
getting brown

With the waning of the village and the waxing
of the town.

As we have remarked before, a good sub-
ject is at least half the battle in writing poetry.
Here is a poem with a good subject. We take
it from a volume of "Pagan Sonnets," pub-
lished recently by Smith & Sale, Portland,
Maine:

A TEAR BOTTLE.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

O slender bauble where her grief was told!
Long emptied of the drops that slowly slid
Through the clasped fingers o'er the languid
lid,

To fill thy frigid heart and grow as cold;
What ruthless hand with sacrilege was bold

To pillage thus her burial pyramid,
And thus unseal her sorrow's slave, and bid
Thy crystal shrine yield up its tribute gold?

Some grief memorial thou mightst avow!

Were thine the tears the girl for Caesar shed?

Or when, in dire alarm, the sails were spread

And turned from Antony her galley's prow?

Or were they love's last pledge to him when
brow

And bust were prone, and Egypt's siren dead?

It was Chesterton who not long ago pointed
out to us that war is a result not of hate but
of love. Something of the same view seems
to be involved in Mr. Towne's stanzas in
Collier's:

NEVERTHELESS.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

He heard the fifes at the end of the street,
He heard the marching of many feet;
The rush and the murmur, the beat of the drum,
The sudden strange delirium;
He saw the gold banners and flying flags,

The rapturous faces of lads and hags;
The light romance, and the gleam of it all,
The wonder, the magic, the dream of it all.

*But he did not see the lonely camp fires burning
On distant fields; and he forgot the yearning
Of aching hearts when nights were filled with
dread;*

*He did not see the piteous, helpless dead.
He did not think of sorrow and alarms,
The empty years that mocked his empty arms;
He did not think of many a blood-stained hill....
Yet had he thought, he would have followed still!*

She heard the story—old as the years;
She waited through nights of girlhood fears
For the dream to come, as come it must,
And make a glory of the dust.
She said, "No love shall be like ours—
Life's roadway bright with eternal flowers."
She saw the beauty, the light of it all,
And the terrible, splendid might of it all.

*But she did not know of days and nights of
weeping,
Heart-breaking absence and slow shadows creep-
ing*

*Around her couch to hide Love's blazing light.
She did not know Love has its day—and night.
And she forgot the thorns amid the roses,
Forgot that sometimes Love's book softly closes;
She did not know Love's sorrows blind and kill. . . .
Yet had she known, she would have followed still!*

It is long since we have heard from Elsa
Barker, who has been traveling in eastern
countries. Judging by the following sonnet
from the *Kansas City Star*, Mrs. Barker's
verse has not lost its magic:

THE ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY ELSA BARKER.

The Rose's heart is heavy with desire,
And all her little leaves are tipped with flame,
But she is shy and full of tender shame,
And red with blushes for the rapturous fire
Her fond dreams of the Nightingale inspire;
For all the garden knows her secret aim,
By the perfume in which she breathes his name
And the bride-beauty of her soft attire.

Oh, when you find her, Nightingale, I know,
Some time between the twilight and the morn,
Your joy will make the listening lilies glow;
And you who in the dusk were so forlorn,
In ecstasy of love will tremble so
You will fall fainting on the cruel thorn.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



WHAT is the meaning of that illusive and enigmatic smile, those half-closed lids, that sphinxlike gaze, those folded hands? These are the questions which travelers, standing before Leonardo's masterpiece, have asked themselves daily, hourly, during the last three hundred years. None of them

MONNA LISA has ever been answered, for, as *The Dial* tells us, nothing in the history of the picture furnishes any clue beyond the report of Vasari, Leonardo's contemporary, that the artist "surrounded his sitter with musicians, singers and buffoons to keep her in gentle gaiety and thus avoid the melancholy aspect we observe in most portraits." All we know of her life is her name and two dates: Elisabetta Gherardini of Naples, married in 1495 to Francesco del Giocondo of Florence (his third wife), buried a little daughter in 1499 in Santa Maria Novella. Hundreds of pens, writing in different languages, have offered almost as many differing impressions and opinions. "I return to her in spite of myself as the bird goes to the serpent," says Michelet. "Her smiling sweetness is as frightful as the Medusa," says George Sand. "A dream nurtured through a lifetime," says Berensen. "Her conquering smile," says Kraus, "expresses that wisdom of life that we have read in the new Testament, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'" Everyone knows that passage of Walter Pater's about the Monna Lisa, most eloquent of all the things written by one who was as thoroly steeped in the Italian Renaissance as it is possible for a nineteenth-century man to be.

That a personality so engaging as Leonardo da Vinci and a lady so mysterious as the Monna Lisa should attract the imagination of the novelist was inevitable. Guglielmo Scala's story* records mainly Leonardo's life in Florence from the year 1503, and contains

records of events and conversations, copies of letters that passed between the painter and Madonna Lisa Gioconda, and recollections.

The subtitle of the novel, "The Quest of the Woman Soul," indicates the central idea of the story. Leonardo's theory is that he who does not control his sensuality becomes unfitted for giving form to visions that should last to eternity. Convinced of this from his observation of painters and sculptors among whom he lived, he determines to live in solitude. He is at first inclined to believe that woman was without soul, but when he recalls the great things done by Christian women, and when he considers the relationship of Beatrice and Dante, and how Catherine of Sienna had brought the Pontiff from captivity at Avignon, he is led to reverse his conclusion.

With this idea in mind, according to the story, Leonardo enters the service of Ludovico il Moro, of Milan. Here he discovers that woman covers herself in a cloud of deceit and falsity, that she loves power over those stronger than she, that she appeals to man's animal weaknesses, that she is incapable of friendship, yet that behind these falsities there is an illusive something in woman—"an ineffable smile that at times glorifies the face of woman."

One day, with this thought surging in his brain, Leonardo is greeted by his favorite pupil, Andrea Salai, who comes to him in great excitement with the news that he has discovered the woman soul. It turns out that Andrea has been smiled upon by Madonna Lisa Gioconda on her way from church. Then follows the love story—the gradual unfolding of Leonardo's first love and the ambitious, determined and profound love of Monna Lisa for Leonardo.

The spectacular coincidence of the appearance of this novel almost simultaneously with the disappearance of the great portrait from the Louvre has, of course, been discussed far and wide. The narrative, as it stands, purports to be a translation of a dilapidated

* MONNA LISA. By Guglielmo Scala. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

manuscript by Leonardo discovered in a heap of rubbish in one of the old palaces of Florence which was undergoing alterations. For fear that the public might be deceived by this palpable literary device, a publisher's note is inserted in each volume assuring the reader that the book is really the original work of an American writer who assumes the pen-name of Guglielmo Scala to render the whole scheme consistent. Any possible illusion as to the nature of the work being thus satisfactorily removed, the *New York Evening Post* assures us, we may approach it in safety: "To such lengths does the modern conscience bring us: fancy the publishers of 'Robinson Crusoe' gravely assuring the world that Defoe isn't telling the truth."

Mr. Edwin Markham, in the *New York American*, is so impressed with the extraordinary coincidence between the publication of the book and the discovery of the theft of the portrait that he remarks upon it at some length:

"I wonder that some Vidocq, sleuthing for a clew to this audacious robbery, has not seized upon the simultaneous theft of the historic painting and the publication of this clever historical romance. This steal might plausibly be announced as a piece of psychological advertising by author or publisher. Gadzooks, but many a detective story is based on slimmer evidence! Certainly the astounding robbery in the heart of Paris stimulates our interest in reading the book."



AS A picture with immense background, rather than as a novel of tendency or of complex emotions, "The Winning of Barbara Worth,"* by Harold Bell Wright, stands out. There is epic grandeur, as one critic remarks, in this story of the Colorado desert.

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH and its inhabitants as the author sees the desert something stupendous and marvelous, in comparison with which the civilized East seems effete and pigmy. He deals with many of the big things of American life—the conquest of barren lands, the courage of advancing pioneers, the conflicting ideals of public-spirited and self-seeking capitalists.

The heroine of the story is found as a babe in the desert by Jefferson Worth, a Western banker. Her mother has perished in a sand-storm. There is no clew to her identity. Worth decides to adopt her, and she grows up a child of the desert. The mystery of her origin, combined with the mystery of the desert, make her intensely sympathetic with the land and all that concerns it. When an Eastern corporation, backed by James Greenfield, undertakes the reclamation of the desert from narrowly commercial motives and without regard to the public welfare, a fierce struggle is precipitated. Jefferson Worth is determined that capital shall serve the race instead of the capitalist only. Barbara, of course, shares his motive. With her mind's eye she already sees the waste spaces blossom-

soming like a rose. Her principles and affections become entangled when Willard Holmes, a young engineer from the East and the adopted son of Greenfield, is introduced.

Holmes is the man who wins Barbara, but he does not win her easily. In the beginning he is described as "the type of corporation servant who recognizes no interests but the financial interests of the capital employing him." At the end he resigns his position rather than be a party to the ruin of Worth. Every ounce of manhood he possesses is tested in the desert. His egotism is taken down a peg. He finds a rival for Barbara's affections in "Texas Joe," her devoted friend and helper. The crisis of the story is marked by a wild ride of the two men across the desert to check a strike that has broken out among workmen employed in connection with the reclamation project.

In the judgment of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "The Winning of Barbara Worth" is one of the strong novels of the season. "It is a story," says the *New Orleans Picayune*, "which will appeal strongly to nine men out of ten." The *Rochester Post-Express* adds:

"The book, a by no means faultless literary performance, is withal absorbing from the first page to the last. Harold Bell Wright, himself a Colorado pioneer, has boldly painted on a broad canvas a race of pioneers. America needs such tales as his recording the mighty deeds of men who have tamed the wilderness. We can pardon a writer's lack of repose and absence of the sense of proportion when we grasp the fact that he is revealing to us a state of society in which manners are of merely infinitesimal importance, and the only standard applied to a man is: 'What can you do?'"

* THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH. By Harold Bell Wright. The Book Supply Company, Chicago.



THE LAST Little Lord Fauntleroy has found a successor—not one, but three, for three children are the heroes of Mrs. Burnett's latest and delectable tale. "The Secret Garden,"*

as the *Boston Transcript* remarks, reveals Mrs. Burnett as a master of imaginative prose at its very best.

THE SECRET GARDEN *The Book News Monthly* concedes that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was "not sweeter, tenderer, more human." Now and then, as the *New York Sun* points out, the author lays on the old Fauntleroy color pretty thick, but the novel fundamental idea saves the book from being merely a charming variation of a former theme. We find in this story, for the first time, the New Thought doled out daringly and delightfully to children. This, as Ellen Key has told us in one of her unforgettable books, is the century of the child. Why, then, should we withhold from the little ones the new knowledge which, in fact, is world-old? In the closing chapter Mrs. Burnett reiterates her simple creed. "One of the new things," she tells her readers, "people began to find out in the last century was that thoughts—just mere thoughts—are as powerful as electric batteries, as good for one as sunlight is, or as bad for one as poison; to let a sad thought or a bad one get into your mind is as dangerous as letting a scarlet fever germ get into your body. If you let it stay there after it has got in, you may never get over it as long as you live."

The heroine of the story is Mary Lenox, a little girl born in India, neglected, spoiled, then orphaned and sent to England to live in the big old house of a crabbed Yorkshire uncle whom she had never seen. It is a testimony to Mrs. Burnett's power to note how the critics involuntarily fall into her spirit and manner in relating the plot. A sickly, fretful, ugly, domineering little girl she was, remarks Edwin L. Shuman in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, in his description of Mary. "And how," he asks, "do you suppose she became sweet and happy and beloved?"

"A merry little English robin began it, and a crusty old gardener did a little, but the discovery of a secret garden did more, while two boys, Dickon and Colin, did most of all.

"The old house had its sad secrets, like the garden, and these make part of the interesting

plot, furnishing touches of pathos that will make the children wonder why mother wiped her eyes when she read this or that page aloud. Little Colin, the hysterical, spoiled invalid boy, who is dying by inches, merely through indulgence and wrong treatment, gets his first dose of regenerating medicine when he tries to rule Mary as he has ruled the servants. The shock of war between the two is delightfully well done. Then there is Dickon, the peasant boy, who talks broad Yorkshire and can call the wild birds and animals to eat out of his hand. How Mary and Dickon tempt Colin out of his bed into the secret garden, and how he gradually learns to walk and play and dig like other children, is told with a skill and charm which few living writers could equal.

"The underlying lesson, of course, is the curative power of right thinking, but Mrs. Burnett does not carry it to extremes or let it spoil her story. The children are natural, alive, brimful of the joy of living; the grown-up characters, especially Ben Weatherstaff and Mrs. Sowerby, are equally real, and over all, young and old, the author manages to throw the spell of that imperishable garden of youth whose odors still float to us across the years. It is a story about children, and for them, but parents will enjoy it, too, and so will lovers of nature, of gardens—and of genuine literature."

The story, as one critic avers, is a morality piece. Yet Mrs. Burnett never preaches or gives one the impression of preaching. Her book may be a tract, but it is cleverly disguised, a tract about the "magic of love, the magic of growth, the magic of the joy of living." It is all "good white magic," as the *Sun* reviewer declares, and no one but a highly sophisticated child, probably, would resent magic not of the classical Arabian brand. May we not say that Mrs. Burnett has given us the fairy tale of the future? Mary and Colin and Dickon, to quote *The North American* (Philadelphia), dwell in a mystical Arcadia, "where grown-ups and dogs and horses and birds talk to them in a common speech unknown to the outside world, with no thought of storms and stresses that assail and vex humdrum humanity."

"Fairyland is always in sight, the grim, rough world remote—the one bringing always joy, the other only sorrow and lamenting.

"With but a slender thread of plot, Mrs. Burnett's practiced skill has contrived in 'The Secret Garden' a charming idyllic story, suave, graceful, sympathetic and full of glorified human nature. Nothing goes awry; no hope is unrealized and promise unfulfilled; no lordly villain or sordid intriguer appears to distort or shatter the simple, ideal scheme of things."

* THE SECRET GARDEN. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. F. A. Stokes Company.

THUS speaks Mr. Chambers's latest hero: "You've said it. You've found the fly in the amber. I'm cursed with facility. Worse still, it gives me keenest pleasure to employ it." Such is also the situation of the author himself. It is this "fatal facility"

THE COMMON LAW which has made Mr. Chambers the remarkable technician that all the critics admit he is and that enables him to produce at least one "best seller" for each season's consumption. The thirty-eight volumes whose titles appear before the frontispiece of "The Common Law"* as a record of Mr. Chambers's achievement have all been written, we learn from the *Boston Transcript*, since 1893, or within a period of eighteen years. And since Mr. Chambers's stories are in general of more than ordinary length, he may fairly be set down as one of the most industrious of contemporary fiction purveyors.

Altho all critics are agreed upon the certain popularity of this recent work and upon its extraordinary delicacy in treating what Mr. Bernard Shaw has called the "unmentionable," there is some difference of opinion as to its probable moral influence and its truth to life. Opinion is unified, however, in regarding the five hundred pages which constitute the book as at least double what is needed to express its message and story.

The hero is Louis Neville, a painter of wide reputation. The heroine, Valerie West, is a beautiful young woman of twenty-one, who has chosen the career of an artist's model. The book opens with a situation that immediately creates curiosity and suspense. Neville, at work in his studio, is interrupted by a knock. In response to his call to enter comes the young heroine, who wishes to earn money as a model. She only half realizes that women of her profession are expected to pose in the "altogether." When she retires to the next room to disrobe, she undergoes various spiritual difficulties, but finally emerges with nothing to cover the "almost perfect" proportions which Neville assures her she possesses.

The struggle between love and convention forms the theme of the story. Neville's family, of course, are bitterly opposed to the marriage of the two, which he himself wishes

to contract, and the girl herself, seeing what it will cost him to wed a professional model, refuses to be his wife. But the story does not end there. The hero and heroine who have for the time determined that they cannot marry, begin to play at love, deceiving themselves into thinking that mere comradeship can last. The mutual awakening comes through the man. He has been influenced by the flirting proclivities of the girl upon whom he has no claim. Through a complete declaration of his love for her he causes a complete awakening. He again urges marriage, but is met with his beloved's argument that marriage would be hampering and unnecessary. Neville, however, tho an artist by profession, has a Puritan conscience and never for a moment loses the fixed idea of matrimony. At last, to save him as much as to save herself, Valerie runs away and attempts to hide. Neville finds her and acknowledges his past selfishness and his error in making rigid demands. Whereupon the girl marries him forthwith, without either the knowledge or the consent of the world.

That Mr. Chambers's novel is truthful, in atmosphere at least, is generally admitted. In regard to the characters, however, the *New York Sun* declares that nothing occurs to account for the heroine's change of views regarding marriage, and that at no time is there evidence of passion enough on her part to make the reader fear that the other solution will prevail. "The prolongation of the story," says *The Sun*, "is disastrous to the minor characters and especially to the unlucky artists who figure in it. In spite of popular prejudice, American artists, after they have dropped their juvenile ideas of Latin Quarter romance, are a prosaic, businesslike lot, more intent on the pursuit of a livelihood than of the bohemianism of the books."

The *Boston Herald* regards the book as simply a love affair long drawn out, with here and there a keen analysis of this master passion and some brilliant dialog.

An interesting accusation that is brought by the *New York Sun* is that this book of Mr. Chambers was intended with malice aforethought to transpose Du Maurier's "Trilby" into tones of New York or American life. This is suggested not only by the book itself, but by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's illustrations, in which the artist has succeeded in inspiring himself from his English model to a degree that seems incredible to those accustomed to the set formulas of his work.

* THE COMMON LAW. By Robert W. Chambers. With illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

THE ANCIENT DAWN—A STORY BY ZONA GALE

Last month *The Delineator* announced that this story had won the first prize (\$2,000) in its short-story contest. We have learned to look askance at prize-winners, but this one bears close inspection. What most strikes us in it is the large effects which Miss Gale imperceptibly gets in the use of very common, almost tawdry, materials. Nothing much happens. Amelia discovers that she is in love, that is all. Such discoveries are taking place all the time. But the description of such a discovery with sure artistic touch does not take place all the time.



MELIA opened the cage door, and the canary came to her finger. She took him out carefully and turned. "Mark," she said, "I just love the way his little feet feel on my finger."

While she was watching the bird, the man in the doorway was watching her. "Why, 'Melie?" he asked.

"Oh, I donno," she answered. "His feet are so little and kind of can't-help-themselves. I like to feel 'em catchin' a-hold of my finger."

The man looked about the tidy kitchen, slowly, as if he liked to look, and his eyes came back to Amelia and he looked at her from head to foot, slowly. Then the bird piped a shrill, joyous note and flew to the window geraniums, and the man laid his hat on the door-sill and went to Amelia.

"You kiss me," he said, "you little bit of a thing. I love you—didn't you know that?"

"Don't, Mark—" she began.

"Why not?" he asked simply. "Melie, everybody has to have somebody real dear to 'em. It's you with me. Couldn't it be me with you?"

"It's nobody with me!" she said. "It's father with me and nobody, nobody else."

"That ain't true," he said gravely. "It ain't in nature. Lovin' me is in nature. Come here."

He drew her to him and kissed her. And after her instant's struggle she stood still in his arms and kissed him. "Don't you!" she cried furiously then, and wrenched herself free.

Her father came in for his supper, and Mark went away. She opened the ice-chest door on the cold roast, the cold potatoes, the two pieces of custard pie. The inevitability of finding what was left grimly waiting for her there always depressed her. She prepared the food as she did three times daily, and she and her father ate, and said the things that they usually said. Then her father went for the mail, and she caught her bird, hopping among the window geraniums. Midway to the cage she stood still and laid her free hand over the little thing clinging to her finger; and momentarily she shut her eyes.

"Dear little bits of feet—" she said over—but she was being swept by a current that was a

pain-bearing joy, and it was living again Mark's kiss on her mouth.

As the dusk came on, she sat alone on the front porch. She had changed her gown for a gown of light print, and had pulled discontentedly at the things in her closet.

"I've got to get a nice new dress for myself," she thought.

In the street the neighbors were passing on their way down-town. The mail, choir practise, flower seeds, compressed yeast, the 7.40 train, talk about the new Main Street paving, seemed claiming them all. When they called to her, Amelia answered as usual, but all the while she was seeming to herself like a new Amelia, because again and again the moment with Mark kept reliving itself. Was this the way it was with everybody, she wondered—with the choir, with the neighbors going for yeast and with Mrs. Minturn, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Linscott—did they know, too?

Her father came home with the mail—the weekly *Leader* and a circular.

"Pavin' Main Street," he said, "an' the first time I come up it, it was a tote-road, an' near jounced us to pieces. We stopped right there where the tulip bed is, because your ma liked it. And we said we'd build the house here. You was a little thing, sittin' with your 'feet not touchin' and hangin' hold o' my hand—"

Amelia had listened to it all many times. She was listening now. But in the midst of the old tale of what her mother and father had planned and fought for her, Mark's kiss came back and claimed her.

It claimed her through the night. When she half woke she remembered happily, deliciously. It claimed her with her first waking thought. So she rose and dressed in her second-best wool, and when her father came out to breakfast, she had breakfasted and stood with her hat on and a bag in her hand.

"I'm going to spend a few days with Cousin Lucy," she told him. "They's a good deal baked up. You can look in the crocks down cellar. You needn't to tell anybody where I've gone."

From the porch she came back to the kitchen.

"I kind o' feel you might forget to feed the

bird," she said. "I guess I'll take him along. I'll slit a collar box cover and take him that way."

She walked a mile to the station in the summer morning, the bird in its box piping jerky answers to the full, free choir without.

"I'll stay over to Cousin Lucy's and get my new dress, till this nonsense is over," Amelia told herself. "Father needs me. An' I don't need Mark. Besides, I ain't ever thought of such things."

Lucy welcomed her, questioned her, in a breath. "What on earth did you bring the bird for?" she demanded. "Couldn't your father give him his seed and drink?"

"I guess so. I donno. I kind of hated to leave him," Amelia owned. "I like him around. Where's your baby?"

"Asleep, thank goodness!" Lucy said. "He's real good about his morning nap."

Amelia heard the news of the home to which she was come, listened, gave opinion, exchanged recipes. And every time that Lucy left the room Amelia's thought went winging back to the night before.

"What ails me—what ails me?" she wondered furiously. "Well, if my coming off here like this don't show Mark how I feel about him, I don't know why it won't. I come to get away from him. I guess I just keep remembering because I'm so ashamed."

The baby woke as Lucy was "taking up" the lunch, and Amelia went to him. But his lip curled for his mother, and Amelia held out two fingers for him to grasp and tried to dance him gently on the springs of his crib. The small hands clasped about her fingers and clung tightly, and she went to the kitchen, with him clinging to her hands.

"Ain't it nice the way he hangs a-hold of you?" she said. "Just like he felt safe that way."

"Well," said Lucy, "it tires my arms a good deal. But yes, of course, it's nice."

When the lunch had been cleared away, they went down-town and with them the baby, because there was no one with whom to leave him.

"What kind of a dress you going to get?" Lucy asked.

"I donno. A nice dress," Amelia admitted, "I'm sick to death of everything I've got. Somethin' ails me, an' I guess it's just wantin' some new clothes to wear. Show me the prettiest goods you've got in the store," she said to the salesman.

He brought her a delicate silk muslin and spread before her the white unfolded lengths.

"You don't want a dress o' that stamp," said Lucy decidedly.

"I donno but I do," said Amelia recklessly. "I don't want nothin' that'll last forever. I want it should be pretty."

"But where would you wear *that*?" Lucy exclaimed. "You wasn't ever that dressed up in your life."

"That's what ails me," Amelia said, and looked to the salesman for her encouragement. "Isn't it just beautiful?" she said earnestly.

"Very fine piece of goods," the man admitted. "Real good value for the money. Sold three dresses off that piece this week—"

Amelia hardly heard him. What wonder, what wonder, she was thinking, if at last she were to be clothed in a gown like that! She hardly missed Lucy when she left her to go farther down the aisle.

Sitting there before the counter, Amelia had dropped one hand at her side. And abruptly some one's hand closed about her finger. It was Lucy's baby, staggering aimlessly about and mistaking her, with quiet certainty, for his mother. Amelia sat still, looking down at the small, absorbed thing, twisting on one foot and staring about the store and tugging at her finger. The baby had on a blue hood with an unbecoming, flapping ruffle, and his white coat was too large for him, but these Amelia did not see, she was so spellbound at the baby's blunder. He thought she was his mother—he thought she was his mother. Amelia's hand closed over his so tightly that he looked up, saw her, curled his lower lip and got away. But first Amelia had snatched up his hand and kissed it.

"You little can't-help-yourself thing!" she said.

"I'd like to sell you a pattern of this," the salesman was saying, "you'd never be sorry. It ain't no sleazy piece, I tell you."

Still Amelia hardly heard him.

"I guess I'll take the fifteen yards," she said.

While these were being cut off, Lucy came back. "Well, 'Melia," she said, "what does ail you? That's regular weddin'-dress stuff. Unless you—"

"White ain't wicked," said Amelia. "I donno. I'm crazy to feel myself in a dress like that. Seems like I'd—feel so sure I was a woman!"

"Well, my land!" Lucy said blankly. "I bet you'll put it in the bottom drawer and never wear it."

"I bet I will too," Amelia said. "But what I'm after is, I've got it. Let's let the baby take a-hold of our hands an' walk home."

"I've done too much shoulder-achin' work to-day for *that*," Lucy said decidedly. "All I can do is to wheel him."

But when, as it chanced, the baby would have

none of his go-cart, they did walk so with him, and he reaching up the full length of his little arms.

"Ain't he the helpless!" Amelia said gently.

When they reached home, Amelia let the bird out for the baby to see, and sat with the canary on her finger and the baby by her side. She was sitting so when Lucy's husband came home for supper.

"Hello, there!" he said to Lucy, and kissed her. "Hello, kitten!" he said, and snapped his fingers at the baby. "Oh, hello, 'Melia!" he said.

The tenderness of his tone for them, changing to careless, welcoming kindness for her, smote Amelia with the difference. Back upon her, with a sense of luxurious comfort, swept what Mark had said: "Everybody has to have somebody that's dear to 'em. It's you with me," he had said, "it's you with me." And after that—

Suddenly Amelia looked at Lucy with new eyes. Lucy must know too, must have remembered as she herself was remembering.

When supper was over and Lucy's husband was watering the lawn and Lucy was with the baby, Amelia found herself in such loneliness as she had never known. She stood at a window, watching the lights and the passing. And she saw that it was the same, there in the city. Folk were going by the house on 'other errands than those of the village neighbors, but just the same they all must have things, sweet and intimate to remember. That hurrying woman, the woman in the carriage, the trudging man with the bundle, it was the same with them and with Mrs. Min-turn and Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Linscott—they each, everybody, had "somebody that's dear to 'em." So the ancient dawn came upon her. And premonition, unrest that she could not name, laid hold upon her and possessed her. Her father,—she should not have left her father—it was so that she explained her uneasiness. She must get back to him. She must be back home that very night.

She told Lucy, in her manner of quiet decision, that she must go back on the evening train. And when she saw that her mind was made up, Lucy submitted and let her go. Amelia reached the little home station past nine o'clock when the shops and houses were already dark. It struck her dimly as she passed them, how wise the houses looked, knowing all about the life of the families within their walls.

With the new dress in her bag and the bird quiet in the collar box, Amelia went over the hill from the station. And she was strangely, amazingly happy, with a sense of something

pleasant besieging her and demanding to be thought about. She tried to be sure what this would be. It was that she was going to surprise her father. It was that she had purchased the new dress. It was that she was glad to be at home again.

"Father—I'm back!" she said happily to the figure in the rocking-chair on their porch.

He rose and folded her about in his arms, and, before she knew, Mark's lips were on her's again and she was swept by the power that had owned her through the day, and she stood still and kissed Mark back.

"Don't you, Mark!" she cried again.

"But I will," he said. "It's you I want—and, 'Melia, I b'lieve you want me. Why, you kissed me like I'd thought about since I first loved you."

"Don't, Mark," she said. "Father needs me. I don't want to think about such things—yet."

"You can't help it," he said gravely, "it's in nature. And as for your father, he was telling me a little while ago how he come here first over a tote-road and lodged in a tulip bed—wasn't it?—and built this house for you. He told me how you use' to walk round here, a little thing, clinging a-hold of his hand."

"Hold of his hand?" Amelia said slowly. "Why, I s'pose I did, didn't I?"

"An' he hoped then an' he hopes now," Mark said, "to see you settled in a home of your own before he dies. He told me so, 'Melia! When you kissed me yesterday I thought you meant what I meant. Didn't you—didn't you?"

Amelia looked down the sleeping village street, and she saw it again as the old tote-road; only now it seemed to run round the world where walk men and women, with hands clinging to their hands, and forever walk, remembering simple things, sweet and intimate, and allied to hope and to dream and to the future. *So her father, then, knew too!*

"Didn't you mean yesterday to marry me?" Mark said wistfully. "'Melia! If you knew how I'd thought about you ever since then!"

She laughed. "Mark!" she said. "I do know. An' I donno but yesterday I did mean to. But I didn't know I did. But maybe you'll think I did when I show you the dress I bought to-day."

And later, when he went with her to put the canary back in its cage:

"Mark," she said, "Lucy's baby thought I was its mother. It held onto my finger. Look at the bird, Mark—on my finger. I like to feel its little bits of feet."

He stood watching her put it back in its cage.

"I knew you was like that—I knew you was like that," he said.

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The Humor of Life

TOO SOON TO TELL.

Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?" At this Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Nope—ain't been home yet."—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHAT HELD 'EM UP.

In a certain "boom" town of the West there were two builders, of a type too familiar, indeed, everywhere, who were said to be the most extraordinary of their kind.

One day, when the two met and fell to talking of their respective ventures, one remarked:

"Bill, you always did have better luck than I. Look at my last lot of buildings—collapsed before they were finished. That wind that put them out didn't seem to harm yours. Yet both your houses and mine were built the same—same materials, same workmanship."

"That's true enough," replied the other builder, "but you forget one thing—my houses had been papered."—*Harper's Magazine.*

NEVER A WORD.

Not long ago a clergyman was called upon to conduct the services at the funeral of a man with whom he had had no acquaintance. So, thinking to glean a useful hint or two touching the deceased's character, when he was shown into the living-room, the divine called a little boy of eight, evidently a member of the family, and put to him this question:

"Can you tell me what were the last words of your father?"

"He didn't have any," responded the lad with the utmost naïveté. "Ma was with him to the last."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

THAT BRIGHT BOY.

Not many years ago Frank Butterworth was in the football limelight. When Frank was about twelve years of age, his distinguished father, Representative Ben Butterworth, was seriously ill for a long while, but recovered. When he was convalescent his personal and political friends called on him and tendered hearty congratulations. Big Ben Butterworth thanked his callers, and said:

"Yes, boys, I was so near the other shore that I could hear the bells ringing a welcome to me."

"Were they fire bells, papa?" inquired little Frank.—*Sunday Magazine.*

HISTORICAL ENTHUSIASM.

Some of the advance guard of the American Coronation visitors had arrived, and there were stories about them already. As one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House the guide pointing it out said:

"That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors."

A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who landed him?"—*London Tit-Bits.*

A PROFESSIONAL EXCHANGE.

Newell Dwight Hillis, the now famous New York preacher and author, some years ago took charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois. Shortly after going there he required the services of a physician, and, on the advice of one of his parishioners, called in a doctor noted for his ability properly to emphasize a good story, but who attended church very rarely. He proved very satisfactory to the young preacher, but for some reason could not be induced to render a bill. Finally Dr. Hillis, becoming alarmed at the inroads the bill might make in his modest stipend, went to the physician and said, "See here, Doctor, I must know how much I owe you."

After some urging, the physician replied: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Hillis. They say you're a pretty good preacher, and you seem to think I am a fair doctor, so I'll make this bargain with you. I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven if you do all you can to keep me out of hell, and it won't cost either of us a cent. Is it a go?"—*Cosmopolitan.*

LIMITED BAIT.

A teacher was one afternoon examining a class of young boys in geography. He said:

"Now, boys, what do you think that Noah did while he was in the ark?"

After waiting several minutes he saw one hand go up, and the little chap, on being asked what he thought that Noah did, replied:

"Sir, I think he might have fished some."

"Yes," said the instructor, "that is possible; he might have fished some."

Presently another small hand went up. The teacher asked this one also what he thought about it.

The small boy said: "I don't think that he fished very long, because he only had two worms."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

MAKING SURE.

O'Reilly was a henpecked husband, unforgiving even when Mrs. O'Reilly had been called to the "great beyond." He refused to have anything to do with the funeral or go to the cemetery. All of the arrangements were looked after by neighbors. When they had straightened up the house, they got O'Reilly to consent to come in and look over the floral offerings of the friends. Then they asked him if there was anything further they could do before they took their leave. Still regarding the floral pieces, O'Reilly nodded and observed:

"If yez don't moind, yez might close thim 'Gates Ajar.'"—*Everybody's*.

HER FATHER IN TROUBLE.

When Grover Cleveland's little girl was quite young her father once telephoned to the White House from Chicago and asked Mrs. Cleveland to bring the child to the 'phone. Lifting the little one up to the instrument, Mrs. Cleveland watched her expression change from bewilderment to wonder and then to fear. It was surely her father's voice—yet she looked at the telephone incredulously. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver the little girl burst into tears. "Oh, Mamma!" she sobbed. "How can we ever get Papa out of that little hole?"—*To-day's Magazine*.

MORE PALATABLE.

Thomas W. Lawson, at a dinner in Boston, said of a far-famed financier:

"He is all right at heart, but his outside is prickly, and you must handle him with great caution—as they handled the Tin Can gambler.

"A gambler of Tin Can borrowed a sum from a money lender, and, when the note fell due, he said he could not settle.

"'You must settle!' shouted the money lender. 'if you don't settle I'll—'

"But the gambler, taking a revolver from his boot, pointed it at the money lender and said:

"'Eat that note, or I'll let daylight through you!'

"And the money lender, after a moment's silent thought, crumpled the note into a ball, put it in his mouth, chewed vigorously, and then, with a gulp, swallowed the pulpy morsel.

"'That dose saved your life,' said the gambler, in a mollified tone, and the next day he had a streak of luck and paid the money lender in full.

"The money lender was much pleased with this honesty, and when the gambler, a few weeks later, called and asked for a new loan, he was readily accommodated.

"The gambler, having pocketed the new loan, sat down, dipped a pen in the ink, and selected a sheet of paper whereon to write the usual acknowledgment. But the money lender hastily interposed.

"'Hold on, my friend,' he said, and he ran to a cupboard.

"'Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind

writing it on this soda cracker?'"—*Illustrated Weekly Magazine*.

NOT TO BE FOOLED.

A mission worker in New York tells of a youngster who had never been to "the country" until the occasion of a "fresh-air" excursion whereof he was a member.

One day this lad was seen closely examining a certain trim, well-made object on the farm. He stared at it for a while and then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking at, son?" asked the farmer.

"Where's the doors and windows?" inquired the boy.

"Doors and windows? Why, that's not a house; it's a haystack."

"Excuse me, pop!" returned the youngster. "You can't string me that way. Hay doesn't grow in lumps like that."—*Lippincott's*.

HIS ANCESTRY.

King Edward was very fond of his eldest grandson, and liked talking to him. When the little Prince was eleven his grandfather asked him what he was studying in his history lesson, and was told, "Oh, all about Perkin Warbeck." The King asked, "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" and the lad replied, "He pretended that he was the son of a king. But he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."—*To-day's Magazine*.

IN LANGUAGE HE KNEW.

Stanley Jordan, the well-known Episcopal minister, having cause to be anxious about his son's college examinations, told him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following message to his parent: "Hymn 342, fifth verse, last two lines."

Looking it up the father found the words: "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."—*To-day's Magazine*.

THE BILL PASSED.

"I, for one, am in favor of the bill to abolish the use of aigrettes and paradise plumes in ladies' hats. I favor this bill not only for moral reasons, but for financial ones as well."

The speaker was Col. Lionel C. Harris, the well-known ornithologist of Memphis. He resumed:

"The cost of these aigrettes and paradise plumes is a dreadful thing for any husband to contemplate. I saw yesterday a Virot hat covered with aigrettes that was ticketed \$200. And that reminds me—

"A lady novelist wrote to a publisher last month:

"Please send a check in advance of royalties I want to buy a new hat for a June wedding."

"The accommodating publisher sent the lady a check for \$50. She acknowledged it indignantly.

"I said," she wrote, "that I wanted a hat, not a veil."—*Illustrated Weekly Magazine*.